May 8, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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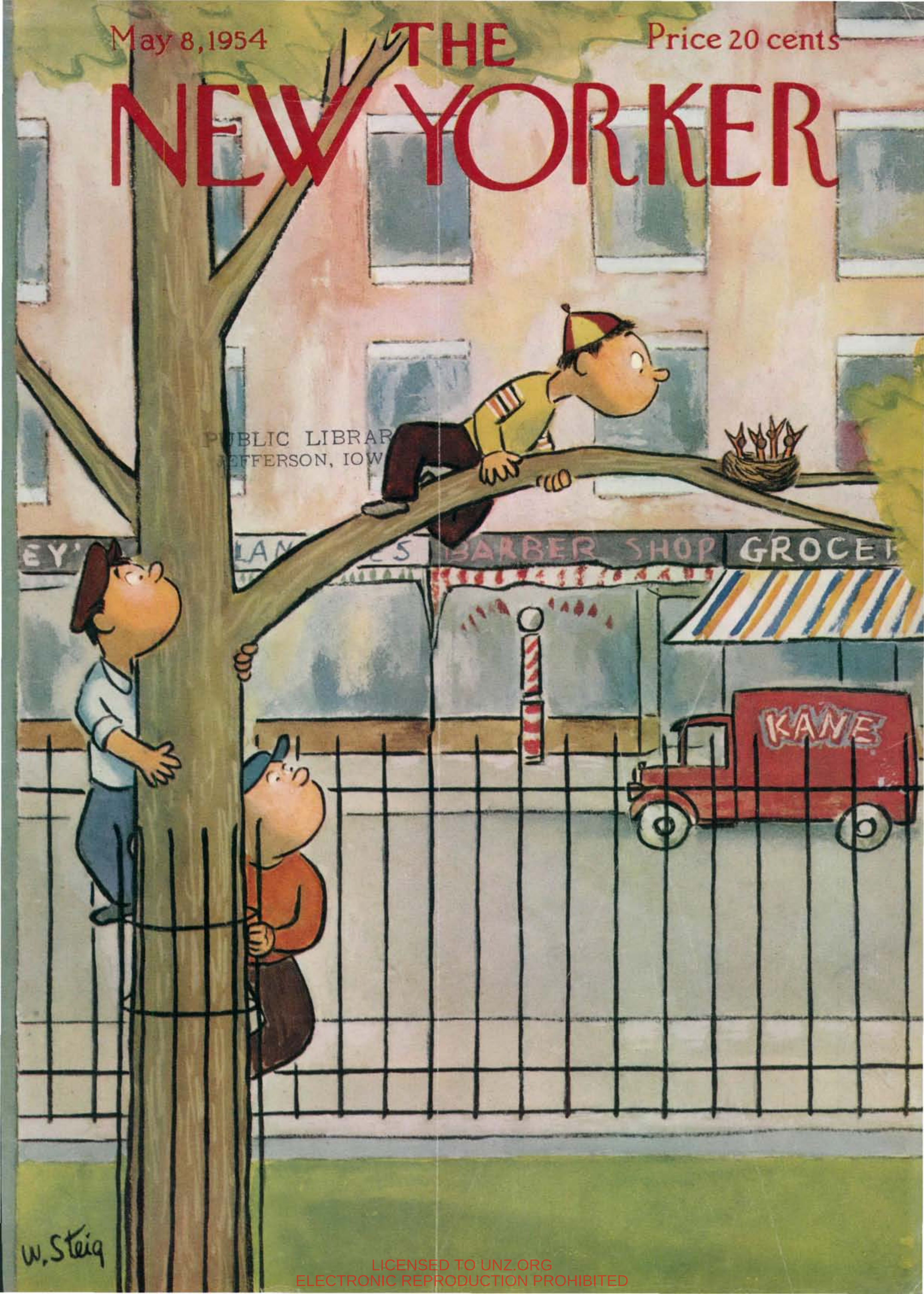
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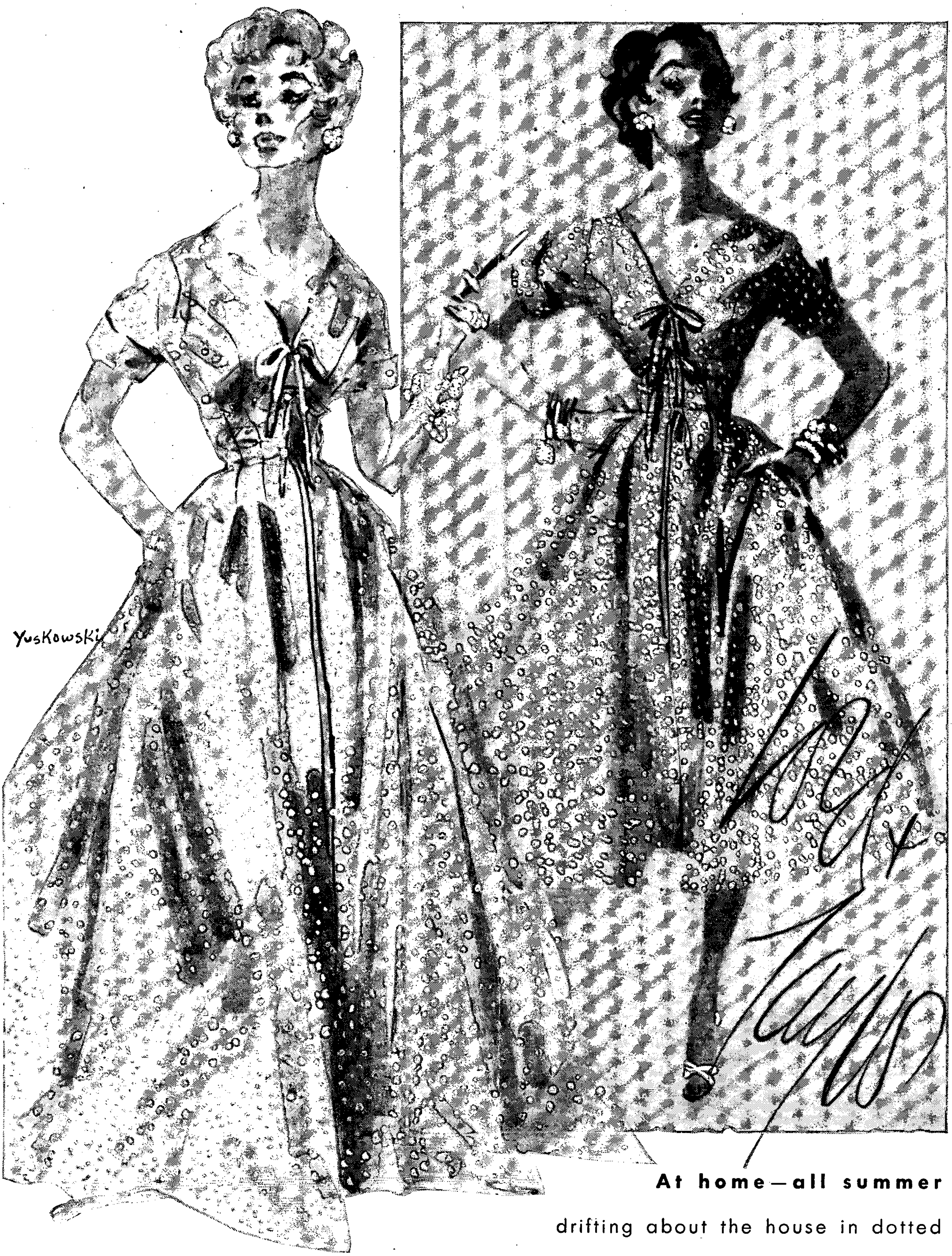

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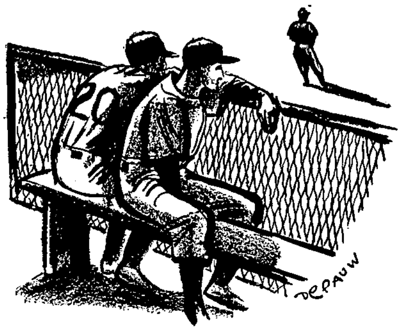
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields have written much better comedies than this piece about two people who lived together before they were married, and Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey have been happier in the theatre, too. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—In this dramatization of a section of the Herman Wouk novel, Lloyd Nolan turns in one of the year's best performances as Queeg, and he is ably abetted by John Hodiak and Henry Fonda, who portray the defendant and his lawyer. Directed by Charles Laughton, the play also includes Robert Gist, Ainslie Pryor, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, and Herbert Anderson in its estimable cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Confidential Clerk—An uneasy poetic drama by T. S. Eliot that ranges between the farcical and the mystical and winds up pretty much in midair. The cast, which is excellent, is led by Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Girl on the Via Flaminia—An adaptation of Alfred Hayes' novel dealing with an Italian girl who is unhappy about taking up with an American invader. While it has its merits, the chief role is executed too unevenly to make the whole thing satisfactory. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Donald Cook, Jackie Cooper, and Cloris Leachman head the cast of Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's diverting comedy about a comic-strip artist and his singular romance with himself. Walter F. Kerr is the director, and Frederick Fox designed the cheerful set. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Edward Chodorov's comedy concerning a psychoanalyst whose own mind comes under something of a strain is extremely comic, despite the fact that it trails away a bit at the end. Franchot Tone is the tormented healer, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden are among those who contribute to his distress. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ondine—Audrey Hepburn takes her place as one of the most talented and enchanting actresses on the stage with her portrayal of a more-than-mortal girl in Maurice Valency's adaptation of Giraudoux's fantasy. The supporting performances, especially that of Mel Ferrer, are less distinguished, and the text is occasionally a little cloudy and pretentious, but the play is still a consequential event in the theatre. Alfred Lunt is the director and Virgil Thomson has furnished some nice incidental music. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, May 9.)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—Liam O'Brien's jolly account of a wonderfully prolific bigamist whose life gets hopelessly mixed up when one of his wives, in Wilmington, learns about another one, in Philadelphia. Burgess Meredith plays the entangled hero, and Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager share in his piquant confusion. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sabrina Fair—Margaret Sullavan, as a chauffeur's daughter, and Joseph Cotten, as a young millionaire, in Samuel Taylor's not very substantial comedy having to do with life on the North Shore of Long Island. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull, who can do no wrong, in a very funny comedy about some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann are the authors. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Moves on Monday, May 10, to the Music Box, 45th St., W., CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Unfortunately, Robert Anderson's play, while often affecting, doesn't quite come off, though Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are admirable in the central roles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—David Wayne has a field day in John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, and there are other nice performances by John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. Robert Lewis directed the memorable proceedings. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their *old* as well as their *new* address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Long Runs—the fifth season: Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . the seven year itch: George Axelrod's comedy dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell is the man, and Vanessa Brown is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

New York City Light Opera Company—"Show Boat," with Burl Ives and Robert Rounseville, is the first in a series of three productions being presented by the company in its initial season. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—Shirley Booth is just about the whole show in this piece about Coney Island in the nineteen-hundreds, and she may possibly be enough. Herbert and Dorothy Fields wrote the book; Arthur Schwartz turned out the songs; Jo Mielziner and Helen Tamiris handled the settings and the choreography, respectively; and those featured in the cast include Wilbur Evans, Mae Barnes, Carol Leigh, and Cameron Prud'homme. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

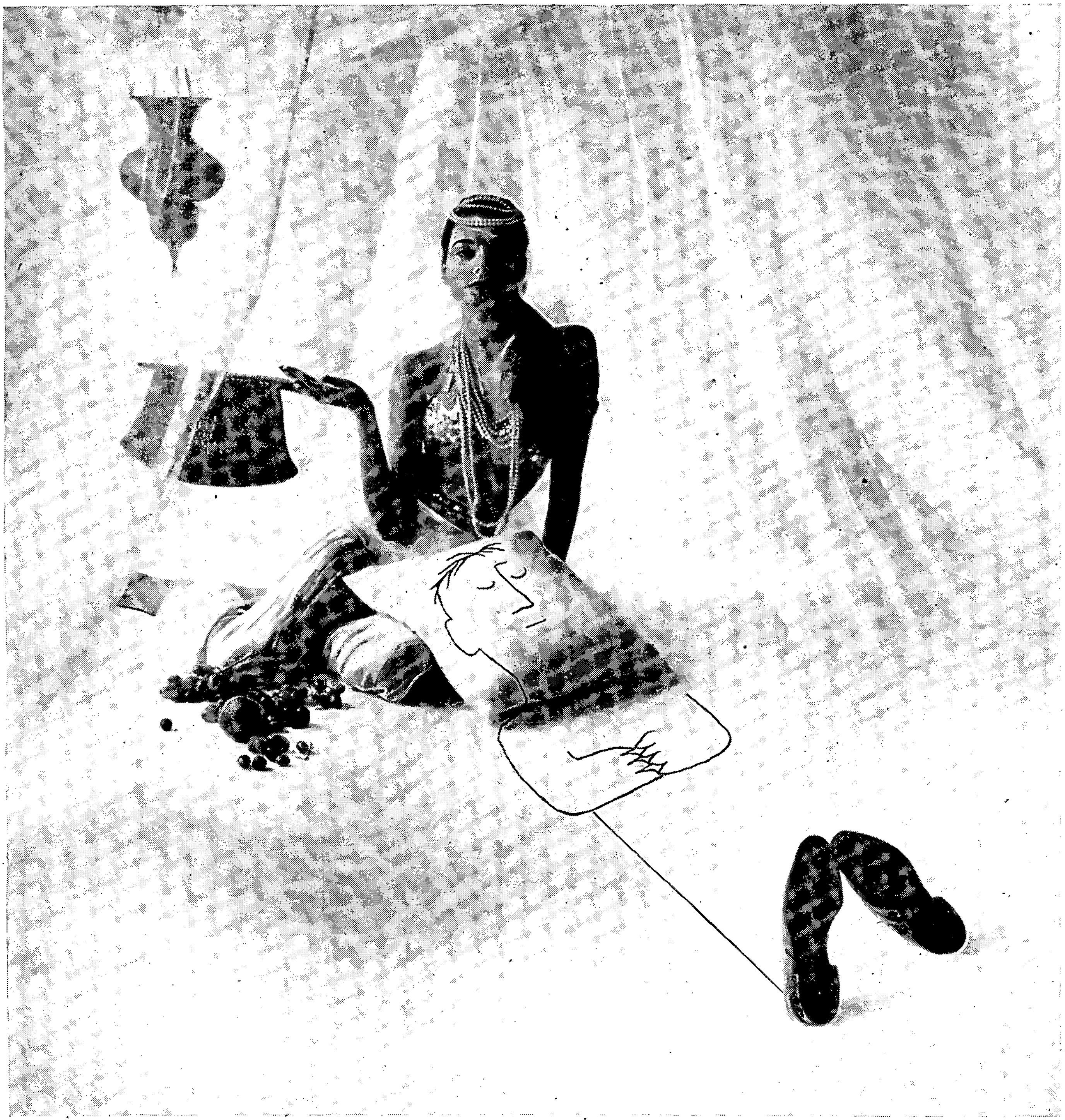
The Girl in Pink Tights—In this musical account of the adventures of a ballet outfit operating in New York when the town was young, Jeanmaire dances so superbly and sings and acts so engagingly that you almost forget how thin the whole business is. The late Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, Leo Robin the lyrics, and Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields the book. The nimble choreography was created by Agnes de Mille. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Golden Apple—The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" have been reworked to accommodate the old Greek doings to nineteenth-century America, often with bright results. The book is by John Latouche and the music by Jerome Moross. Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Priscilla Gillette, Bibi Osterwald, and Stephen Douglass figure in the cast, and there are dances staged by Hanya Holm. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—A revue that includes some lively sketches in which Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe make merry, and songs and dances in which Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton are quite agreeable. There are other interludes that are not so pleasant, however, and at times things get downright tedious. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—This adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama is very handsome and spirited, and Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are excellent as a vagabond poet and his beautiful daughter. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin and equipped it with lyrics, Charles Lederer and Luther Davis revamped the book, Jack Cole did the choreography, and Lemuel Ayers designed the costumes and the sets. With Joan

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 12, May 8, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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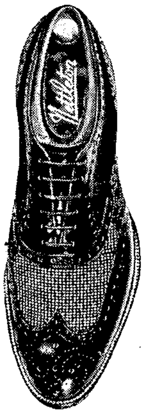

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Diener, Philip Coolidge, Richard Oneto, and Henry Calvin. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—can-can: Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, and Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson are in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wonderful town:** "My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein. Carol Channing now has the leading role. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Pajama Game—John Raitt, Janis Paige, and Eddie Foy, Jr., in a musical, with a book, by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, based on the latter's novel "7½ Cents," and a score and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. Directed by Mr. Abbott and Jerome Robbins, and produced by Frederick Brisson, Robert E. Griffith, and Harold S. Prince. Opens Thursday, May 13. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, May 7-9: "Don Pasquale," in English. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, May 14: "Aïda." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.40. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Philip Barry's "Here Come the Clowns." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Chekhov's "The Sea Gull," with Montgomery Clift, Judith Evelyn, and Kevin McCarthy heading a cast directed by Norris Houghton. The producers are T. Edward Hambleton and Mr. Houghton. Opens Tuesday, May 11, and will run through Sunday, June 13. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Shakespeare Guild Festival Company—"Hamlet," directed by Herbert Kramer. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-7060. Sunday, May 9, and thereafter Wednesdays through Sundays, at 8:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera" has an impressive score, but otherwise this version of Gay's classic of the London underworld is hardly likely to entertain you much. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers—A group of dancers, singers, and guitarists, including Nila Amparo and Lola de Ronda, in the final performances of a two-week engagement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Through Saturday, May 8.)

Ballet Theatre—A single performance, consisting of "Interplay," "Giselle," and "Gala Performance." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Wednesday, May 12, at 8:30.)

Mara and Her Dancers—With Ch'ao-Li, in a program mainly made up of Cambodian dances. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, May 12, at 8:40.)

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MISCELLANY

The Circus—The evening of Sunday, May 9, is the last chance to see the lion and the lamb lie down together to the music of a brass band. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 7. Matinées daily at 2:15. . . . ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sunday at 1 and 6, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

American Savoyards—A ten-week Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler. Through Sunday, May 9: "The Yeomen of the Guard." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 11-16: "The Mikado." (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, May 30.)

Columbia Theatre Associates—"The Suspicious Husband," a comedy by Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, is being presented as the last in a series of four revivals from the New York theatre season of 1754. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, at 8:40; and Saturday, May 8, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Through Wednesday, May 12, the dance music of Sid Foster's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band will be heard at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room, while, in the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin will be swooning at cocktail time. Next evening, the Garden will open for the summer, with dance music by Jules Lande's and Mr. de Moraes' boys. No music anywhere on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Dulcet strains in the Palm Court at cocktails every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—George DeWitt, who spouts sixteen words to the dozen, is nevertheless bound to make almost anyone laugh; Jane Froman sings a ballad well enough to keep almost anyone happy. Still, half the fun of being exposed to this rumpus-room atmosphere is studying the young ladies of the Copa kindergarten for ballerinas, all of whom are plump, rather than rugged, individualists. . . . ¶ After two every morning, the Kirby Stone quartet warms up the lounge.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The headquarters of several extremely active mutual-admiration organizations. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The cast of the show in the Terrace Room, cool as cucumbers (and far more agile) on the ice floe in the middle of the floor, keep time to Steve Kisley's orchestra, which also accounts for the dance music. Closed Sunday and Monday nights.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Dorothy Sarnoff, one of the pleasanter memories of "The King and I," sounds amazingly Metropolitan at dinner and supper. As for Russell Swann, it isn't how he does (or doesn't do) his magic tricks, it's what he says to the customers and his two handsome young ladies. As always, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band emit the dance music. The locale is the Cotillion Room. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing at all Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are one of our funnier younger marrieds, even when (as occasionally happens) the audience is not as convulsed by their wit as they are. Their comedy of manners takes place in the Persian Room, where the eminent Ted Straeter plays piano and conducts an orchestra that is an irresistible invitation to the dance. Other music is provided by Mark Monte's group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room goes on serving dinner and supper in the good old *grand-luxe* way. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails (but not for dancing) every day but Monday in the Palm Court.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Except Sundays, the Lombardo household unreels safe-and-sane family-style dance music in the Grill.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy called the Maisonette, where the sun shines bright and the inhabitants are happy as the day is long, Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble play almost non-stop dance music. At dinner and supper, Billy Daniel (a Hollywood hoofer) and Lita Baron put their new song-and-dance act on display. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day there's afternoon and evening dance music by Irving Conn's orchestra in the Café Lounge.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge has Ted Weems' orchestra, which is apt to explode now and then into a floor show no matter how carefully it's watched. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Basket parties discouraged, children welcome. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band make the music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—It's hard to know what Irwin Corey is talking about, possibly because he's never sure himself, but the end product is wild-eyed merriment. Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson are no mean comedians themselves, but the book of the baby musical they're all employed in is only for hammock readers. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—George Gobel, a back-roads minstrel and philosopher, is supplying the dinner and supper amusement in the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne, the old reliable, plays puissant piano most of the evening, to say nothing of running one of the really good big hotel bands. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Alex Fogarty is at the piano in one segment of the felicitous Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra alternates with him after eight-thirty. Sundays, another band takes over.

Note—The Rainbow Room, lofty as that peak in Darien (Panama, that is), offers cocktails and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

le coq rouge, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the dean of the coming-out-party fiddlers, is still rattling off his smooth,

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débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): There are those who go to watch the playboys take their ease, and there are those who go to hear Ralph Strain's limpid, romantic piano at dinner and supper. At supper, too, there's ambulatory violin music and candlelight, two standard witching-hour accessories. Sunday midnights, for a switch, there's a recital, Boston Pops Concert style, by Fernando Valenti, a ranking harpsichordist. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter is the epitome of drawing-room piano—light, fantastic, and technically brilliant. He's around this neat and fashionable buttery from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano and a violin discourse decorously after ten in a room where everybody seems to know everybody else, often out loud. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): At the end of the dinner hour, Jim Mahoney, one of the best of the mood pianists, begins his quiet but eloquent disquisition. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey addresses his piano at cocktails and during dinner and supper except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, with the clients joining in the latter. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche,* Herman Arminski turns out cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield plays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch the commencement exercises. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet plays for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night.

SUPPER CLUBS

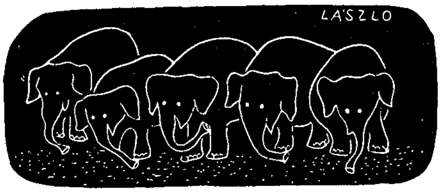
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Elsa Lanchester—half Mona Lisa smile, half Cheshire-cat grin—moves in mysterious ways her humor to perform, but it's a rewarding experience. The messages of Robert Clary, the extraordinary and winning little French jumping bean, and Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is), on the other hand, need no decoding whatever. The songs of Trude Adams are, like herself, young, warm, and beautiful. Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' vibrant trio are in evidence, too. Miss Lanchester and the Davis family take leave on Wednesday, May 12; next evening, the uproarious Leo de Lyon will return to action. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from two to four every night but Saturday, Miss Davis and Mr. Ponder put on a peppery piano-and-bass jam session. Their final stint is Wednesday, May 12. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The jovial Marshall Izen and his puppets march through Rudolf Bing's repertory like Sherman to the sea, and Susan Johnson sings some extra-special love songs with extra-special competence and conviction. The new Lord Burgess calypso quartet hasn't quite got its land legs after its voyage from the West Indies, but it's at least full of vigor. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Nowadays, you never can be sure who's on first base here. However, Bill Norvas and his charming imp of a wife, Dee Arlen, should be having fun; Ellen Hanley should be wrapping up some ballads in her vivid soprano; Tom Poston and Gerri Matthews, two witty wights, should be doing their mock bullfight; Gabe Dell should be at his new nonsense turn; and the unique Norman Paris trio and Julius Monk should be providing the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): There are lyrics by Marion Harris, Jr., except Sundays, and comedy by Don Adams, except Mondays. As usual, lively double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies are added on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Many of our best love songs first see the light of night in the tiny upstairs salon that is presided over by Mabel Mercer, the voice of experience. The lyrics are often special and always literate. Sam Hamilton is at the piano all evening. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The whole damn shooting match—Jimmie Komack, a latter-day Gilbert and Sullivan topical tunesmith; Charlotte Rae, a parodist who picks off American songbirds with a double-barrelled shotgun; the rampant music of the Three Flames (led by Tiger Haines); the sardonically nostalgic refrains of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate; the very merry madrigals of the handsome Thelma Carpenter; and the deadpan foolishness of Bruce Kirby—takes a couple of hours, and then it's repeated for the benefit of those who come in late. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's maverick trumpet raises the roof with no apparent effort. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Don MacLean, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon give him and it rich Deep South support, and Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Red Norvo, assisted by the next-door-to-miraculous Tal Farlow on guitar and a bass player, deals out his thoughtful modern mood music. There is also Dorothy Donegan, whose piano solos are pure WQXR but whose work with her trio is hot and heavy. They all rest on Sundays, when Tony Scott's group is usually on the stand. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are happily shivering the timbers of their old homestead. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A young and earnest band of strivers called The Six (Bob Wilber, Johnny Glasel, Eddie Hubble, Tommy Goodman, Bob Petersen, and Eddie Phyfe) is making the music here. Don Frye is the solo pianist. On Monday, May 10, a new group, including Danny Parker, Cecil Scott, Freddie Moore, and Don Kirkpatrick, will be taking charge. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A turbulent aviary often full of nothing but birds of unexpected passage. Count Basie's band and Lester Young's quintet are, however, probably on deck now, and Dizzy Gillespie's band and Chet Baker's quartet should be replacing them on Thursday, May 13. Mondays, when the regular crews are off, are jam-session nights. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Flip Phillips' boys and Slim Gaillard's music and bop-talk sessions take up all of a fairly lively evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Riotous music resounds in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis's tailgaters are responsible. On Sunday, May 9, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session in which Jonah Jones and friends will be helping out. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, Marian McPartland plays very pretty up-to-date piano at the head of her trio, and Johnny Mehegan plays piano that is geometric in its precision but a delight even to non-mathematicians. . . . **BONFIRE**, Lexington Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-2440): It may look as if Jack London slept here, but in the neat little back room, Sylvia Syms, the Big Ben of jazz singers, is doing her customary ingenious tolling late every evening but Sunday. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, May 7, this ancient *Brauhaus* expects to be host to Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Pop Foster, Joe Sullivan, Lou McGarity, Arthur Herbert, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, an invitation tournament, undoubtedly involving Oran Page, Willie the Lion Smith, Sonny Greer, Freddie Moore, Henry Goodwin, and Elmer Shobel, is scheduled. Dancing.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Manolo Borromeo—The first American exhibition of paintings by an Italian modern, who uses the lessons of Chirico to excellent effect; through Saturday, May 15. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.)

Louis Bouché—Country scenes, mainly, done in a sunnily Impressionist way; through Saturday, May 8. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Frances Field—Small, fragile but effective abstractions, strongly reminiscent of the manner of Paul Klee; through Saturday, May 15. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Martin J. Heade and Fitz Hugh Lane—Landscapes and seascapes of this country, together with a group of South American nature studies, painted in oils in the middle of the nineteenth century; through May 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Camille Hilaire—Dark, fluently patterned abstractions, principally of Mediterranean scenes, by one of the younger French moderns; through Saturday, May 8. (Galerie Moderne, 49 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Joseph Hirsch—Thirty canvases painted in Paris during the past three years; through Saturday, May 8. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

William King—His first gallery showing of sculptures, many of them embodying brilliant variations on Early American folk-art styles; through Saturday, May 15. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Paul Klee—A small retrospective of paintings and drawings that date from 1912 to his death in 1940; through Saturday, May 8. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Franz Kline—Big, powerful abstractions, all in black-and-white, by a major representative of the American calligraphic school; through May 22. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

Douglas Lockwood—Oils and water colors, done in a manner that manages to suggest, quite agreeably, both Albert Ryder and Morris Graves; through Saturday, May 15. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Dan Lutz—Landscapes mostly, in an Expressionist style that is strong almost to the point of splashiness; through Saturday, May 15. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Magic of Flowers—A rather ponderous but certainly comprehensive garland of flower studies, from the sixteenth century to the present. For the benefit of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association. Through Saturday, May 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

I. Rice Pereira—Seventeen new abstractions, all of which are being shown for the first time in New York; through May 29. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Religious Art—Rouault's "Le Christ Espagnol," and other paintings and sculptures by such contemporaries as Reuven Rubin, John Grath, and Abraham Rattner; through Sunday, May 9. (Church of the Ascension Parish House, 12 W. 11th St. Thursday, 4 to 6;

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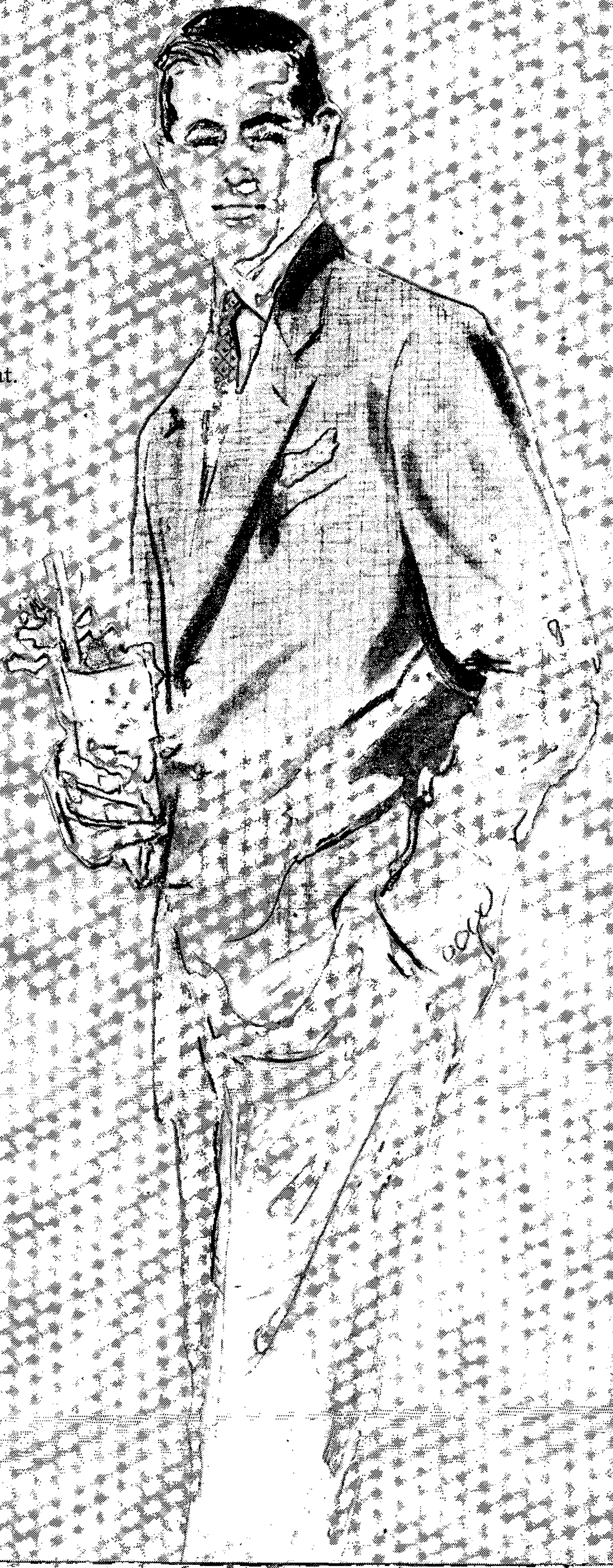

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friday, 2 to 6; and Saturday and Sunday, 2 to 9.)

The Ripe Years—Gifford Beal, Lyonel Feininger, Edward Hopper, and five other contemporary artists, each represented by two oils; through May 29. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Auguste Rodin—Close to forty bronze sculptures, and about the same number of water colors and drawings; through May 29. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Pierre Soulages—Slashing, dashing, but a bit repetitious, abstractions, in a first exhibition here of a young French painter; through Saturday, May 15. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave. at 57th St.)

Vuillard and Roussel—A small selection of their paintings; through May 29. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.) The Vuillard exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may be of interest in this connection.

White Jade—Over thirty carvings, from the Sung to the Ch'ien Lung dynasties, in a loan exhibition; through June 30. (China House, 125 E. 65th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Yektai—Recent still-lifes and figure studies by a Persian-born painter; through Saturday, May 8. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American folk art, mostly paintings and sculptures, from several parts of the country; through May 22.... GANSO, 125 E. 57th St.: The spring annual, with a painting apiece (ranging from realist to abstract examples) by sixteen of the gallery's artists; through May 19.... NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: About fifty modern oils that were selected by Adolph Gottlieb, Jack Levine, and William A. Smith; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) ... ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Eighteen canvases, evenly divided between Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through June 30.

French; Group Shows—At THE CONTEMPORARIES, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Prints by Picasso, Braque, Villon, and others; through Saturday, May 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) ... JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Matisse, Gris, and Arp are among those represented in the last show of the season here; through May 24.... MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of various interpretations of form by Miró, Rouault, Chagall, and nine other artists; through Saturday, May 8.... PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: The second section of a two-part exhibit of paintings by Braque, Dufy, Picasso, and other modern masters; through May 29.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Arnold Blanch; starting Monday, May 10.... KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: John Heliker; starting Monday, May 10.... SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Louis Ribak; starting Monday, May 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) ... ¶ Group shows at the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, May 10. CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.; Monday, May 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.; starting Thursday, May 13. (Daily 1 to 6.) VILLAGE ART CENTER, 44 W. 11th St.; starting Monday, May 10. (Daily, 1 to 6, and Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, 8 to 10.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over two hundred paintings by James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, and Mary Cassatt. Among them are the picture popularly called "Whistler's Mother," Sargent's portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Pulitzer, and Cassatt's familiar women and children. A loan show that has been supplemented by items from the Museum's collection; through May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9:45; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first large retrospective exhibit in this country of the works of Edouard Vuillard, with over a hundred oils and about thirty prints, starting with his early works around the turn of the century and continuing until his death in 1940. Through June 6. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.) A good complement to the exhibition is the Vuillard show at Cadby-Birch.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighth annual exhibition of American graphics; through June 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of nineteenth-century American folk art, painted on pieces of velvet, a stove plate, a captain's chest, and the like, and based on Biblical themes; through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Almost a hundred paintings by nineteenth-century Americans, ranging from primitives to Homer, Eakins, and Ryder, in an exhibition that was shown in Germany and Italy under the auspices of the United States Information Agency; through May 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Pop Concerts—D'Artega conducting a sixty-piece orchestra—Friday, May 7: With Jeanette La Bianca, soprano; Jack Russell, baritone; Marie Jeanne, ballet dancer; and the Fairfield University Glee Club.... ¶ Saturday, May 8: A Viennese program, with Robert Notkoff, twelve-year-old violinist, and vocal soloists.... ¶ Friday, May 14: With Raphael Bronstein, guest conductor, and soloists.... ¶ Saturday, May 15: An all-Tchaikovsky concert, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 14, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

Cantata Singers—Alfred Mann directing Handel's "Israel in Egypt," with Helen Boatwright and Charlotte Bloecher Anderson, sopranos; Belva Kibler, contralto; William Hess, tenor; Paul Matthen and Marden Bate, basses; and a chamber orchestra. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, May 6, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

Branscombe Choral—Gena Branscombe directing, with Donald Johnston, baritone (Town Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Marymount College Glee Club—Hugh Ross directing. (Town Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Frederick Heyne directing Bach's B-Minor Mass, with vocal and instrumental soloists. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, May 11, at 8:15. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call CI 7-4199.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing and playing the harpsichord, and with Leslie Chabay, tenor, and George Finckel, cello. (Town Hall. Tuesday, May 11, at 8:45.)

Paulist Choristers—Joseph R. Foley directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

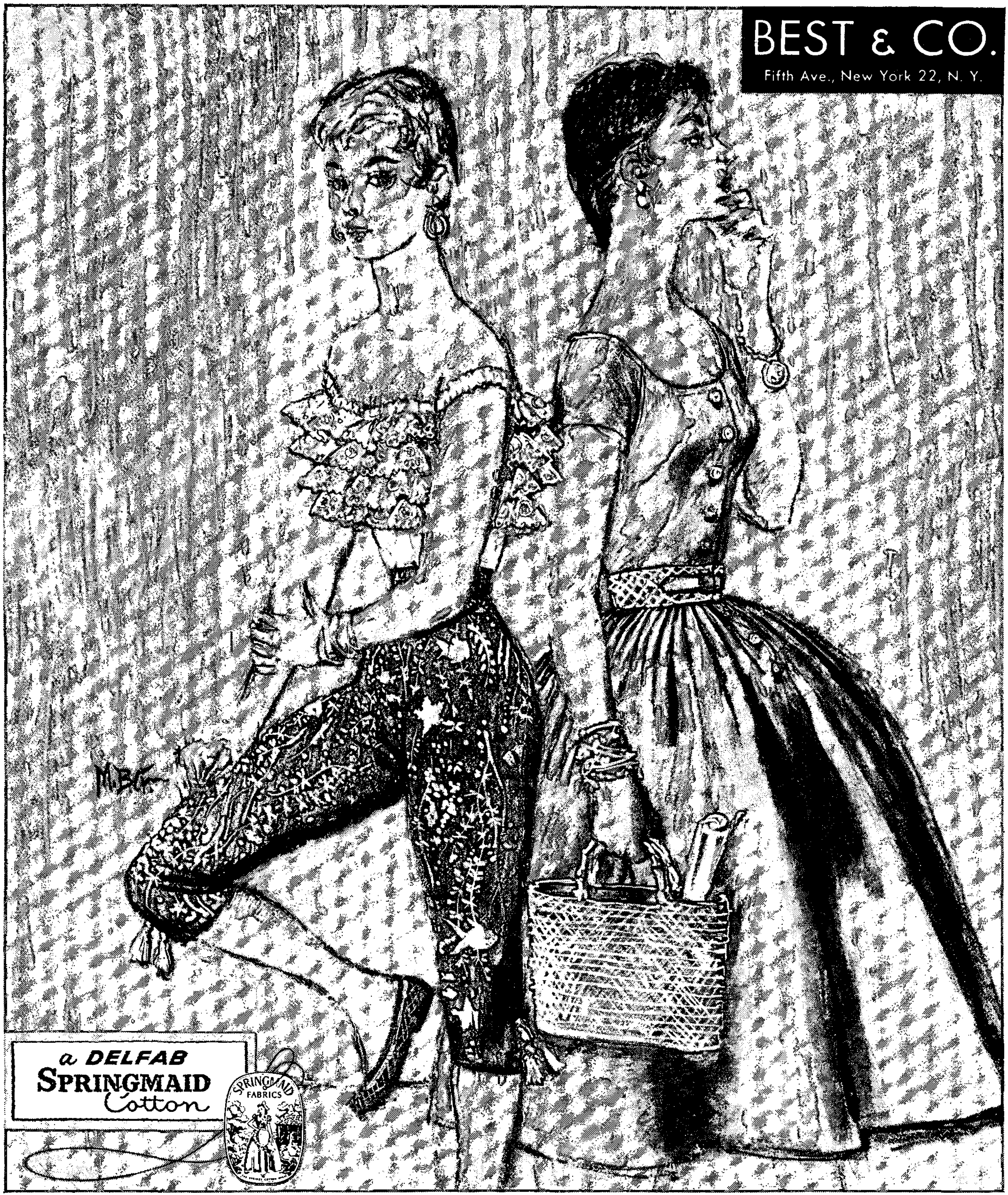
Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 7, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

League of Composers—The New Music String Quartet and a number of soloists in a program of music by Arnold Schoenberg, Alexei Haieff, William Flanagan, and Ernst Toch. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 6-7471.)

Composers of Today—Vera Appleton and Michael Field, duo piano, and others performing works by five composers, among them Béla Bartók, Darius Milhaud, and Wallingford Riegger; the last in a series of three programs. (Green Room, Town Hall. Monday, May 10, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available; for information, call LE 5-3204.)

MISCELLANY

"Pianorama World"—A bouillabaisse of music, old and new, foreign and local, presided over



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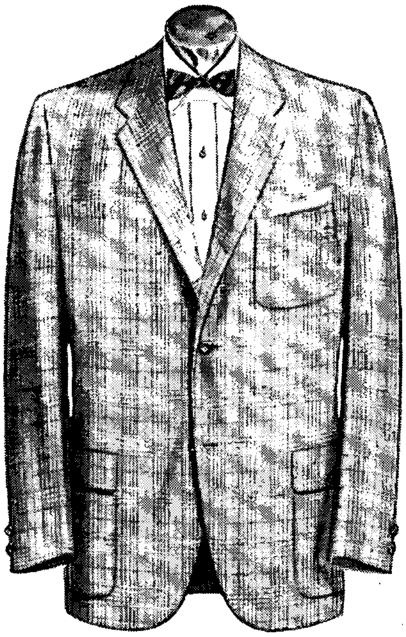

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SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, May 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 2, and Sunday, May 9, at 2 (double-header). . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 11-12, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, May 13, at 1:30; Friday, May 14, at 8:15; and Saturday, May 15, at 1:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, May 11, at 8, and Wednesday, May 12, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 13, at 1:30; Friday, May 14, at 8; and Saturday, May 15, at 1:30.

Boxing—Rocky Castellani vs. Ralph Jones, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 14. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 8.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, Yale, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 8.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday, May 15.)

Golf—Palm Beach Golf Championship. For the benefit of the Boys' Club of New York. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Wednesday through Sunday, May 12-16.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 15.)

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, June 12. The Withers, Saturday, May 8, and the Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, May 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, May 31. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Races—ZOOM! Four races. (Suffolk County Air Force Base, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Sunday, May 9; first race at 11 A.M.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 8, at 2.)

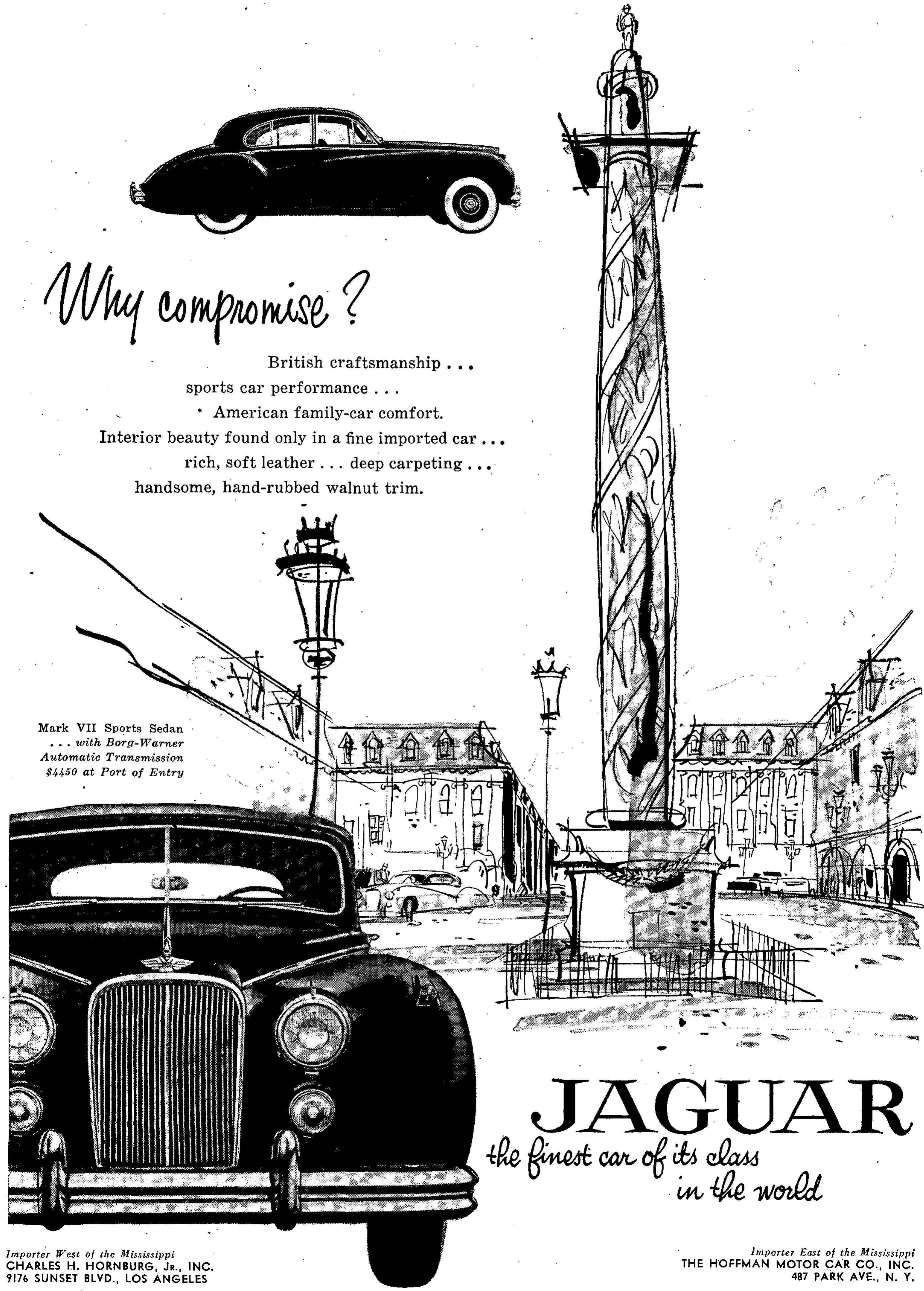
Trapshooting—Amateur Championships, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 7, at 9 and 1; Saturday, May 8, at 9; and Sunday, May 9, at 10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the NEW YORK WOODWIND QUINTET: A program of chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, May 9, at 3:30.) . . . NEW YORK YOUTH CONCERTS ASSOCIATION: Wheeler Beckett conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 11-12, at 2:30. For tickets, call Englewood 3-2776.)

Play—The King-Coit Association presenting "Nala and Damayanti," a Hindu play from the "Mahabharata," an epic poem of ancient India. (King-Coit Children's Theatre, 330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Thursday, May 6, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 9, Tuesday, May 11, and Thursday, May 13, at 5.)

Bronx Zoo, Bronx Park—At the CHILDREN'S ZOO: Lambs, piglets, rabbits, crows, geese, and other non-terrifying fauna to be admired and even patted. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30, and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . CASTING POOL: Anglers of thirteen and under (who use barbless hooks and bent pins), can fill their creels (to the limit of three) with white and yellow perch, bluegills, and black calico bass. (Tuesdays



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays 10 to 4:30, and Sundays 10 to 6.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next few months; however, there are periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Poetry Center Readings—Carson McCullers in a program called "Twenty Years of Writing," with illustrative readings from her works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, May 8, at 8:40.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 11, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. The gardens on display will be those of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Avildsen and Mrs. Dorothy Dudley, both 36 Sutton Place South; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Van Dyk, 60 Sutton Place South; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Donaldson, 165 E. 71st St.; Fenwick Court, 837 Madison Ave.; Mrs. David A. Smart, 875 Fifth Ave.; and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Fatt, 941 Park Ave. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173.)

British Artists in Crystal—Twenty pieces of engraved glass—figurines, bowls, vases, and so on—each incorporating a design by a contemporary English painter, sculptor, silversmith, or other artist; through Saturday, May 15. (Steuben Glass, 718 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

Photographs by Berenice Abbott—Fifty examples, taken between 1927 and 1953, which include portraits, scenes of New York, industrial and scientific pictures, and experimental works; through May 27. (Caravan Gallery, 132 E. 65th St. Daily, 3 to 7.)

Coney Island—A survey of the playground's three-hundred-year history. There's a beach scene, of course, with life-size bathers of 1895 vintage, a gondola emerging from a nineteenth-century Tunnel of Love, two old carrousel horses, and hundreds of pictures, including six by Reginald Marsh. Through Sept. 6 (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Design in Scandinavia—Swedish glass, Danish furniture, Finnish rugs, Norwegian textiles, and just about everything else that ever appeared on a Scandinavian drawing board, all assembled in a travelling exhibition; through May 16. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stories in the Stars" and deals with ancient mythological and modern scientific concepts of stars. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 1:45: Queen Anne and Georgian furniture; Georgian and other English silver; needle-point, Aubusson, Bessarabian, and Oriental rugs; eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings; and bibelots. From several collectors, among them William K. Ryan.

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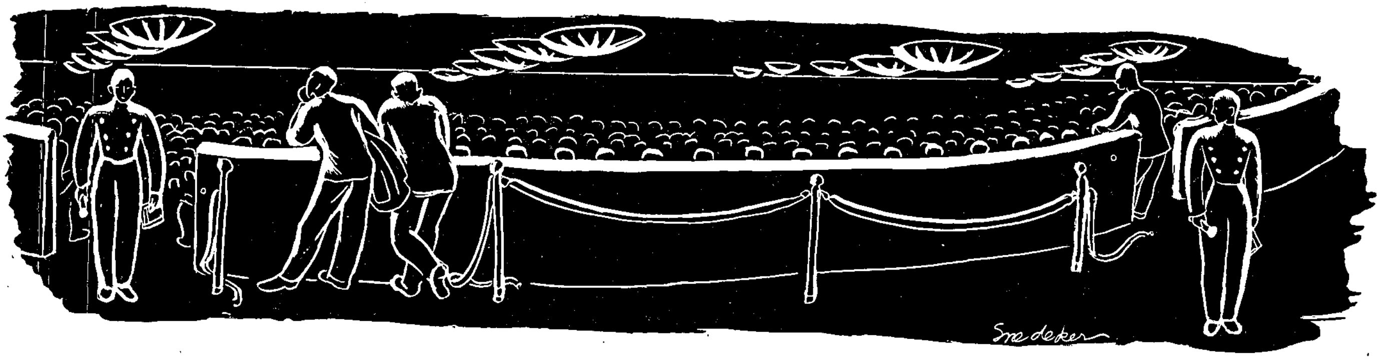
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ANNAPURNA—A pictorial record, in color, that shows how the French conquered one of the eight Himalayan mountains of twenty-five *thousand* feet or better, and then came to grief on their way down. A combination of triumph and tragedy that makes any fictional report on mountain climbing look paltry. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting May 12.)

BEAT THE DEVIL—A dishevelled, hilarious description of the antics of a gang of lunatic crooks who are out to get control of a big uranium field in Africa. Written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter, the film is fortunate in its cast, which includes Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, Ivor Barnard, and such handsome ladies as Gina Lollobrigida and Jennifer Jones. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 12, tentative.)

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST—An interesting and intricate French film, directed by Robert Bresson, that tries to explain how the tribulations of a young clergyman eventually lead him to a state of grace. The picture is often hard to follow, but the photography and acting are splendid. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 9.)

GENEVIEVE—Some ancient automobiles get their passengers in all kinds of uproarious dilemmas on a trip from London to Brighton and back. A British film in which John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More contribute much to the general merriment. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU—A funny comedy about an odd young lady (Judy Holliday) who spends her life savings putting her name on a billboard on Columbus Circle, and winds up feeling even odder after a whirl with advertising men and television wizards. Written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor, and with Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford in the cast. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 8.)

JULIUS CAESAR—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

KNOCK ON WOOD—Danny Kaye as a mixed-up ventriloquist who somehow gets entangled with a set of international spies. Obviously, the plot doesn't amount to much, but it does afford Mr. Kaye plenty of opportunity to run through a lot of his wonderful routines. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

LITTLE FUGITIVE—An unpretentious film that catches with wonderful precision the emotions of a small boy on the loose at Coney Island. Richie Andrusco is utterly captivating as the boy, and Morris Engel, the man principally responsible for the film, has surrounded him with some fine photography. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 8.)

MARTIN LUTHER—An impressive description of the career of the great German reformer. Niall Mac Ginnis is brilliant in the title role. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 10.)

NEW FACES—Rather larger than life in CinemaScope, this intimate revue with Eartha Kitt, Ronny Graham, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary still has a lot of the charm that made it so attractive on Broadway. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 9-10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 9-11.)

THE PICKWICK PAPERS—A lengthy treat for Sam's aficionados. An English film, with James Hayter, Nigel Patrick, and a lot of other good people. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

ROMAN HOLIDAY—William Wyler produced and directed this thoroughly engaging escapade in Rome, during which a princess, tiring of the royal routine, takes in the sights and the sounds of the ancient city. Audrey Hepburn is bewitching as the princess, and Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert are in it, too. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 9-12. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 10.)

REVIVALS

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 6.)

OPEN CITY (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 6.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 12.)

A PLACE IN THE SUN (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting May 12.)

SHANE (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 9-12. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 10.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 6.)

THE WINSLOW BOY (1950)—How a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy. A British picture, with Cedric Hardwicke and Robert Donat. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through May 7.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through May 9, at 3: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Joseph Schildkraut. . . . ¶ Starting May 10, at 3 and 5:30: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (1923), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person, at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, Peter Finch.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
KNOCK ON WOOD.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran, Lyle Bettger.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
May 6: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy.
From May 7: "Men of the Fighting Lady," Van Johnson, Dewey Martin, Walter Pidgeon.

HOLIDAY, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through May 11: "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, Gary Merrill.
From May 12: "Rails into Laramie," John Payne, Mari Blanchard.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Jubilee Trail," Vera Ralston, Forrest Tucker, Joan Leslie.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Executive Suite," William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and a raft of others.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (in 3-D), Richard Carlson, Julia Adams.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"River of No Return" (in CinemaScope), Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Flame and the Flesh," Lana Turner, Pier Angeli, Carlos Thompson.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through May 7: "Casanova's Big Night," Bob Hope, Joan Fontaine.
From May 8: "Prisoner of War," Ronald Reagan, Dewey Martin.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Sensualitá," Eleonora Rossi-Drago, Amedeo Nazzari.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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9	10	11	12			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Holly and the Ivy," Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through May 9: "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon; and "The Diamond Queen," Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl.
May 10-11: "Breakdown," Ann Richards, William Bishop; and "Battles of Chief Pontiac," Lex Barker, Helen Westcott.
From May 12: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 9: "The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, Jane Allyson.
From May 10: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**; and **SHANE**, revival.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
May 6: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From May 7: "Counsellor-at-Law," revival, John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels; and "Kind Lady," revival, Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through May 9: "Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin; and "Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.
May 10-11: "Prisoners of the Casbah," Cesar Romero, Turhan Bey; and "Combat Squad," John Ireland, Lon McCallister.
From May 12: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GENEVIEVE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 9: "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon; and "The Diamond Queen," Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl.
May 10-11: "Breakdown," Ann Richards, William Bishop; and "Battles of Chief Pontiac," Lex Barker, Helen Westcott.
From May 12: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Beauties of the Night" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through May 9: "The Promoter," revival, Alec Guinness, Glynis Johns.
From May 10: "The Spell of Ireland," a documentary film.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through May 7: **THE WINSLOW BOY**, revival; and "So Long at the Fair," revival, Jean Simmons, Dirk Bogarde.
May 8: **LITTLE FUGITIVE**; and "A Girl in Every Port," revival, Groucho Marx, William Bendix.
May 9-10: "Wicked Woman," Beverly Michaels, Richard Egan; and "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.
May 11-12: "Money from Home," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Alaska Seas," Robert Ryan, Jan Sterling.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 12: "Hills of Ireland," revival, a documentary film; and "It Happened in Ireland," revival.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 12 (tentative): **BEAT THE DEVIL.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through May 9: "Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin; and "Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.
May 10-11: "Prisoners of the Casbah," Cesar Romero, Turhan Bey; and "Combat Squad," John Ireland, Lon McCallister.
From May 12: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 12 (tentative): **BEAT THE DEVIL.**

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through May 8: "Money from Home," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Alaska Seas," Robert Ryan, Jan Sterling.
May 9-11: **NEW FACES.**
From May 12: **ANNAPURNA**; and "The Paris Express," revival, Claude Rains, Marta Toren.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
May 6: "Man of Evil," revival, James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.
May 7-8: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.
From May 9: "The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 9: "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon; and "The Diamond Queen," Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl.
May 10-11: "Breakdown," Ann Richards, William Bishop; and "Battles of Chief Pontiac," Lex Barker, Helen Westcott.
From May 12: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 9: "Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin; and "Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.
May 10-11: "Prisoners of the Casbah," Cesar Romero, Turhan Bey; and "Combat Squad," John Ireland, Lon McCallister.
From May 12: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
May 6: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival; and "Three Forbidden Stories" (in Italian), Eleonora Rossi-Drago, Gino Cervi.
May 7-8: "Turn the Key Softly," Yvonne Mitchell, Terence Morgan; and "The Hidden Room," revival, Robert Newton.
May 9-10: **NEW FACES**; and "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.
May 11: "Young Bess," revival, Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger; and "The Gunfighter," revival, Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell.
From May 12: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 8: **IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU.**
May 9-12: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**; and **SHANE**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 9: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French).
From May 10: "Dirty Hands" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Pierre Brasseur, Claude Nollier.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 9: "Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin; and "Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.
May 10-11: "Prisoners of the Casbah," Cesar Romero, Turhan Bey; and "Combat Squad," John Ireland, Lon McCallister.
From May 12: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 8: "The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "Taza, Son of Cochise," Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush.
May 9-11: "The Foxes of Harrow," revival, Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara; and "Let's Make It Legal," revival, Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey.
From May 12: **THE OX-BOW INCIDENT**, revival; and "Whirlpool," revival, Gene Tierney, José Ferrer.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through May 9: "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon; and "The Diamond Queen," Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl.
May 10-11: "Breakdown," Ann Richards, William Bishop; and "Battles of Chief Pontiac," Lex Barker, Helen Westcott.
From May 12: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through May 8: "Money from Home," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Alaska Seas," Robert Ryan, Jan Sterling.
May 9-10: "Submarine Command," revival, William Holden, Nancy Olsen; and "Meet Danny Wilson," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters.
From May 11: "Paratrooper," Alan Ladd, Leo Genn; and "Drive a Crooked Road," Mickey Rooney, Dianne Foster.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Out of This World," a documentary film of Tibet, photographed in color by Lowell Thomas and Lowell Thomas, Jr.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Drôle de Drame" (in French; also known as "Bizarre, Bizarre"), revival, Louis Jouvet, François Rosay; and "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (in French; also known as "The Devil's Envoys"), revival.

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Pit of Loneliness" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Moment of Truth" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Jean Gabin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 9: "Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin; and "Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.
May 10-11: "Prisoners of the Casbah," Cesar Romero, Turhan Bey; and "Combat Squad," John Ireland, Lon McCallister.
From May 12: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 10: **MARTIN LUTHER.**
From May 11: "Rimsky-Korsakov" (in Russian); and "The Spice of Life" (in French), Noël-Noël.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through May 11: "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon; and "The Diamond Queen," Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl.
From May 12: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 9: "Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin; and "Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.
May 10-11: "Prisoners of the Casbah," Cesar Romero, Turhan Bey; and "Combat Squad," John Ireland, Lon McCallister.
From May 12: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through May 11: "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon; and "The Diamond Queen," Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl.
From May 12: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through May 9: "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon; and "The Diamond Queen," Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl.
May 10-11: "Breakdown," Ann Richards, William Bishop; and "Battles of Chief Pontiac," Lex Barker, Helen Westcott.
From May 12: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

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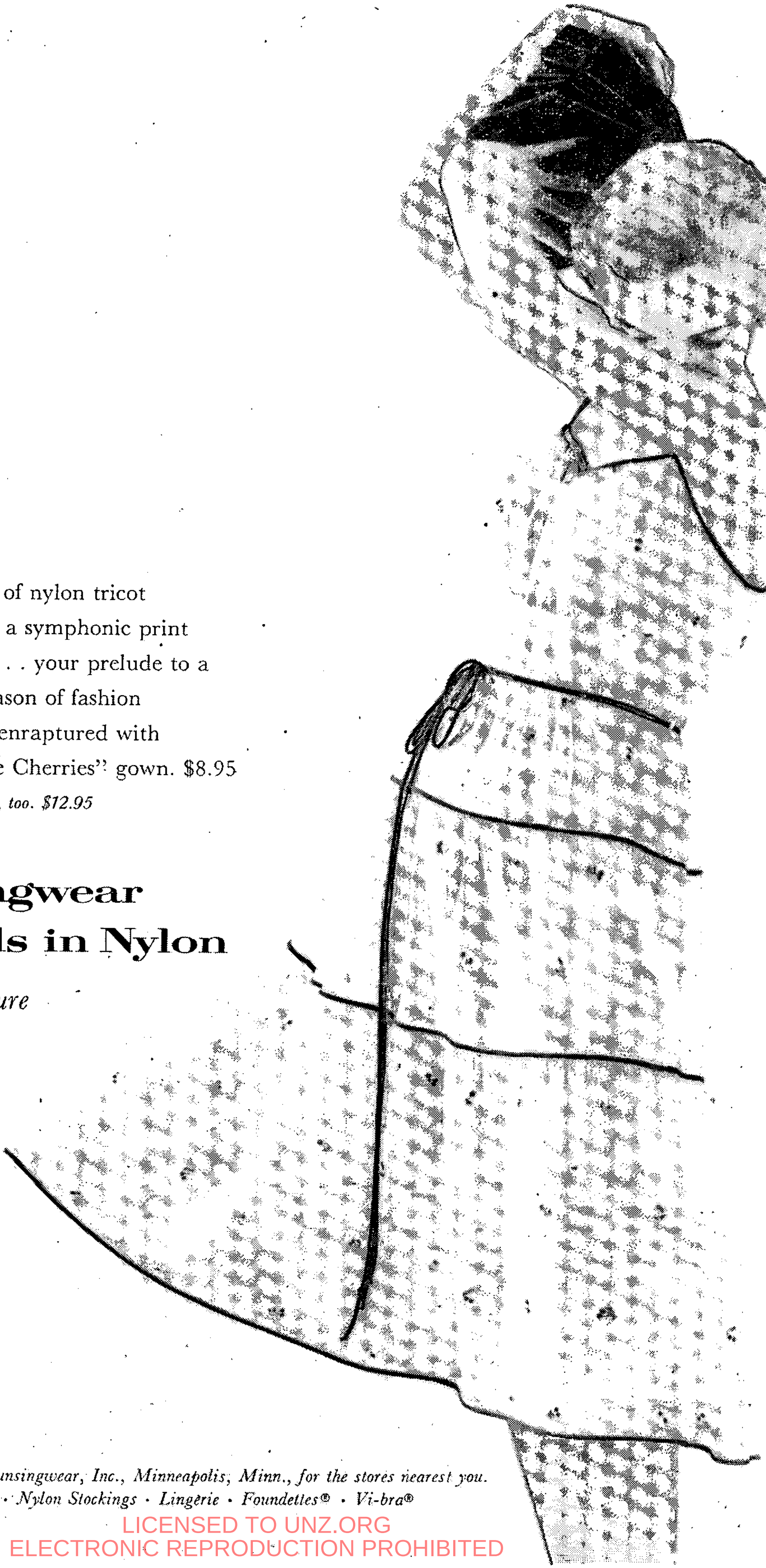

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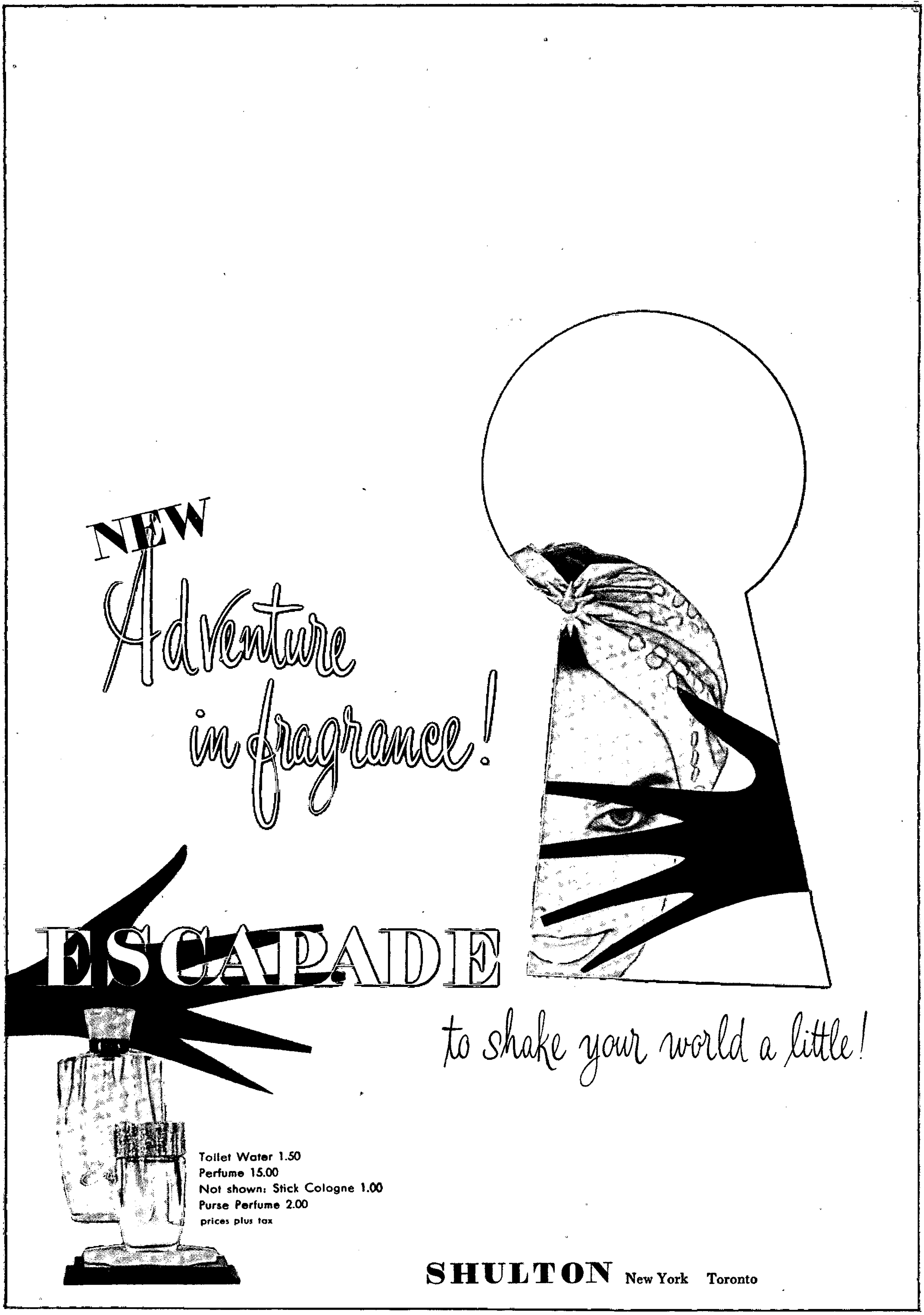
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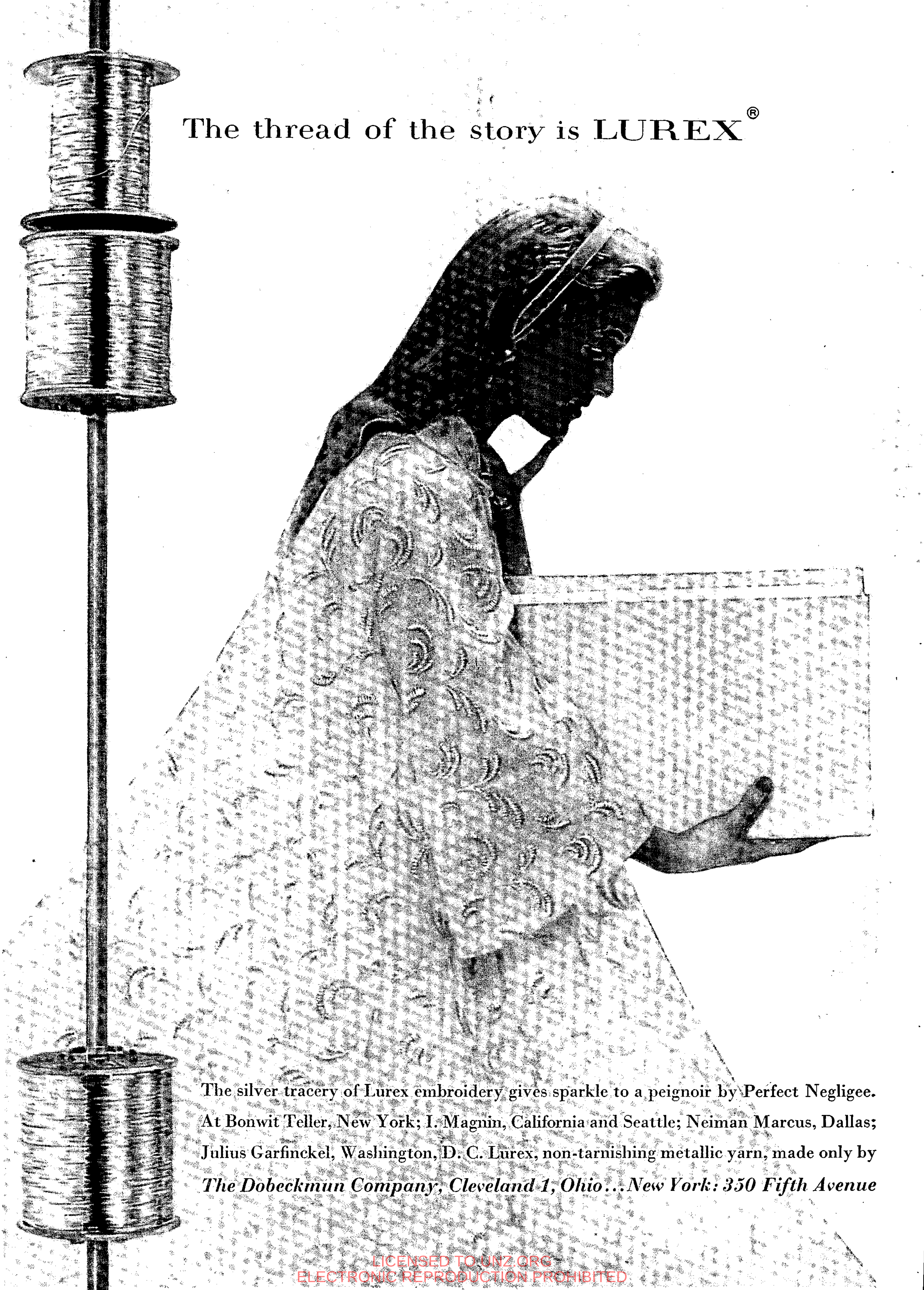

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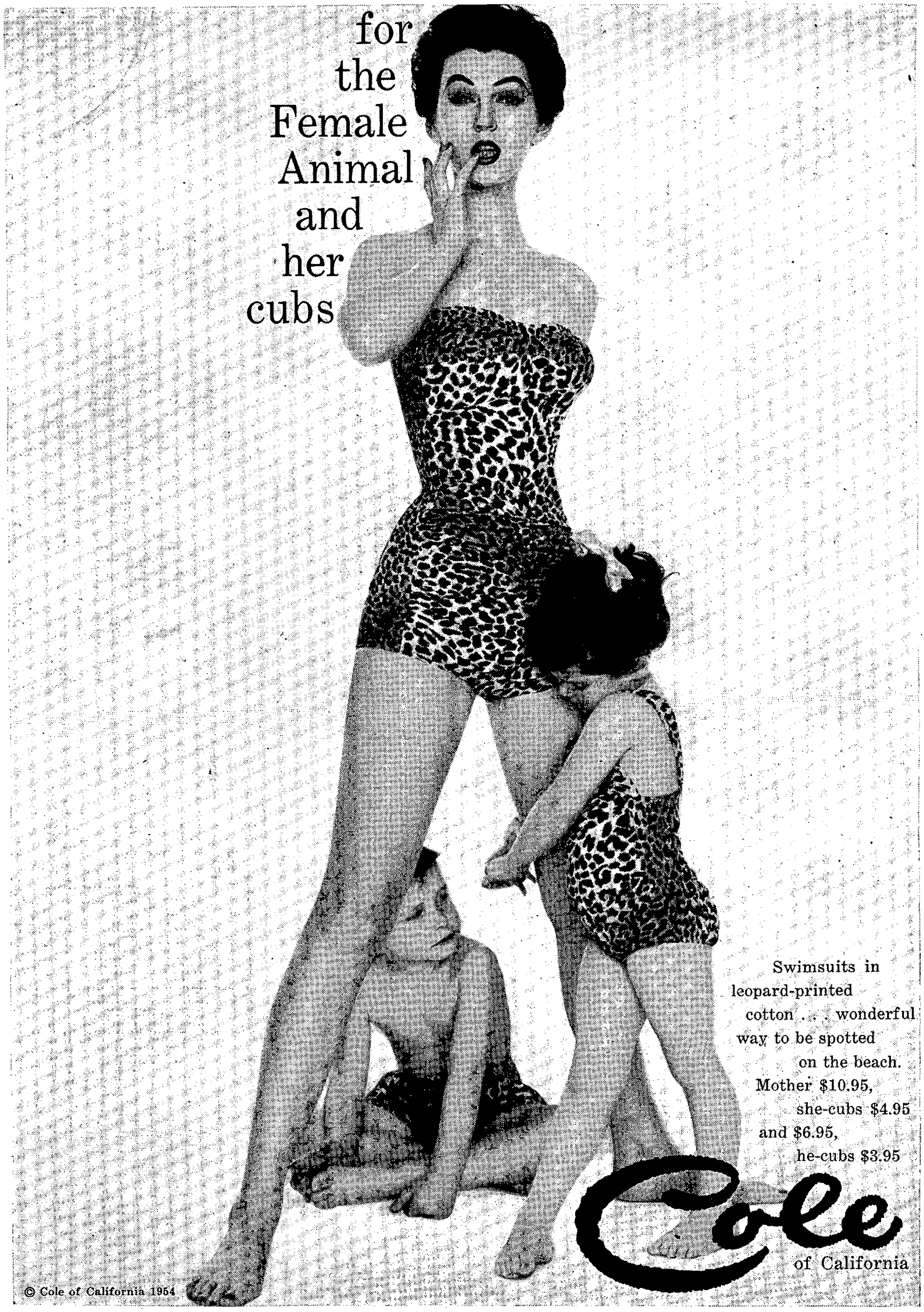
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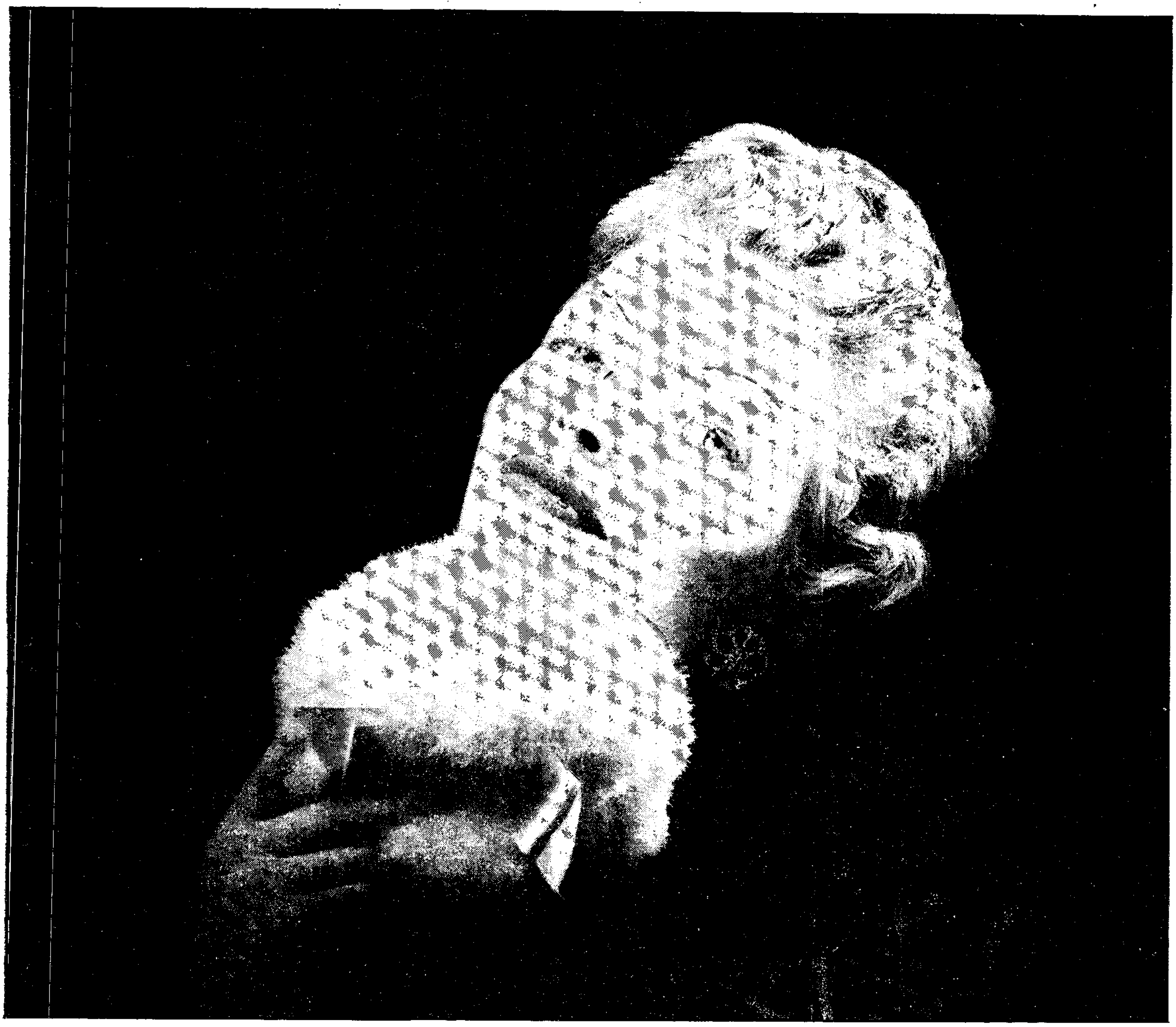

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

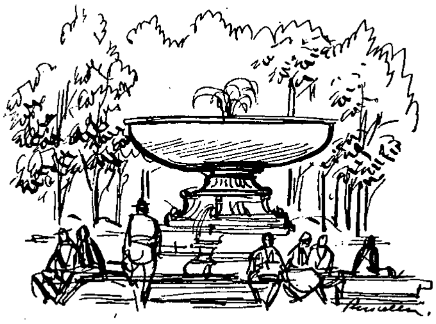
Notes and Comment

IT'S small wonder the United States occupies a unique position among nations and is looked upon with a mixture of awe and bewilderment. What other country would meet the crisis of hydrogen and cobalt by staging an extravaganza featuring a musical-comedy Army private and old Senator Oh-Be-Quiet, Republican, from Bargravia? The national capital, these past few days, has shown an inspired zaniness. It is as though a country town, threatened with being wiped out by forest fires raging all around, had decided to meet the situation by getting up a street carnival, complete with floats, fireworks, and dancing on the green. Only a nation of extraordinary vigor and a certain wild imagination would face the riddle of nuclear war by raising a point of order and trotting out all cameras. We just hope it works.

THE longest telegram we ever got arrived the other day—a five-pager. It came from the editor of a Protestant journal and asked if we cared to comment on the fact that four hundred one-ton bombs would release enough radioactivity to extinguish all life on earth. He said that we could write our reply at any length we wanted to but that he would "like to have it as quickly as possible." These days, it's hard to tell whether an editor is trying to meet a press date or is trying to prevent the end of the world.

THE editor said that if these unspeakable physical forces are to be brought under control, it can be by spiritual forces only. There we incline to disagree. The atomic race is not really a spiritual problem, although the spirit is always a help in any bad set of circumstances. We think it's a philosophical problem, or, to use a dirty word, an intellectual one. It has a kind of dull insolubility about it, too. The East believes one thing, the West another. Each supports its position with a weapon so strong that the weapon itself has become a common enemy. Neither party is willing to stop improving the weapon, lest the other party get an advantage. Furthermore, both sides, in order to strengthen the weapon, conduct experiments, and the experiments are becoming generally annoying and ominous, spoiling the fish in the sea and sending innocent bystanders to a lingering death. So the problem of the conservation of natural resources is overlaid on the problem of power balance. As the weapon increases in power, the likelihood of its being used in total war decreases, since no man wishes to disadvantage himself, and war would disadvantage all. But the argument remains and the experimentation continues.

"IT is time," said Lewis Mumford, in a letter to the *Times*, "for the powerful voice of sanity to be heard once more in our land." The troublesome thing—in this land, anyway—is that every man thinks his own is the voice of sanity. In spring, probably even the turtle (obviously a demented bird) thinks its voice is the sane one. Mr. Mumford discussed the H-bomb and its capacity to destroy almost, if not quite, everything and everybody. It is a good subject to be sane about, but we don't string along with Mr. Mumford's presentation. We do not think, for one thing, that "total extermination" can properly be termed "our policy"—meaning the policy of the United States government. Total extermination isn't a policy, anyway; it's a penalty—a modern one—and you can't call it "ours." Total extermination, or TE, is something we've drifted into, like a man we once knew who told us he'd drifted into the undertaking business.

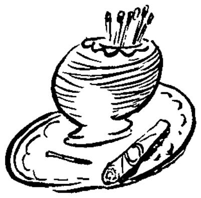


MR. MUMFORD pointed out—sanely, we think—that unlimited power has a way of becoming impotence. He urged that we adopt "a policy of working firmly toward justice and coöperation, and free intercourse with all other peoples, in the faith that love begets love as surely as hate begets hatred." It's a good program and we're for it. We'd feel more encouraged, though, if statesmen would drop a few old myths to which they cling and would begin using a few new words. At Geneva, as this is written, the French have signed a declaration of "total independence" for Vietnam. This, the report says, is largely for the purpose of placing the United States in a better position to lend the Vietnamese its support. Seems to us that if this is the case, Vietnam isn't independent of us, nor are we independent of Vietnam. If we were, why would we be fussing around, making trouble and expense for ourselves? No nation, large or small, is independent of others now, and none has been in many years. Yet none admits it, and each speaks of total independence as the highest goal when in fact it is neither desirable nor obtainable. You can't have TI if you wish to avoid TE.

Hello, Sir Pierson

SIR PIERSON DIXON, Sir Gladwyn Jebb's successor as the United Kingdom's Permanent Delegate to the

United Nations, is a lean, blue-eyed man of forty-nine with brown hair, bushy orange eyebrows, and an alert air. When we called on him at his office, at 350 Fifth Avenue, he was wearing a gray suit, gray herringbone socks, a black tie with white dots, and a white shirt with black stripes. He has been in this country several times. After graduating from Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1927 (first-class honors in both parts of the Classical Tripos), he had a two-year fellowship awaiting him there in the fall, and decided to spend the summer in America. "A ship acquaintance suggested I work in a national park in Wyoming," he said, "and I did, for six weeks. Everything from chopping wood and building fires to taking dudes on horseback rides. Best time I ever had." He returned to Pembroke via Nantucket, and divided his fellowship between a year teaching Latin and Greek and another with the British School of Archeology at Athens. There he wooed and won Alexandra Ismene Atchley, the daughter of an Athenian lady and a British naturalist who was attached to the Embassy. "I had always wanted to go into state service," he told us, and in 1929 he did, serving first in London and then at embassies in Madrid, Ankara, and Rome. In 1943 and thereafter, as principal private secretary to Anthony Eden, he went to the conferences at Yalta, Cairo, Quebec, Moscow, and Potsdam. "I don't recall much of what was said at those places," he said, possibly diplomatically. "I remember the shape of the rocks in the Black Sea at Yalta, and the Russians' castle, but not precisely what we talked about."



Sir Pierson accompanied Churchill to Washington during the war and Eden to the San Francisco Conference, which established the U.N. He became Ambassador to Czechoslovakia in 1948, just before the Communists took over, and in 1950 he succeeded Sir Gladwyn as Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs. While he was in Prague, he started to write a historical novel, "Farewell, Catullus," about Rome during the time of Caesar's civil wars, and it was published last year. "I began it as a distraction," he said. "I tried to picture those two-thousand-year-old scenes with figures walking about in modern clothes. The political interplay at the time, even the international issues, struck me as extraordinarily modern. I enjoyed writing it, but I think you'd be very wrong to assume it has been successful."

Besides this, Sir Pierson is the author of "The Iberians of Spain," a scholarly tome; many anonymous reviews of classical and archeological books in the London *Times Literary Supplement;* and a number of magazine articles on such sporting subjects as stalking stags and chamois, and pheasant shoots in Czechoslovakia. "I like this shooting thing," he said. "Stalking some relatively large animal or, even more enjoyable, shooting at birds. It's like the pleasure of hitting a ball."

Sir Pierson, who is here with Lady Dixon, his twenty-four-year-old son and namesake, and his daughter Corinna, twelve, lives in Jebb's old place at Riverdale. His married daughter, Jennifer, is in London, and his son is at the Harvard Business School. "I gave Corinna a Greek name," he said. "I don't know if that was wise, but she seems to respond to it quite well. She's at the Riverdale Country School for Girls. There's a remarkable area in common between the curriculum there and at her school in London, but Latin is taught a little differently. Here the cases are nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, ablative, and vocative. At home we have a different order: nominative, vocative, accusative, genitive, dative, and ablative. I hope to take some of my family across the continent this summer. I'd like to look up my old haunts in Wyoming."

We besought the Permanent Delegate for a word on his new job, and he said, "After only a few weeks here, I am really not in a position to make a pronouncement on the U.N., but it is a very lively and vigorous body, with plenty of red blood running in its veins. I didn't quite realize what a pulsating body it was when I viewed it from England, where I have, in fact, been concerned with affairs of the U.N. from the London end, but it's very much alive, and is doing what it ought to be doing. You certainly get multilateral diplomacy here, and that's its job."

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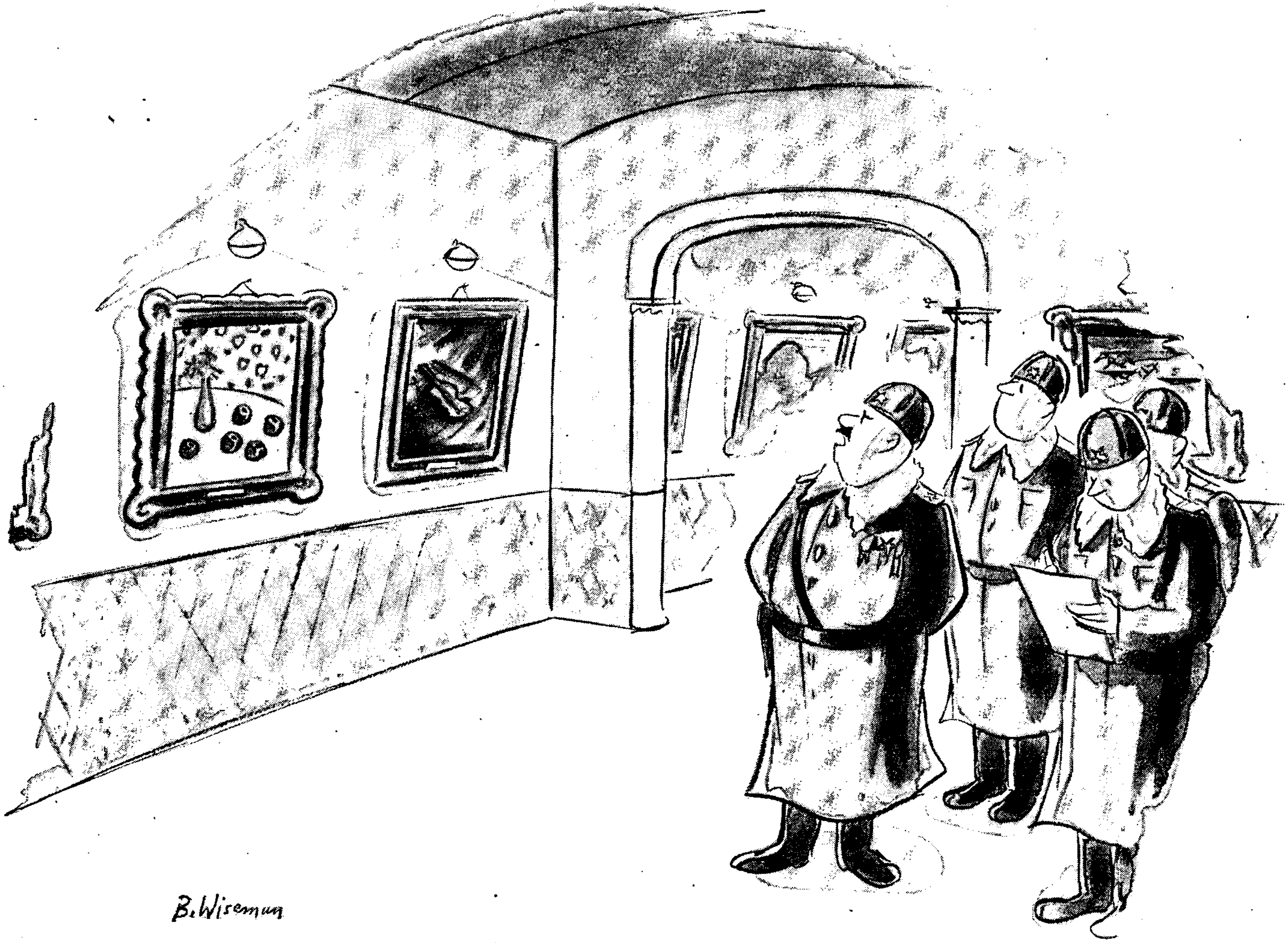
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Mallary's, a furniture store on the Grand Concourse, advertises a "neo-modern bedroom."

Easy on the Eyes

THE world's longest tennis tournament, which is also the first tennis tournament ever to be held outdoors entirely at night, got off to a gala start one breezy evening last week, with Mayor Wagner, Gene Tunney, Peter Grimm, C. V. Whitney, and scores of other tennis enthusiasts—the men mostly in tuxedos, the ladies in evening gowns—on hand to see the play. The tournament is being run off at the Town Tennis Club, of which Sidney B. Wood, Jr., the former Wimbledon champion, is president and J. Donald Budge, who has more tennis titles than we care to list, is manager and club professional. The club, which was started by Wood last November and numbers the Mayor and Tunney among its governors and Adlai Stevenson among its members, is situated, complete with clubhouse, on top of a one-story garage in the tennisy Sutton Place neighborhood, near the East River. The tournament is called the National Round Robin Championships, and the top six amateur players in the country are in it. They will play one another one evening a week until sometime in August, when it is presumed a winner will emerge. We were invited to drop by to see the opening match—Tony Trabert, the national champion, against Vic Seixas, the Wimbledon champion—and arrived in time to see Igor Cassini, the *Journal-American* columnist, and Bud Palmer, the television sports announcer, batting tennis balls around one of the courts with great vigor. Budge was seated at a microphone at one end of the court, and a television camera was perched high on the clubhouse roof. A gigantic silver bowl stood on a table by the net. Chairs filled with demonstrative spectators lined one side of the court.

We recognized Wood hurrying into the clubhouse, and followed him. Inside, we noticed tables and chairs scattered about, a row of plate-glass windows facing the courts, and, in one corner, a television set, in which we could also see the courts. Introducing ourself, we asked what the court surface was. "It's a unique composition," said Mr. Wood, "but mainly it's Maryland bluestone—easy on the eyes, easy on the feet. The drainage here is so good that if we cover the courts with our vinyl-coated nylon tarps, you can play ten minutes after a hurricane, Lord forfend! These are the only tennis courts in the world on top of a garage and the only ones equipped with hot-water lines underneath that melt the snow after a snowstorm. You can play fifteen minutes after a snowstorm, Lord . . . Well, Mr. William E. Doelger, of the Doelger-beer family, owns the property, and after Don and I talked with him about our plan to set up a club and encourage tennis by



"Whoever painted that hasn't suffered enough. Send him to Siberia."

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building courts here, he was exuberant." Mr. Wood said hello to some men in tuxedos and ladies in jewels. "Faye Emerson is a member," he said. "And her husband, Skitch Henderson. Frank X. Shields, Grace Kelly, Arlene Francis, Mike Blanchard, and Fulton Cutting are members."

He darted off, and we stared at the tennis on the television set for a minute and then made our way out to the courts again. An excited shout went up from the spectators, and we saw Palmer, a tall, determined man, chase a sharply angled ball toward the fence and nearly decapitate a linesman with his racket. He made a placement, and applause welled up.

Wood came by, and the man next to us asked him how bright the lights were.

"Twenty foot-candles," said Wood.

"That's a lot of foot-candles," the man said knowledgeably.

The players wound up their match, and Trabert and Seixas stepped onto the court.

A lady we recognized as Eloise McElhone, of television, walked by with a companion. "It's my understanding that J. Donald Budge and Skitch Henderson are look-alikes," she said. "It should be a scream getting them both on the same TV show."

Her companion suggested that it might take her mind off the script.

"Script!" cried Miss McElhone. "I never pay any attention to a script!"

"Game for Mr. Trabert," the umpire called.

Civilization

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD lad down from Hotchkiss for Easter vacation told his father that he wanted to become a lawyer. His father said he thought New York was overcrowded with lawyers, and that it might be a good idea, when the time came, to practice in another city. "How about Boston?" asked the boy. His father said the situation was just about the same there. "What about Chicago, Los Angeles, or San Francisco?" his son said. The father asked him why he had selected those cities as possibilities. "Because they all have a Brooks Brothers," the lad replied.

From Frogs to Wildebeests

THE Museum of Natural History's first expedition to South-West Africa, which returned recently with the skins of five hundred and forty-one gemsbok, aardvarks, sand rats, dassie rats, elephant shrews, hartebeests, wildebeests, eland, springbok, black-faced impalas, and other beasts, was led by Colonel and Mrs. William J. Morden, to whose hotel, the Barclay, we recently made an expedition ourself. A gemsbok is a large antelope, and so are a hartebeest, a wildebeest, an eland, and an impala. A springbok is a small antelope. An aardvark is a burrowing, ant-eating pig with a slimy tongue. A sand rat is a rat that lives in sand, a dassie rat is a hairy-tailed rat that lives in rocks, and an elephant shrew has a long, proboscidiform nose. Colonel Morden is a large, steak-eating Yale man (Sheffield Scientific School, '08) who was born in Chicago in 1886, worked in his family's railway-supply business, the Morden Frog & Crossing Works, for thirteen years, and has since devoted himself to exploring and field collecting in Asia and Africa, with time off for war service in the Air Force. (He once flew his own F17D Beechcraft.) A frog, in railway parlance, is a device for keeping trains on the proper rails at intersections.

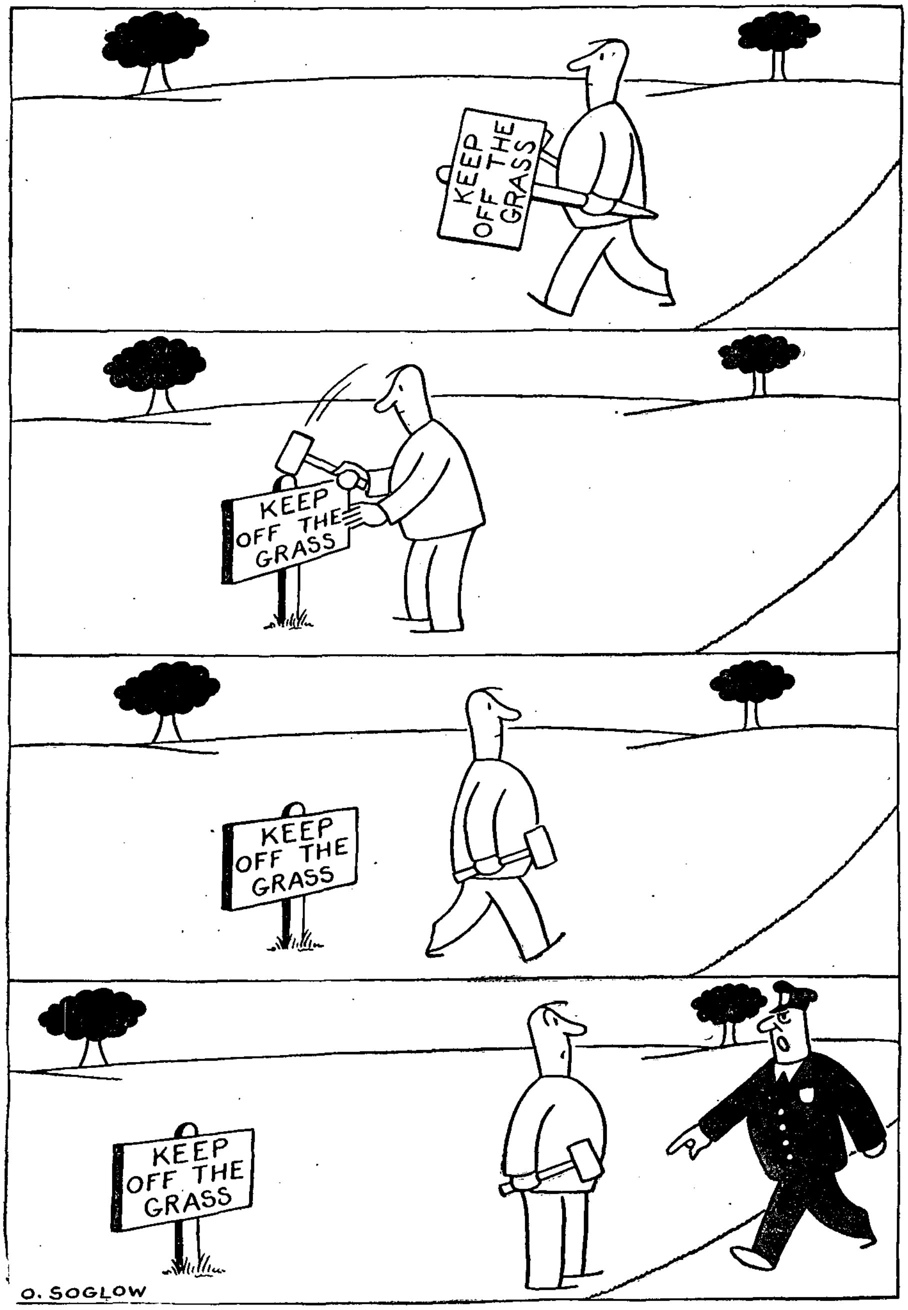
"Some of the areas we visited in South-West Africa, such as the Kaokoveld, a semi-desert in the northwest corner, have not been investigated too much," the Colonel told us. "We ran into three men and an old woman in the Kaokoveld who claim to be the only survivors of a lost nomadic tribe known as the Strandloopers. Their skin is so thin that it moves with each heartbeat." Mrs. Morden, who resigned as personnel director of General Foods when she married the Colonel, in 1940 (she was a widow and he a widower), showed us some color photos of the Strandlooping quartet. They are reddish brown and have rather fine woolly hair; the men have beards, unlike the Hottentots, with whom they live.

While the Mordens were in the Kaokoveld, they went to the Skeleton Coast, a desolate stretch of sand dunes extending six or seven hundred miles south from the border of Angola and South-West Africa. "That's where the Strandloopers used to live before they went inland," the Colonel said. "The section we visited is full of wrecks, or the remains of wrecks, some at least a hundred years old. Handmade spars. We couldn't stay long, because there's no fresh water there. We used a couple of Dodges, and carried three fifty-gallon drums of water and half a dozen drums of gasoline. Later, we went to Bechuanaland, Rhodesia, and the Belgian Congo, where we collected a sampling of native objects in daily use—drums, bowls, ornaments, weapons, and implements. The transition to the white man's culture is making these things disappear rapidly. In Lusaka, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, we found a six-story hotel with neon lights and a man in a white dinner jacket. There was a supper club there! I carried the flag of the Explorers Club—I'm vice-president—and Mrs. Morden carried the flag of the Society of Women Geographers."

"It was a completely new life to me, but I loved it," Mrs. Morden said. "We saw a community bird nest occupied by a hundred sociable weavers, ran into a herd of a hundred and fifty elephants in a dry river bed, and collected some of their food—Welwitschia, a big-leafed desert plant that is said to grow forty feet across. The center stem is five or six feet thick."

"Mrs. Morden was the first white woman to visit the Skeleton Coast of her own volition," her husband said. "Others had been shipwrecked there, of course. It's a desert strewn with electric-light bulbs and automobile tires left from the shipwrecks."

The Mordens, who are now helping the Museum classify their take, made recordings of student singing groups, which march as they sing. The Colonel, whose nickname at college was Old Trajectory, is a director of the Union Bag & Paper Co. and a member not only of the Explorers Club but of the Yale Club, the Union League Club, the American Yacht Club, and the East African Professional Hunters Association. "First honorary member from America," he said.



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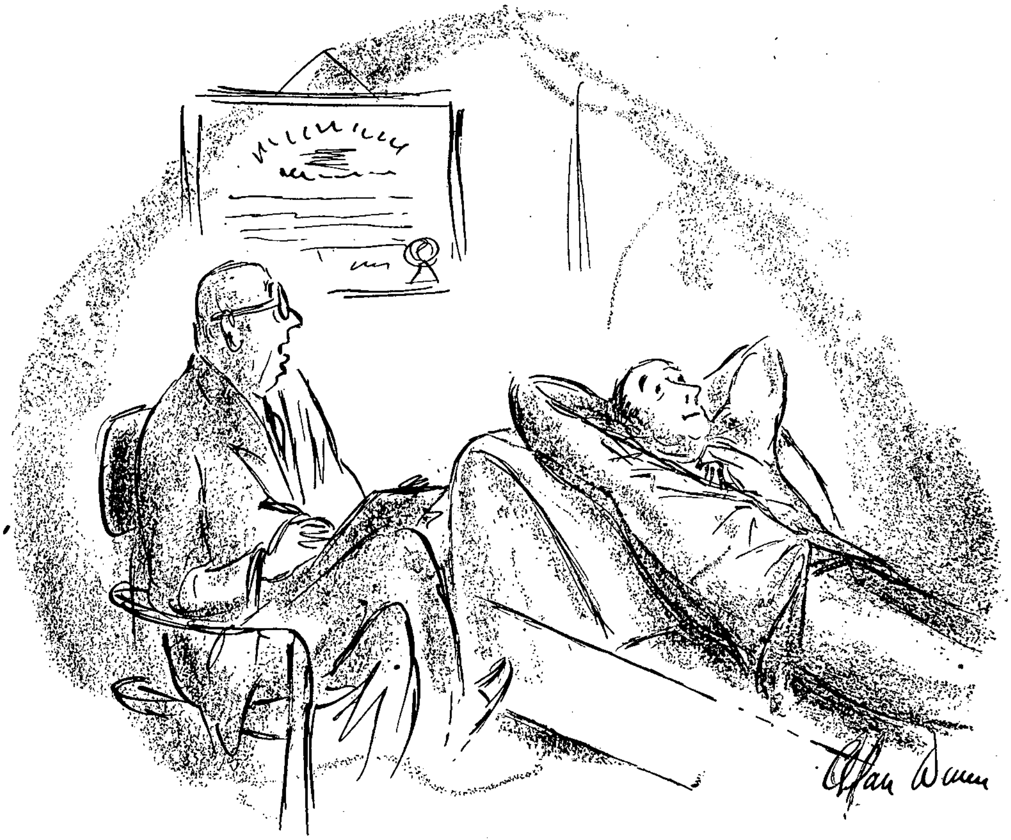
OVERHEARD in a local bar, customer to bartender: "An Old Grand-Dad on the rocks and two jiggers of water, please."

O Pioneers!

OF the more than twenty thousand local school children who were given their first round of shots in the Polio Vaccine Field Trials, which got under way throughout the country last week, we interviewed a grand total of six, all of them pupils in the third grade of Public School No. 61, at 610 East Twelfth Street, and all a good deal more composed about the adventure than we would have been. They were, indeed, more interested in discussing the



"When did you first discover you were the salt of the earth?"

nature of polio and, by extension, of the human predicament than in describing their medical experience, and as the interview proceeded, we felt further and further beyond our depth. We went down to the school, which occupies an old, recently renovated building in a sorry neighborhood of tenements between Avenue B and Avenue C, shortly after lunch on Wednesday and climbed to the fifth floor, where, in two big, cheerful rooms, the shots were being given. We were taken in hand by a mother who had volunteered to help out during the two days of the Trials, and she told us something about the way the operation was being conducted. "Only children in the first, second, and third grades are eligible for the shots," she said. "Over half of the children who were eligible were given permission by their parents to take them. Of that number, only half are getting the real vaccine. The other half, the controls in the experiment, are getting a solution of salt and water. The real vaccine and the imitation one look exactly alike, and only the people having access to the records will know which child got which."

Before the children arrived on the fifth floor, some were obliged to give a sample of blood in the nurse's office on the ground floor. "This blood test is to discover whether the child already has polio antigens in his blood," the mother told us. "Some of the children may already have had one or more of the three kinds of polio virus without knowing it, and thus be immune to one or more of them, and it's important in computing the success of the Trials to estimate the frequency of such cases. We'll finish the first round of shots this afternoon. Another round will be given next week, and a third round will be given four weeks after that. The children have been wonderful; only a handful have got frightened, and we've excused them at once. We're also proud of our parents. We have a very mixed population in this school, with a number of Puerto Rican and foreign-born children, and for some of the parents—especially the ones who speak no English—to offer their children for an experiment they may not fully understand must require a lot of courage."

One by one, the little big-eyed children were admitted to the rooms, to be swabbed, jabbed, swabbed, and sent away with a quick pat on the back and a word of praise. We went out into the corridor, where a line of third-graders waited on wooden seats outside each door, and struck up a conversation with a dark-haired girl whose first name was Alida and whose last name was an Italian aria that we couldn't quite catch. Alida was, she said, eight and three-quarters years old. She had not minded the blood test. It had been worse than she had expected, but she had not *minded* it. The shot was going to be cinchy—just like a mosquito bite. One of the other kids had told her. After her shot, she was going back to her classroom for her regular midafternoon snack, which consisted of milk, a pretzel stick, and a cherry-cheese sandwich. A what? A cherry-cheese sandwich. Cherries and cheese all mixed together. We could buy it at the A. & P. Next to Alida was a brown-faced boy named Jimmie. Jimmie wanted to make our flesh creep. "It wasn't how far in they stuck the needle, it was how long they left it there," he said with relish. Pamela, a seat beyond Jimmie, ordered him not to be a stupe. "Our teacher said we were pioneers," said Pamela. "Like the old pioneers, only not on land but in"—her eyes fell, and she pursued the forgotten word and found it—"knowledge." Susan and Harriet, seated beside Pamela, nodded. They were glad to be shot as pioneers. Did we understand, they asked, about vaccines? About controls? About immunity? Their teacher had said . . . Their mothers had said . . . Their principal had said . . . At the end of the line was a scrawny little eight-year-old with black pigtails and a dress sporting red hearts. She kept glancing from the door to the pinpoint on her arm and back to the door. We asked her name. "Joy," she said, and swallowed hard, bravest of the pioneers.

All's Well

A RATHER nearsighted lady, middle-aged and respectable as can be, left her office in a Jersey suburb on a recent rainy afternoon and started to walk to the corner for a bus to Manhattan. As she approached the bus stop, a car pulled up and the driver, an elderly man of innocent mien, motioned to her. Taking him for a fellow-worker, she opened the door and got in. He looked at her, and started off. She looked at *him*, saw he was a stranger, and, in some confusion, explained her error and asked to be let out. He said he was going to New York, too, and would be glad to give her a lift. A seemly conversation ensued, all about flowers, bird watching, and the latest dope in the *National Geographic*. As she got off at Times Square, she thanked him and said she couldn't understand why a man of his stripe should pick up a woman on a street corner. "My dear lady," he said, "I was *not* picking you up. I was only motioning for you to cross the street."

LOST FATHERLANDS

ONE spring day, Father Felix in the monastery sent word down to Spike Ward, the motor driver, to pick up a gentleman for the four-fifteen train. Spike had no notion of who the gentleman was. All sorts came and went to that lonesome monastery up the mountain: people on pilgrimage, drunks going in for a cure, cures coming out for a drunk, men joining the novitiate, and others leaving it, some of them within twenty-four hours—they just took one good look at the place and bolted. One of the novices stole a suit of overalls left behind by a house painter and vanished across the mountain. As Spike often said, if it was him he wouldn't have waited to steal the overalls.

It lay across the mountainside, a gaunt, Victorian barracks. Spike drove up to the guesthouse, which stood away in by the end of the chapel. Father Felix, the Guestmaster, was waiting on the steps with the passenger—a tall, well-built, middle-aged man with graying hair. Father Felix himself inclined to fat; he wore big, shiny glasses, and his beard cascaded over his chest. Spike and the passenger loaded the trunk and bag, and Spike noticed that they were labelled for Canada. The liner was due at Cobh two days later.

"Goodbye now," Father Felix said, shaking the passenger's hand. "And mind and don't lead Spike into bad ways on me. He's a fellow I have my eye on this long time. When are you coming up to us for good, Spike?" he asked gravely.

"When ye take a few women into the order, Father," Spike replied in his thin drawl. "What this place needs is a woman's hand."

The passenger sat in front with Spike, and they chatted as they drove down the hill, glancing back at the monks working in the fields behind the monastery. You could see them from a long way off, like magpies.

"Was it on a holiday you were?" asked Spike, not meaning to be inquisitive, only to make conversation.

"A long holiday," said the passenger, with a nod and a smile.

"Ah, well, everyone to his taste," Spike said tolerantly. "I suppose a lot depends on what you're used to. I prefer a bit of a change myself, like Father Felix's dipsos."

"He has a few of them up there now," said the passenger, with a quiet amusement that told Spike he wasn't one of them.

"Well, I'm sure I hope the poor souls are enjoying it," said Spike with unction.

"They weren't enjoying it much at three this morning," said the passenger in the same tone. "One of them was calling for his mother. Father Felix was with him for over an hour, trying to calm him."

"Not criticizing the good man, 'tisn't the same thing at all," Spike said joyously.

"Except for the feeding bottle," said the passenger. And then, as though he were slightly ashamed of his own straight-faced humor: "He does a wonderful job on them."

"Well, they seem to have great faith in him," Spike said, without undue credulity. "He gets them from England and all parts—a decent little man."

"And a saintly little man," the passenger said, almost reproachfully.

"I daresay," Spike said, without enthusiasm. "He'd want to be, judging by the specimens I see."

They reached town with about three-quarters of an hour to spare, and put the trunk and bag in the stationmaster's office. Old Mick Hurley, the stationmaster, was inside, and looked at the bags over his glasses. Even on a warm day, in his own office, he wore his braided frock coat and uniform cap.

"This is a gent from the monastery, Mick," said Spike. "He's travelling by the four-fifteen. Would he have time for the pictures?"

But Spike might have known the joke would be lost on Mick, who gave a hasty glance at the clock behind him and looked alarmed. "He'd hardly have time for that," he said. "She's only about twenty-five minutes late."

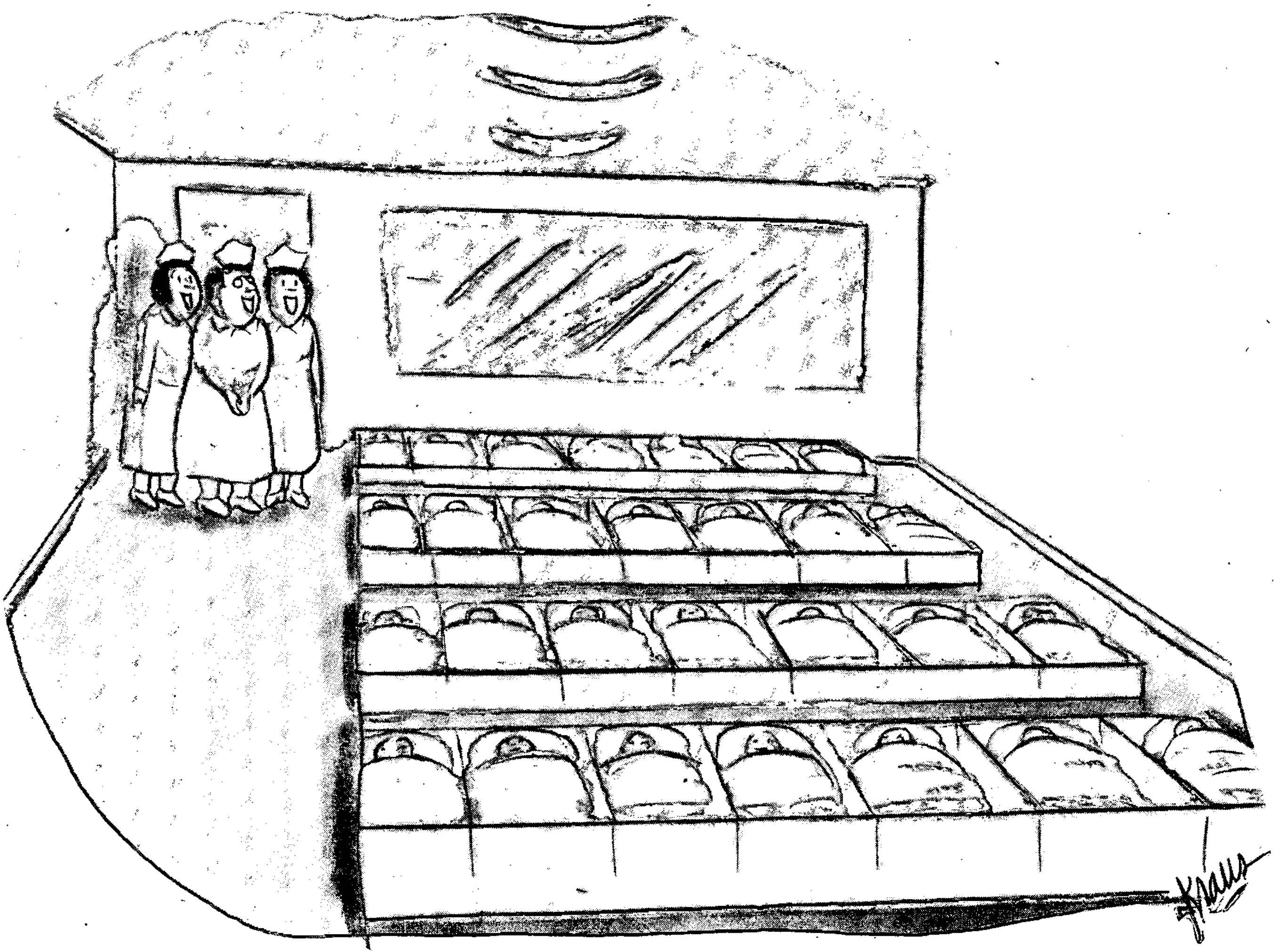
"You have over an hour to put in," said Spike as they left the office. "You don't want to be sitting round there the whole time. Hanagan's lounge is comfortable enough, if you like a drink."

"Will you have one with me?" asked the passenger.

"I don't know will I have the time," Spike said. "I have another call at four. I'll have one drink with you, anyway."

THEY went into the bar, which was all done up in chromium, with concealed lighting. Tommy Hanagan, the Yank, was behind the bar himself. He was a tall, fresh-faced, rather handsome man, with fair hair of a dirty color and smoke-blue eyes. His hat was perched far back on his head. Spike often said Tommy Hanagan was the only man he knew who could make a hat speak. He had earned the price of his public house working in Boston and, according to him, had never ceased to regret his return. Tommy looked as though he lived in hopes that someday when he did something as it should be done, it would turn out to be a convenience to somebody. So far, it had earned him nothing but mockery, and sometimes his blue eyes had a slightly bewildered expression, as though he were wondering what he was doing in that place at all.

Spike loved rousing him. All you had to do was give him one poke about America and the man was off, good for an hour's argument. America was the finest God-damned country on the face of the earth, and the people that criticized it didn't know what they were talking about. In America, even the priests were friends: "Tommy, where the hell am I going to get a hundred dollars?" "I'll get it for you, Father Joe." In Ireland, it was "*Mister* Hanagan, don't you consider five pounds is a bit on the small side?" "And I don't," the Yank would say, pulling up his shirtsleeves. "I'd sooner give a hundred dollars to a friend than fifteen to a bastard like that." The same with the women. Over there, an Irishman would say, "I'll do the washing up, Mary." Here it was "Where's that bloody tea, woman?" And then bawling her out for it! Not, as Spike noticed, that this ever prevented the Yank from bawling out his own wife twenty times a day. And Spike suspected that however he might enjoy rousing the



"Lullaby and good night . . ."

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Yank, the Yank enjoyed it more. It probably gave the poor man the illusion of being alive.

"What are you drinking?" the passenger asked in his low voice.

"Whiskey," said Spike. "I have to take whiskey every time I go up to that monastery. It's to restore the circulation."

"Beer for me, please," said the passenger.

"Your circulation is easily damaged, Spike," said Hanagan as he turned to the whiskey bottle.

"If you knew as much about that place as I do, you'd be looking for whiskey, too."

"Who said I don't know about it?" blustered Hanagan. "I know as much about it as you do; maybe more."

"You do," Spike said mockingly. "Yourself and the kids went up there two years ago, picking primroses. I heard about it. Ye brought the flask and had tea up the mountain two miles away. 'Oh, what a lovely place the monks have! Oh, what a wonderful life they have up here!' Damn all you care about the poor unfortunates, getting up at half past one of a winter's morning and waiting till half five for a bit of breakfast."

The Yank sprawled across the counter, pushing his hat back a shade farther. It was set for reasonable discussion. "But what's that only habit?" he asked.

"Habit!"

"What else is it?" the Yank asked appealingly. "I have to get up at half past six every morning, winter and summer, and I have to worry about a wife and kids, and education and doctors for them, and paying income tax, which is more than the monks have to do."

"Give me the income tax every time!" said Spike. "Even the wife!"

"The remarkable thing about this country," said Hanagan, "is that they'll only get up in the morning when no one asks them to. I never asked the monks to get up at half past one. All I ask is that the people in this blooming town will get up at half past eight and open their shops by nine o'clock. And how many of them will do it?"

"And what the hell has that to do with the argument?" asked Spike, not that he thought it had anything to do with it. He knew only too well the Yank's capacity for getting carried away on a tide of his own eloquence.

"Well, what after all does the argument boil down to?" retorted Hanagan. "The argument is that no one in this blooming country is respected for doing what he ought to do—only for doing what no one ever asked him to do."

"Are people to sit down and wait for someone to ask them to love God?" the passenger growled suddenly. Spike noticed that even though he mentioned God, he looked a nasty customer to cross in a discussion.

"I didn't say that," Hanagan replied peaceably. "But do you know this town?"

"No."

"I do," said Hanagan. "I know it since I was a kid. I spent eighteen

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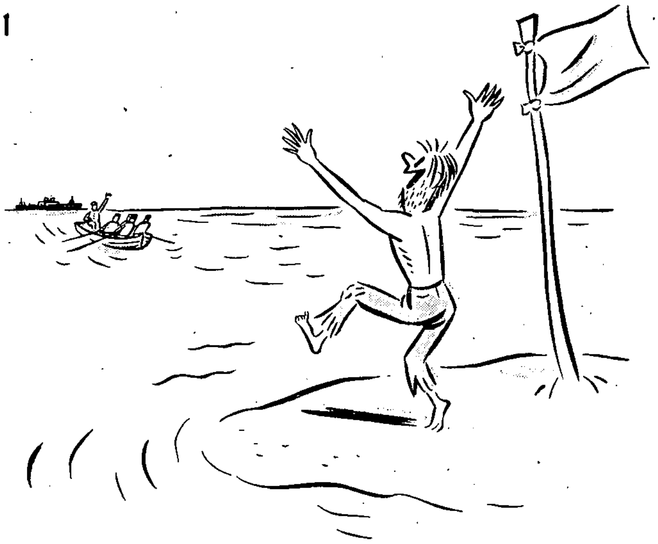

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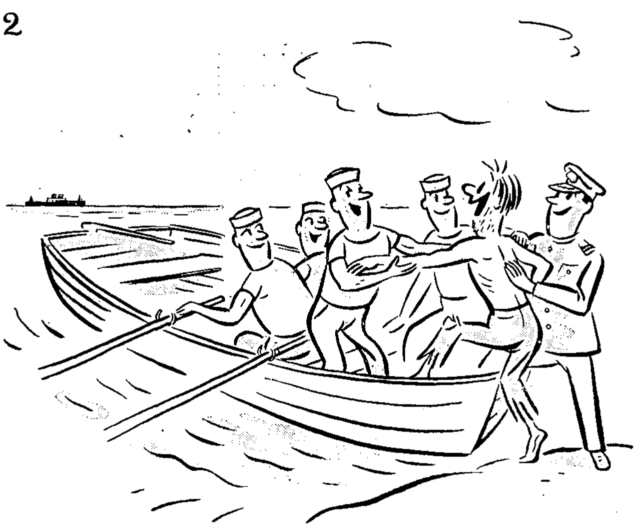

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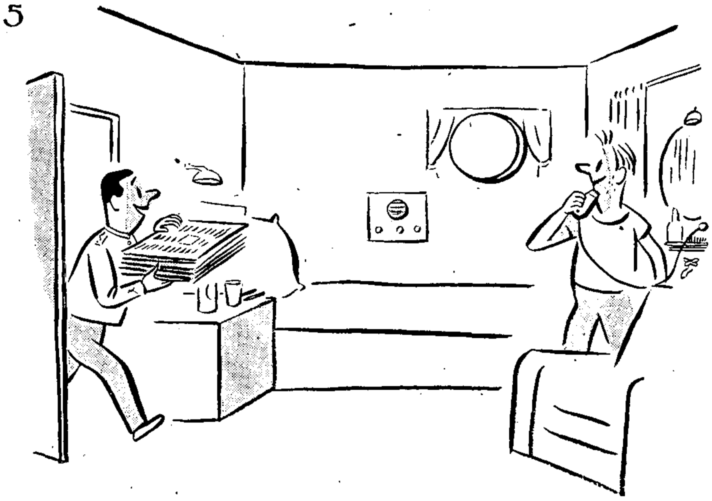

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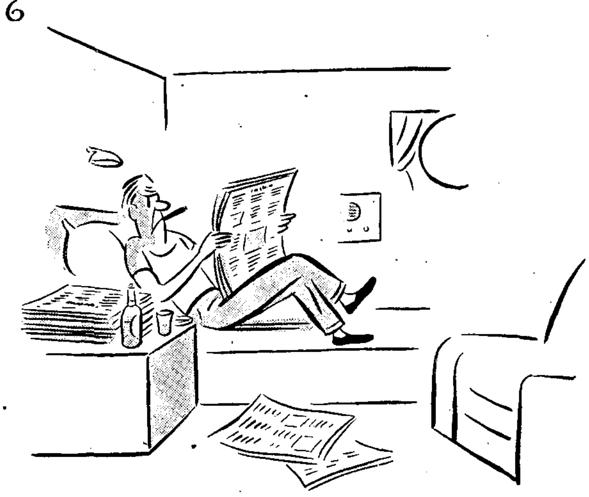

years out of it, and for all the difference it made to the town, I might have been out of it for a week. It's dead. The people are dead. They're no use to God or man."

"You didn't answer my question."

"You're talking about one sort of responsibility," said Hanagan. "I'm only saying there are other responsibilities. Why can't the people here see that they have a responsibility to the unfortunate women they marry? Why can't they see their responsibility to their own country?"

"What Tommy means is that people shouldn't be making pilgrimages to the monastery at all," said Spike dryly. "He thinks they should be making pilgrimages to him. He lights candles to himself every night—all because he doesn't beat his wife. Good luck to you now, and don't let him make you miss your train with his old guff."

SPIKE and the passenger shook hands, and after that Spike put him out of his head completely. Meeting strangers like that, every day of the week, he couldn't remember the half of them. But three evenings later he was waiting in the car outside the station, hoping to pick up a fare from the four-fifteen, when Mick Hurley came flopping out to him with his spectacles down his nose.

"What am I going to do with them bags you left on Tuesday, Spike?" he asked.

What was he to do with the bags? Spike looked at him without comprehension. "What bags, Mick?"

"Them bags for Canada."

"Holy God!" exclaimed Spike, getting slowly out of the car. "Do you mean he forgot his bags?"

"Forgot them?" Mick Hurley repeated indignantly. "He never travelled at all, man."

"Holy God!" repeated Spike. "And the liner gone since yesterday! That's a nice state of affairs."

"Why?" asked Mick. "Who was it?"

"A man from the monastery."

"One of Father Felix's drunks?"

"What the hell would a drunk be coming from Canada for?" asked Spike in exasperation.

"You'd never know," said Mick. "Where did you leave him?"

"Over in Tommy Hanagan's bar."

"Then we'd better ask Tommy."

Hanagan came out to them in his shirtsleeves, his cuffs rolled up and his hat well back.

"Tommy," said Spike, "you remember that passenger I left in your place on Tuesday?"

Tommy's eyes narrowed. "The big, gray-haired bloke?" he said. "What about him?"

"Mick Hurley, here, says he never took that train. You wouldn't know what happened him?"

Tommy rested one bare, powerful arm against the jamb of the door, leaned his head against it, and delicately tilted the hat forward over his eyes. "That sounds bad," he said. "You're sure he didn't go off unknown to you?"

"How could he, man?" asked Mick excitedly, feeling that some slight on the

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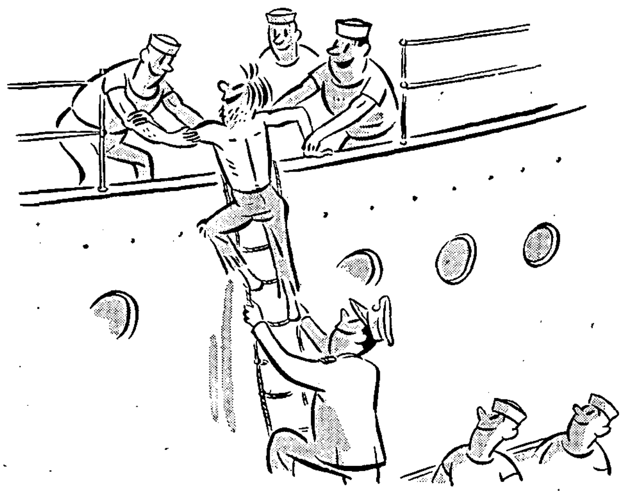

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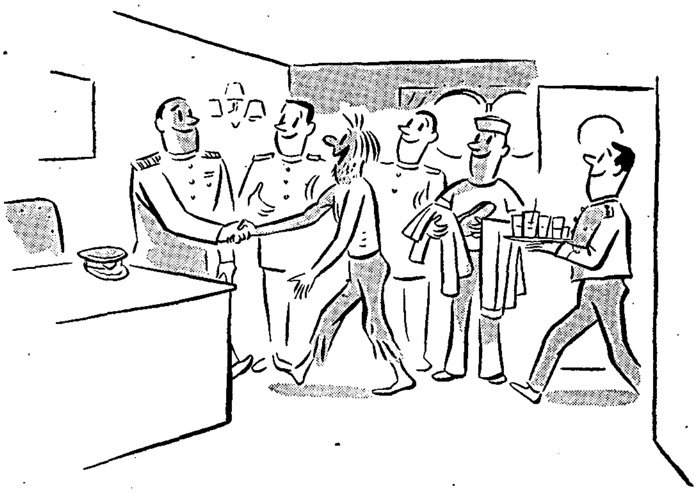

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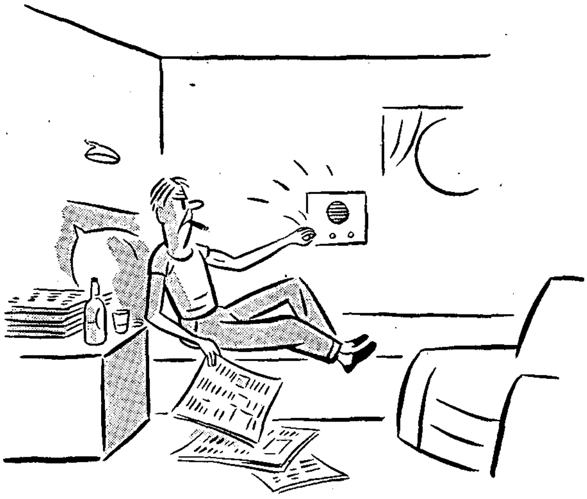

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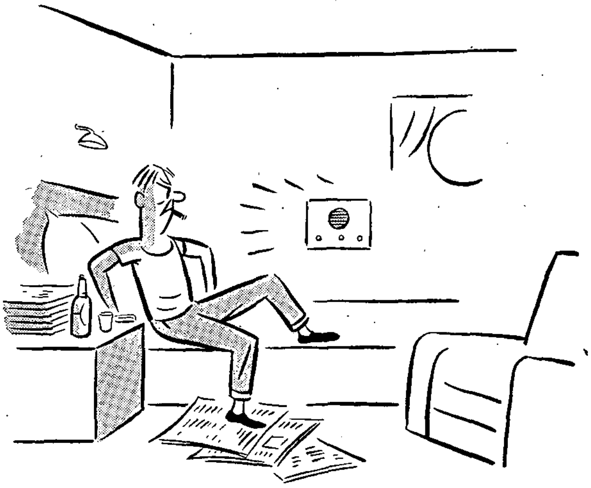

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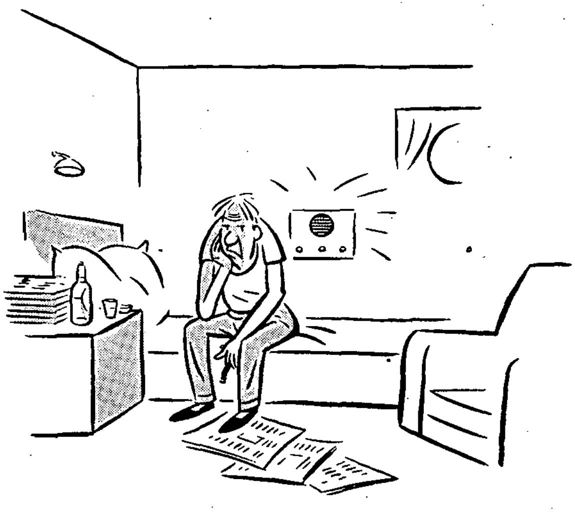

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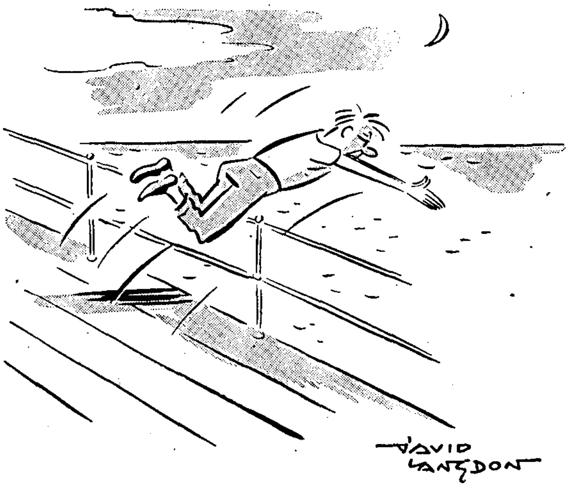

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railway company was implied. "His bags are still there. No one but locals travelled on that train."

"The man had a lot of money on him," Hanagan said, looking at the ground.

"You're sure of that, Tommy?" Spike asked, in alarm. It was bad enough for a motor driver to be mixed up in a mysterious disappearance without a murder coming into it as well.

"Up to a hundred pounds," Hanagan said, giving a sharp glance up the street. "I saw it when he paid for the drinks. I noticed Linehan, of the Guards, going in to his dinner. We might as well go over and ask him did he hear anything."

They strode briskly in the direction of the policeman's house. Linehan came shuffling out, buttoning up his tunic—a fat, black-haired man who looked like something out of a butcher's shop.

"I didn't hear a word of it," he said,

looking from one to another, as though they might be concealing evidence. “We'll ring up a few of the local stations. Some of them might have word of him.”

Hanagan went to get his coat. Mick Hurley had to leave them, to look after the four-fifteen, and at last Spike, Hanagan, and Linehan went to the police station, where the others waited while Linehan had long, confidential chats about football and the weather with other policemen for ten miles round. Guards are lonely souls; they cannot trust their nearest and dearest, and can communicate only with one another, like mountaineers with signal fires. Hanagan sat on the table, pretending to read a paper, though every look and gesture betrayed impatience and disgust. Spike just sat, reflecting mournfully on the loss of his good time and money.

“We'll have to find out what his name was,” Linehan said, at last. “The best thing we can do is drive up to the monastery and get more particulars.”

“The devil fly away with Mick Hurley!” Spike said bitterly. “Wouldn't you think he'd tell us what happened without waiting three days? If he was after losing an express train, he'd wait a week to see would it turn up.”

THE three of them got into Spike's car, and he drove off up the mountain road, wondering how he was to get his fare out of it and from whom. The monks were holy enough, but they expected you to run a car on holy water, and a policeman thought he was doing you a favor if he was seen in the car with you. The veiled sunlight went out; they ran into thick mist, and before they reached the mountaintop, it had turned to rain. They could see it driving in for miles from the sea. The lights were on in the chapel; there was some service on. Spike noticed the Yank pause under the traceried window and look away down the valley. Within the church, the choir wailed, “*Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum. Et vitam venturi sæculi.*”

Father Felix came out and beckoned them in from the rain. His face was very grave. “You needn't tell me what you came about, lads,” he said.

“You knew he was missing so, Father?” said Linehan.

“We saw him,” said the priest.

“Where, Father?” asked Spike.

“Out *there,*” Father Felix said, with a nod.

“On the mountain?”

“I daresay he's there still.”

“But what is he doing?”

“Oh, nothing. Nothing only staring. Staring at the monastery and the monks working in the fields. Poor fellow! Poor fellow!”

“But who is it?”

“One of our own men. One of the old monks. He's here these fifteen years.”

“Fifteen years!” exclaimed Linehan. “But what came over him after all that time?”

“Some nervous trouble, I suppose,” said Father Felix in the tone of a healthy man who has heard of nerves as a well-recognized ailment of quite respectable people. “A sort of mental blackout, I heard them saying. He wouldn't know where he'd be for a few minutes at a time.”

“Ah, poor soul! Poor soul!” sighed Linehan, with a similar blankness of expression.

“But what was taking him to Canada?” asked Hanagan.

“Ah, well, we had to send him somewhere he wouldn't be known,” explained Father Felix sadly. “He wanted to settle down in his own place in Kilkenny, but, of course, he couldn't.”

“Why not?” asked Hanagan.

“Oh, he couldn't, he couldn't,” Linehan said, with a sharp intake of breath as he strode to the window. “Not after leaving the monastery. 'Twould cause terrible scandal.”

“That's why I hope you can get him away quietly,” Father Felix said. “We did everything we could for him. Now the less talk there is, the better.”

“In that bleddy mist you might be searching the mountain for a week,” sighed Linehan, who had often shot it. “If we knew where to look itself! We'll go up the road and see would any of Sullivan's boys have word of him.”

Sullivan's was the nearest farmhouse. The three men got into the car again and drove slowly down under the trees past the monastery. There was an iron

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THE EMANCIPATION OF MR. POPLIN

OR, SKOAL TO THE SKIMMERLESS

To tragedy I have no addiction;
What I always say is there's enough trouble in real life without reading about it in fiction.
However, I don't mind tears and smiles in a judicious blending,
And I enjoy a stormy beginning if it leads to a halcyon ending.
That is why I like the story of Byron Poplin, who prided himself on never having had an allergy, because he considered allergies a form of hypochondria,
And then he fell in love with a beautiful hat-check girl named Andrea.
He would check and recheck his hat to the tune of six or seven quarters an evening in his eagerness to survey her allures,
But all she ever said was “This yours?”
He followed her here and there and all he got was there a no and here a no,
And he was as frustrated as Cyrano.
She grew more gelid as he grew more torrid,
And he developed a rash on his forehead.
There was melancholy music in his heart,
But his forehead looked like a raspberry tart.
He attributed the rash to unrequited love and so he felt like the hero halfway through an operetta by Romberg,
But a dermatologist told him it was merely the result of an allergy to the lining band of his homburg.
Mr. Poplin is now anathema to cloakroom attendants because he goes around hatless as well as cloakless, but he is both allergy- and Andrea-free,
And by not buying his hat six or seven times a night he has been able to pay the dermatologist's modest fee;
Indeed, he eventually saved enough quarters to buy a convertible, in which he drives bareheaded and happy as an earl,
So let us leave him without further ado and also without a hey-nonny-nonny and a hat-check girl.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

railing, which seemed strangely out of place, and then a field, and then the bare mountain again. It was coming on to dark, and it struck Spike that they would find no one that night. He was sorry for that poor devil, and could not get over the casualness of Mick Hurley. A stationmaster! God, wouldn't you think he'd have some sense?

"It isn't Mick Hurley I blame at all," Hanagan said angrily.

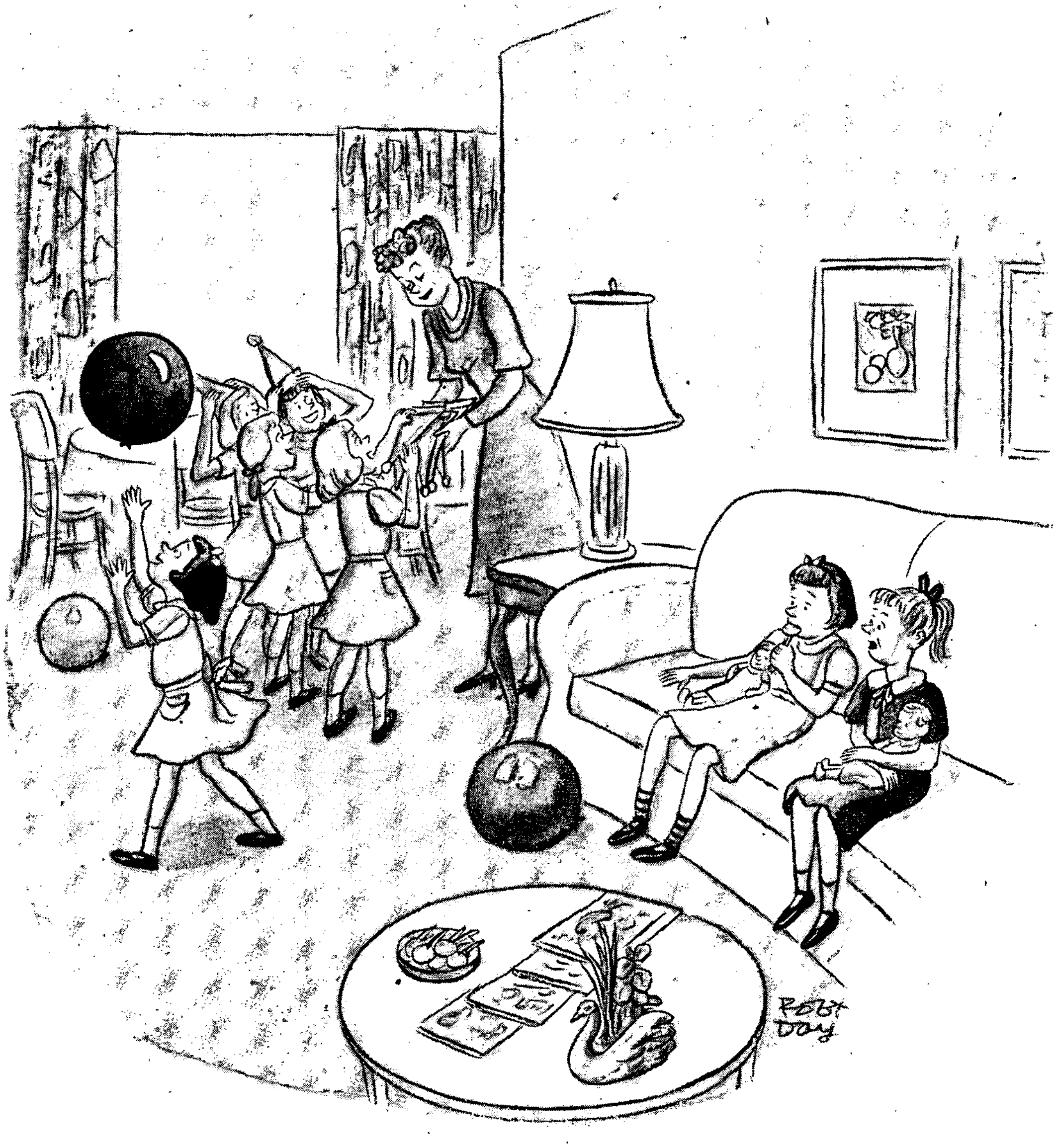
"Ah, well, Tommy, you can't be too hard on the poor monks," Linehan said reasonably. "I suppose they were hoping he'd go away and not cause any scandal."

"A poor bloody loony!" snapped the Yank, his emotion bringing out a strong Boston accent. "Gahd, you wouldn't do it to a dawg!"

"How sure you are he was a loony!" Spike said, with a sneer. "He didn't seem so very loony to me."

"But you heard what Father Felix said!" Hanagan cried. "Mental blackouts. That poor devil is somewhere out on that goddam mountain with his memory gone."

"Ah, I'll believe all I hear when I eat all I get," Spike said in the same tone.



"She says she's going on nine, but if you ask me, seven would be more like it."

It wasn't that he really disbelieved in the blackouts so much as that he had trained himself to take things lightly, and the Yank was getting on his nerves. At that moment he spotted the passenger out of the corner of his eye. The rain seemed to have caught him somewhere on top of a peak, and he was running, looking for shelter, from rock to rock. Without looking round, Spike stopped the car quietly and lit a cigarette.

"Don't turn round now, boys!" he said. "He's just over there on our right."

"What do you think we should do, Spike?" Linehan asked.

"Get out of the car quietly and break up, so that we can come round him from different directions," said Spike.

"Then you'd scare him properly," said Hanagan. "Let me go and talk to him!"

Before they could hinder him, he was out of the car and running up the slope from the road. Spike swore. He knew if the monk took to his heels now, they might never catch him. Hanagan shouted and the monk halted, stared, then walked toward him.

"It looks as if he might come quietly," said Linehan. He and Spike followed Hanagan slowly.

Hanagan stopped on a little hillock, hatless, his hands in his trousers pockets. The monk came up to him. He, too, was hatless; his raincoat was covered with mud; and he wore what looked like a week's growth of beard. He had a sullen, frightened look, like an old dog called to heel after doing something wrong.

"That's a bad evening now," Hanagan said, with an awkward smile, which made him look unexpectedly boyish.

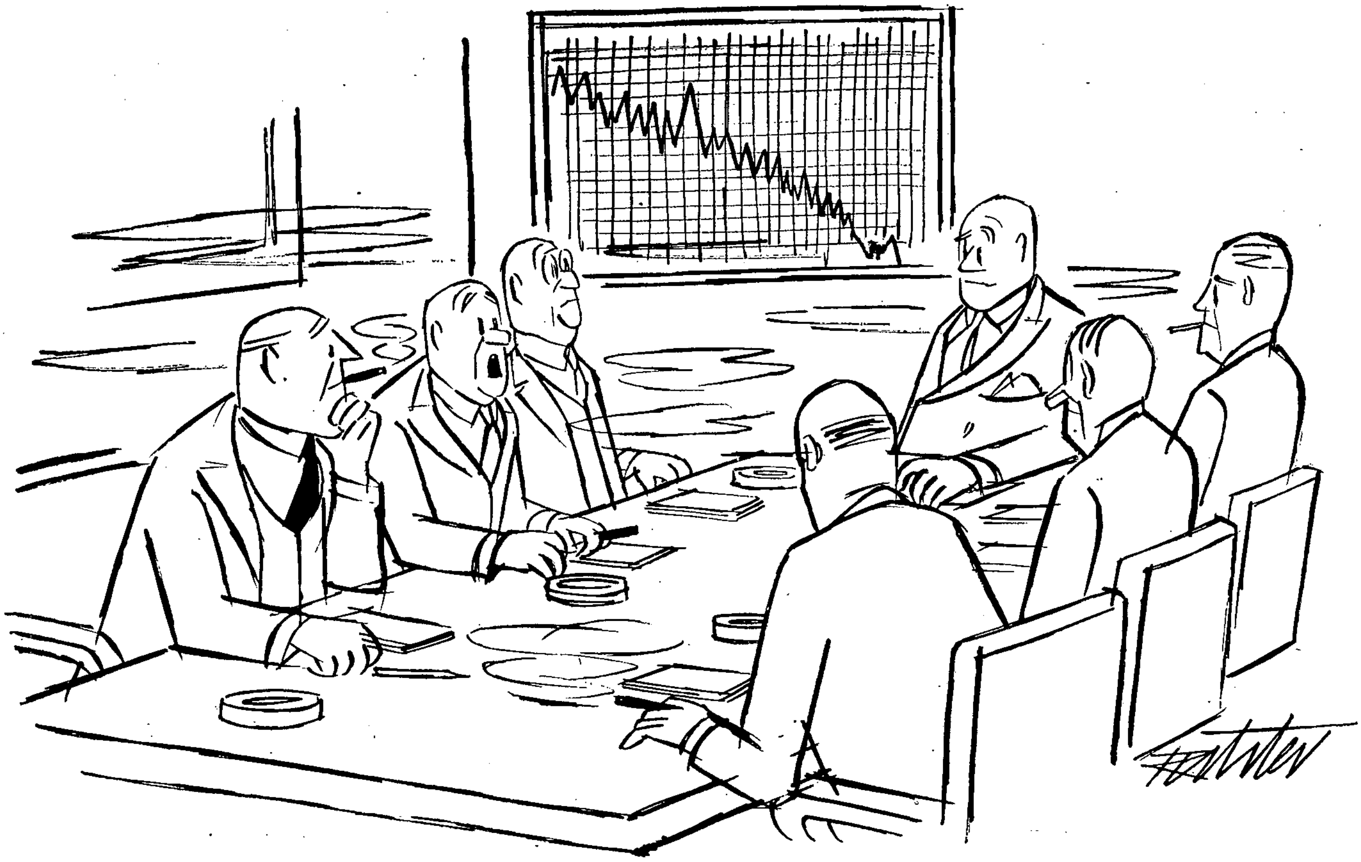
"I hope you're not taking all this trouble for me," the monk said, looking first at Hanagan, then at Spike and the policeman, who stood a little apart from him.

"Ah, what trouble?" Hanagan said, with fictitious lightness. "We were afraid you might be caught in the mist. It's bad enough even for those that know the mountain. You'd want to get those wet things off you quick."

"I suppose so," the monk said, looking down at his drenched clothes as though he were seeing them for the first time. Spike could now believe in the mental blackout, the man looked so stunned, like a sleepwalker.

"We'll stop at the pub and Spike can bring over whatever bags you want," said Hanagan.

THE public-house hotel looked uncannily bright after the loneliness of the mountain. Hanagan was at his



"How about a triple*-your-money-back guarantee?"*

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most obnoxiously efficient. Linehan wanted to take a statement from the monk, but Hanagan stopped him. "Is it a man in that state? How could he give you a statement?" He rushed in and out, his hat on the back of his head, producing hot whiskeys for them all, sending Spike to the station for the bag, and driving his wife and the maid mad seeing that there was hot water and shaving tackle in the bathroom and that a hot meal was prepared.

When the monk came down, shaved and in dry clothes, Hanagan sat opposite him, his legs spread and his hands on his thighs.

"What you'll do," he said, with a commanding air, "is rest here for a couple of days."

"No, thanks," the monk said, shaking his head.

"It won't cost you anything," Hanagan said, with a smile.

"It's not that," said the monk in a low voice. "I'd better get away from *this.*"

"But you can't, man. You'll have to see about getting your tickets changed. We can see to that for you. You might get pneumonia after being out so long."

"I'll have to go on," the monk said stubbornly. "I have to get away."

"You mean you're afraid you might do the same thing again?" Hanagan said in a disappointed tone. "Maybe you're right. Though what anyone wants to go back to that place for beats me."

"What do people want to go back anywhere for?" the monk asked in a dull tone.

Spike thought it was as close as ever he'd seen anyone get to knocking the Yank off his perch. He grew red. Then he rose and went in the direction of the door, suddenly changed his mind, and turned to grasp the monk's left hand in his own two. "I'm a good one to talk," he said in a thick voice. "Eighteen years, and never a day without thinking of this place. You mightn't believe it, but there were nights I cried myself to sleep. And for what, I ask you? What did I expect?"

He had changed suddenly; no longer the bighearted, officious ward boss looking after someone in trouble, he had become humble and almost deferential. When they were leaving, he half opened the front door and halted. "You're sure you won't stay?" he snapped over his shoulder.

"Sure," said the monk, with a nod.

Hanagan waved his left arm, and they went out across the dark square to the station.

Spike and he saw the last of the monk, who waved to them till the train disappeared in the darkness. Hanagan followed it, waving, with a mawkish smile, as though he were seeing off a girl. Spike could see that he was deeply moved, but what it was all about was beyond him. Spike had never stood on the deck of a liner and watched his fatherland drop away behind him. He didn't know the sort of hurt it can leave in a boy's mind, a hurt that doesn't heal even when you try to conjure away the pain by returning. Nor did he realize, as Hanagan did at that moment, that there are other fatherlands, whose loss can hurt even more deeply.

—Frank O'Connor

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Hydrogen Bomb News

. . . has caused me to realize how short life is—whether through natural or man-made causes! SO WHAT?

So I'm going to enjoy life now. I'm fixing up with Sam Klein Carpet Broadloom. It makes me so proud and happy to have friends and relatives admire my beautiful floors!!—*Adv. in the Post.*

They're awfully hard to get cobalt out of, just the same.

MOTHER'S DAY

Mrs. Julia Rogers is a widow and the mother of two husky sons, with whom she dwells in peace and camaraderie. Julia's customary disposition is sunny and calm, so I was concerned when I came upon her one evening in a café in the Latin Quarter of my native Saratoga looking hollow-eyed and done in. She looked as though she had been through an emotional crisis, and, being an old friend, I took the liberty of asking what had happened.

This is what she told me.

Her younger son, Jim, invited Marilyn, a girl of his dreams, to the high-school prom. Jim does not own a suit of evening clothes, so he did as most of his friends did—arranged to rent one from an Albany company that does a thriving business in leasing glad rags to young blades for festive occasions.

On the morning of the day of the prom, Jim set out for Albany to do some errands and call for his fancy duds. He was wafted off to the strains of a chant from his mother: "Now, Jim, you be sure and call for that suit. Don't forget!" He did not deign to answer. Women make the silliest remarks. On his return from Albany, Jim went directly to his duties at Dan's Spa, a place of light refreshment where he was holding down a part-time job at the soda fountain. Soon afterward, his mother telephoned, and Dan answered.

"Jimmy's out washing my car, Mrs. Rogers," he said. "I'm letting him take it for the prom. Any message?"

"I want to get his suit, Dan. It may need a little pressing. Have him call me, will you?"

In a few moments, Jim telephoned his mother, and his first words were "Good gosh, Mother!"

"You forgot the suit," stated his mother, with a mother's clairvoyance.

He had indeed.

"Oh, Jimmy, and I *told* you."

"Now, Mother, don't worry. Everything will be all right."

And it was, because Mother got the suit-renting company on the telephone and explained the predicament, and the company was sympathetic. They assured her they would entrust the suit to the driver of the five-o'clock northbound bus, due to reach Saratoga at six. Julia hurried to the bus depot at six and, to her vast relief, found that the driver had been faithful to his trust.

When Jimmy got home from Dan's Spa, the suit was laid out on his bed, along with studs, tie, and shirt. It seemed now as though there was not a cloud in the sky as far as getting James Rogers to the prom was concerned. Yet his mother remained on the alert.

"Did you send Marilyn the corsage?" she asked.

"Oh! Oh!" said Jim.

His mother didn't care for the tone of that "Oh! Oh!" "You did order a corsage, didn't you?" she pursued.

"Yes, I ordered it, Mother, but I told the man at Schrade's I'd call for it on the way home—and I forgot."

"Oh, Jimmy! Why in heaven's name didn't you have them *send* it?"

"Now, Mother, don't worry. I'll run right down and pick it up."

"You won't do anything of the kind. You haven't got time. You take your shower and start getting dressed. I'll run down and— Oh, Lord!"

"What, Mother?"

"Schrade's closed at six o'clock."

Never at a loss for a word of comfort when his mother was up against it, Jim told her not to worry, everything would be all right. Again he was correct. His mother telephoned Mr. Schrade at his home, explained the situation, and persuaded the florist to hop in his car, come down to the shop, and release the corsage to her.

Away went Mama, and a few moments later in came Jim's older brother, Dick, a hopeless bachelor of twenty-one who deemed himself too aged for proms. Dick viewed the turmoil with detachment for a while, offered such advice, mostly jocular, as occurred to him, and then went off to the movies, leaving Jim to truss himself up in his carnival vestments.

Winded but game, Mother loped back shortly with the corsage and found her son still in mufti, and not very much of that.

"Jimmy Rogers! You haven't even started to dress!" she cried. "*Will* you hurry! Marilyn will be waiting. You'll never get there at this rate."

For the first time that day, an intimation of gloom beclouded Jimmy's sunny countenance. "Mother," he said, in the tone commonly used by undertakers to announce that the cortege is about to start for the church, "I can't find the suspenders."

Observe that he referred to "the," not "my," suspenders. There was only one pair of suspenders in the Rogers family, and that one pair was more than sufficient for the modest suspension needs of the two sons of the house. Like most slim-waisted youths, they favored belts, and the family suspenders hung fallow in a closet most of the time. But suspenders come into their own when evening clothes enter the picture, for a belt cannot be worn successfully with the pants of evening clothes, as every man of fashion knows.

"They must be around somewhere," said Julia. "Did you look?"

"Of course I looked, Mother. I looked everywhere."

So Mother started looking everywhere, too, or was in the process of looking everywhere when a thought struck her that caused her to give out a yell.

"DICK!" she screamed, in capital letters.

"Dick went to the movies," said Jim.

"He's got the suspenders on! I'll bet you a dollar!"

"Mother, Dick wears a belt."

"Not tonight he doesn't," said Mother. "The way things have been happening around this house today, I *know* this is just the night Dick would wear the suspenders. Which movie did he go to?"

Dick hadn't said, but since there are only two movies in town, it was no great problem to track him down. In fact, Julia snared him on the first telephone call, which was to the box office of the Community Theatre.

"Nellie," she said to the cashier, "this is Julia Rogers. Is my Dick up there?"

Nearly everyone in our town knows nearly everyone else, so Nellie knew Dick, as Julia knew Nellie.

"Yes, Julia," said Nellie. "Dick went in a while ago."

"I've got to speak to him," said Julia. "Would you mind calling him to the phone?"

"Certainly not. I hope nothing has happened."

To this neighborly solicitude Julia responded only with a hollow laugh.

Moments later, Dick came to the phone in trepidation, fearful of bad news, and was relieved to hear his mother speaking with her wonted vigor—indeed, with more than her wonted vigor.

"Dick, have you got the suspenders on?"

Naturally, Dick said, "What?"

"Have you got *suspenders* on? Look and see."

Dick checked and reported back. Yes, he had. "Why?" he asked, in innocent perplexity.

"Why? Because Jimmy has to have them for the prom, that's why."

"Holy smoke, Mother! I never thought. I couldn't find my belt, so I grabbed the suspenders."

"Well, you picked a fine night to grab the only suspenders in the house. Hurry right home with them. Take a taxi."

Julia hung up and turned a slightly glazed eye on her younger son. "Take a taxi— I mean take it easy," she said. "Dick's got 'em."

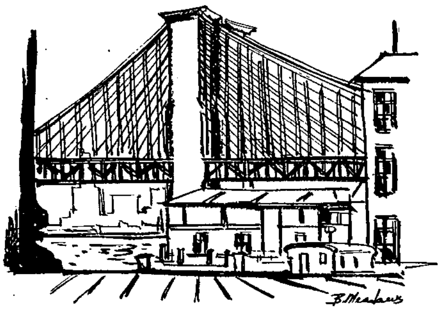
Dick came home on the double and yielded the suspenders. He then allowed he would return to his movie, but his mother vetoed that plan with firmness.

"You stay right here," she said. "God knows what else may happen before we get him off to this prom. I may need you."

But this was the last major obstacle fated to cross Jim's pathway to the prom. Eventually, his tie got tied satisfactorily, his studs were anchored without wrinkling his shirt too much, he made one start for the prom without Marilyn's corsage, was lassoed by his watchful relatives, and finally made a successful and stylish getaway, with corsage, in the car of Dan of Dan's Spa.

On his departure, his mother sank into a chair, exhausted. Dick, her other jewel, *his* pants now happily supported by Jim's belt, was sympathetic.

"Mother, you look all in," he said. "Come on, we'll go down to the Colonial and I'll buy you a drink."



In that congenial tavern, I found Julia soon after. Having applied first aid, Dick had excused himself and gone back to see if he could salvage some of that movie. His mother sat convalescing in solitude. I think it did her good to recount the saga to me. I congratulated her on her day's work, and assured her that as a mother she ranked with such eminent practitioners of the art as Mrs. Whistler and Mrs. Machree. She listened with impatience to this praise and soon cut in. "What do you think was the payoff?" she demanded.

I said I didn't know.

"Why, just after Dick and I came in here, who comes in but Helen Martin. She had been through the mill, too. She had just got her daughter off to the prom. And what do you think she had the nerve to say to *me*?"

"I give up."

"She said, 'Julia, you don't know how lucky you are; you only had a *boy* to get off to the prom.' "

—Frank Sullivan

* * *

BALLADE OF THE DWELLERS IN COÖPERATIVES

The watcher from her window sees
The garden in its green array,
Hawthorn in bloom, and willow trees
That stir a little, shift and sway
In the cool moving air of May,
And these indeed are lovely sights,
But woe, alack, and wellaway,
There are no bards in Jackson Heights.

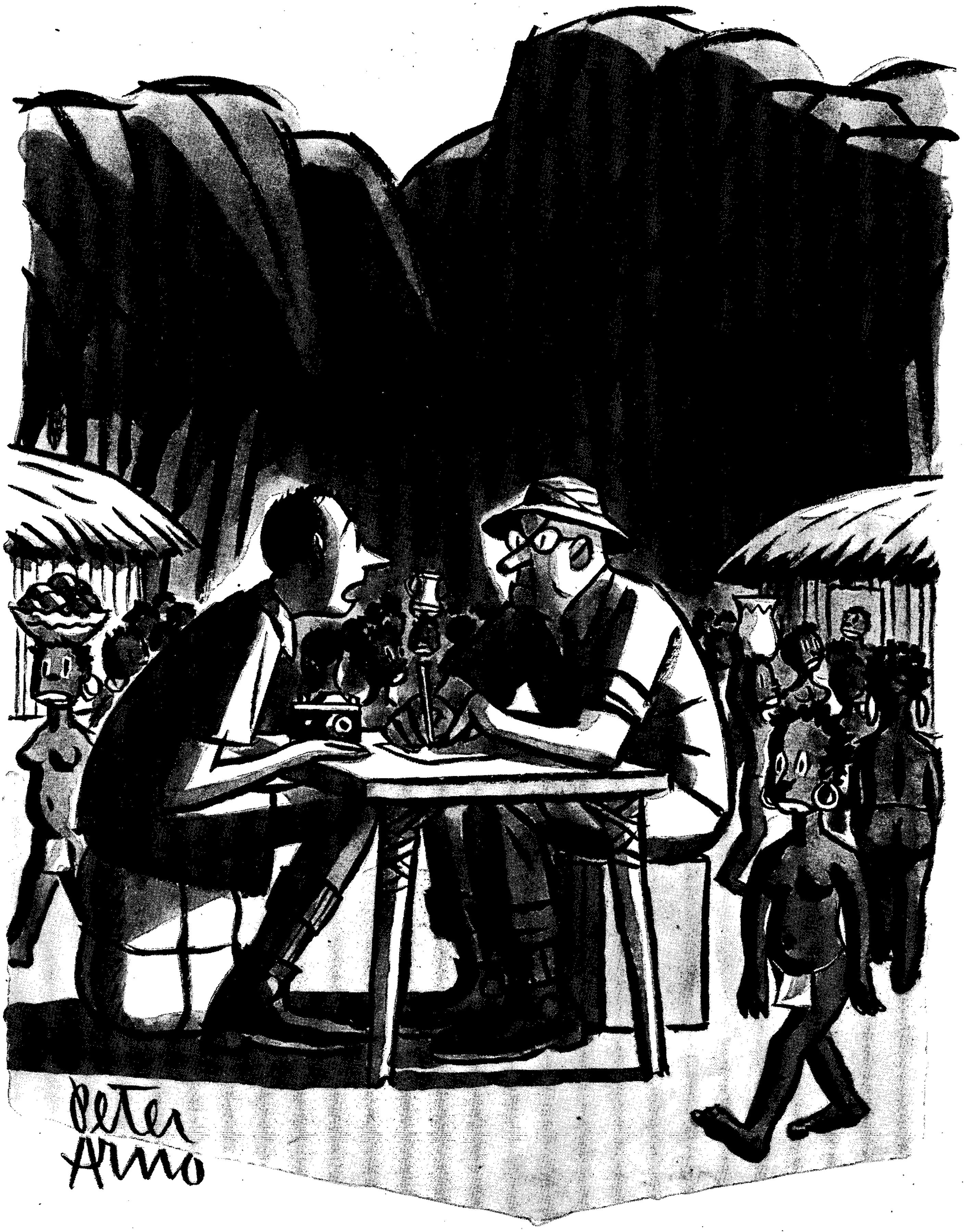
The ordered grace, the symmetries,
Color and light—all these convey
Title to restfulness and ease,
A blending of the grave and gay.
For this no maintenance can pay,
No mortgage mar these calm delights,
Yet no one sings them roundelay:
There are no bards in Jackson Heights.

Nick digs and delves, and earns his fees
Many times over; sprinklers play,
Sparrows, like children, hop and tease,
And little boys and girls obey
Their mothers, now and then. The day
Rises to noon, declines, and lights
Come on at evening. As we say,
There are no bards in Jackson Heights.

L'Envoi

Neighbors, the laurel and the bay
Crown, elsewhere, with appropriate rites,
The Muse's sons. Okay, okay,
There are no bards in Jackson Heights.

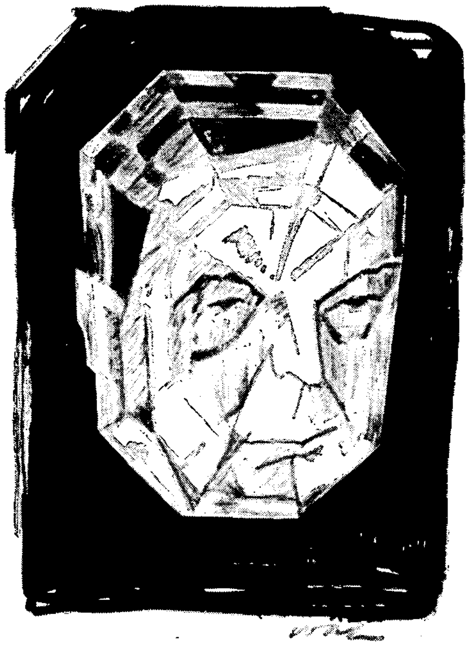
—Rolfe Humphries



"There's something I ought to tell you, Dr. Gordon. I think I've fallen in love."

PROFILES

THE BIG STONE—I



HARRY WINSTON, a short, round, bushy-haired man of fifty-four, who owns the jewelry establishment of Harry Winston, Inc., at 7 East Fifty-first Street, and who is regarded by his rivals and his associates alike as the world's most daring dealer in precious stones, has for forty years been making his way to the top of his hotly competitive profession, inspired principally by a passionate devotion to diamonds. It has been estimated that he sells twenty-five million dollars' worth of jewels a year, and it is generally conceded by those in a position to know that he does a greater dollar volume of business, and has a bigger and more varied stock of diamonds on hand at any given time, than any other independent diamond dealer in the world. His stock is insured by Lloyd's of London for twenty-five million dollars—the largest jewel-insurance policy that the company has issued in its two-and-a-half-century history. His staff—executives, buyers, salesmen, cutters, designers, sorters, accountants, secretaries, and so on—numbers two hundred and fifty. Among big-time diamond dealers, who constitute a small, intimate, and not always charitable group, Winston, a cool-eyed man who is nevertheless tense and given to high-powered histrionics, is sometimes referred to as "our little Napoleon," but even those who use the term most disparagingly do not deny having a certain admiration for him. And as for the several thousand small-time dealers in New York City who eliminate overhead by carrying their wares in their pockets, they look upon Winston, who started out from scratch himself, as the outstanding example of how far a man can go, given luck, intelligence, and sure instinct, in just the right proportions. "Harry Winston is *the* genius of our time," one of these sidewalk salesmen often says. "Genius" is a word that is subjected to a good deal of kicking around when diamond men get to talking about Winston. "Harry Winston started with nothing and became the biggest man in the business," a man working for a rival firm said not long ago. "He copies no one. He goes on his own. He's a gambler and he's got the guts to gamble. Why, he's got *salesmen* making twenty, forty thousand a year. He's a genius." One such fortunate salesman recently recalled an occasion when he told his employer that he thought a certain diamond Winston owned was worth seven hundred thousand dollars. "And what was his answer?" the salesman said. "He turned to me and he said, 'Why not a million?' And why *not*? Only a genius can think like that." Walter Lehman, the secretary and treasurer of Eichberg & Co., which was founded in 1867 and is one of the oldest New York importers and cutters of rough diamonds, says, "Harry Winston is a brilliant man. He has the nerve to buy in tremendous quantities, and his courage and foresight help the entire industry. He's a true genius." An official of I. Hennig & Co., Ltd., a London firm of diamond brokers, says, "He's the only man in the diamond business who has no fear of spending a million dollars in cash at a time. Clearly, an authentic genius." And a Belgian diamond salesman who has operated in Cairo, Rome, Paris, and Madrid, as well as in New York, puts it this way: "In life, if you are fifty-one per cent right, you are ahead. If you are more than fifty-one per cent right, you are a genius. Harry Winston is always more than fifty-one per cent right."

The chorus is, however, by no means unanimous. Among retailers of diamonds who are in competition with Winston, the word "genius" is seldom, if ever, applied to him. Indeed, at some of the big houses, even the word "Winston" is taboo. "Tiffany is interested in Tiffany," an official of that firm said not long ago, in a five-word summary of what it thought of Winston. A Cartier man sized Winston up similarly by saying, "Once you know Cartier style, you want Cartier style and you don't want anything else." A Van Cleef & Arpels man was equally pithy. "Van Cleef is tops in the retail field," he said, referring to Winston. Back in the days when Winston was a struggling wholesaler of jewels, both Tiffany and Cartier occasionally bought from him, and more recently Van Cleef & Arpels, which is a French firm that has had a branch here only since 1938, did some business with him, but nowadays all three are competitors of his, and each goes its own individualistic way.

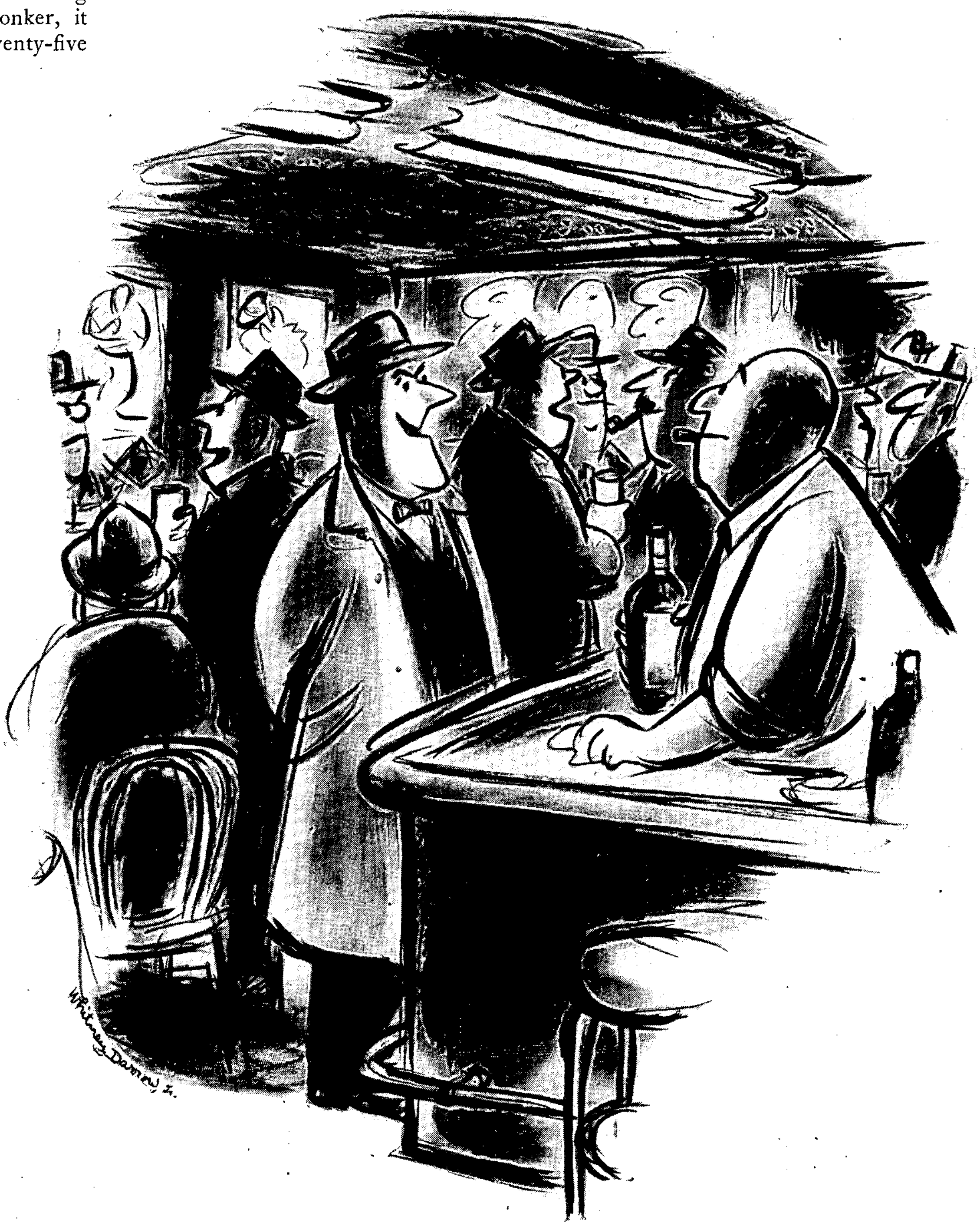
Another voice that seldom joins in the chorus of praise is that of Lazare Kaplan, who learned the art of cutting diamonds as a child in Antwerp and has been a wholesale diamond dealer here since 1914. Nineteen years ago, Kaplan cut up the famous 726-carat Jonker diamond for Winston, who owned it, and, while the press of the nation reported his every move, converted it into twelve smaller diamonds, ranging in weight from five to a hundred and forty carats. Kaplan isn't so sure there would be a Harry Winston, Inc., today if Winston had not commissioned him to cut the diamond. "I saved Winston a fortune," Kaplan said a while back. "In 1935, when he brought the Jonker to me, I agreed to cut it for him, but only if he took the entire responsibility. In cutting diamonds, you must know the grain, in order to determine the softest direction to cut in. Winston brought the stone to me with a cutting plan that someone in Europe had given him, and it would have meant disaster. He had invested a fortune in the Jonker, and if it had been cut according to his plan, he would have lost it. Instead, my staff and I spent a year making a new cutting plan and then cutting the Jonker. That stone was worth seven hundred thousand dollars when we started and two million when we finished." Kaplan paused and sighed. "And what did Winston do?" he went on. "A few years later he advertised that *he* was the one who had cut the Jonker diamond." Kaplan sighed again, and said, "But Winston is fabulous. He is a remarkable gambler and a brilliant salesman, and he is the only real showman we have in the diamond business."

Winston has a rather different version of the cutting of the Jonker. "I didn't give Kaplan a plan for cutting it," he says. "Afterward, following a plan of my own, I recut ten of the diamonds Kaplan had cut. I paid him thirty thousand dollars to cut the stone, right in the middle of the depression. I even put his picture in the paper." Winston also resents being referred to as a gambler—by Kaplan or anybody else. "When the other man doesn't know what you're doing, he calls you a gambler," he says. "I'm no gambler, because I know what I'm doing. It's because they know so damn little about me and what I do that they call me a gambler."

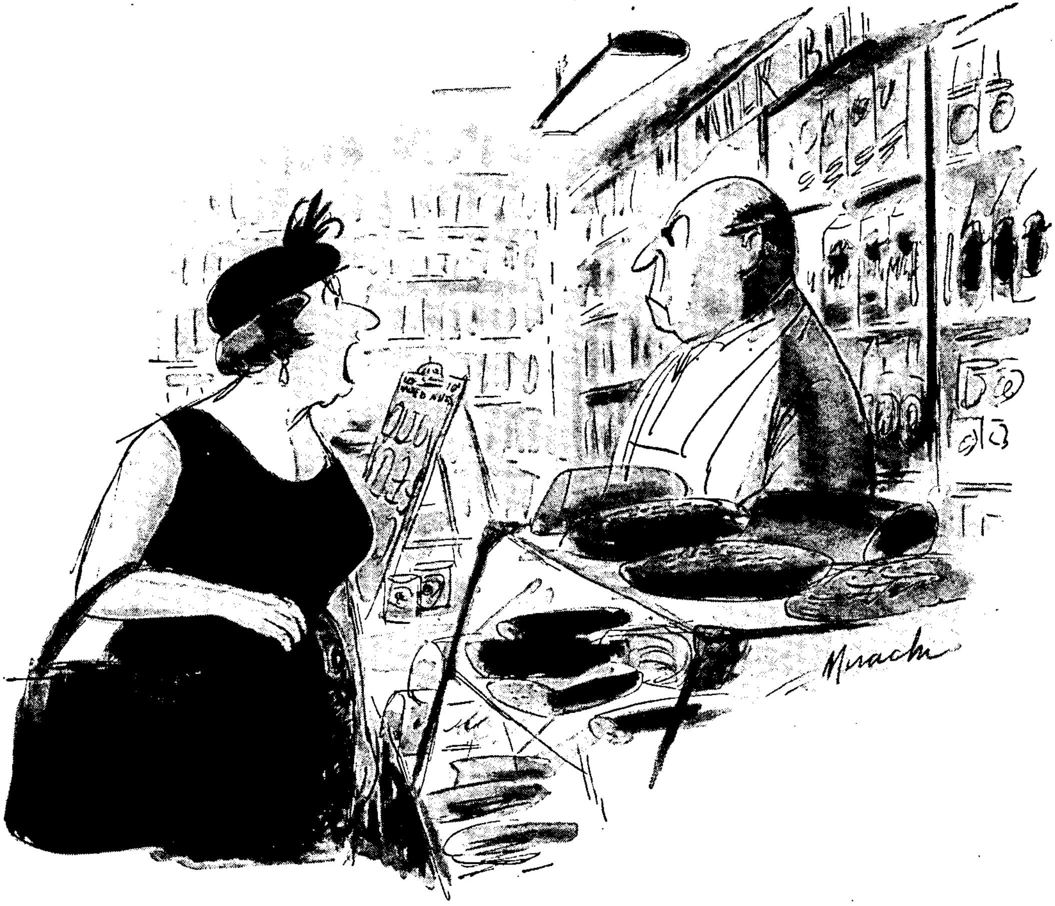
After Winston had recut the big 140-carat stone from the Jonker, it weighed a hundred and twenty-five carats. "Keeping one even that large was risky," he has since said. "I priced it at a million dollars and it took me fourteen years to sell it. In the end, it took a king—Farouk of Egypt—to buy it. That's why I wanted the Jonker cut up in the first place. If I'd kept it as a single stone, it would have turned out to be a four-hundred-carat one, impossible to sell at its true value. A million dollars is about as high a price as you can ask for a diamond."

The Jonker was one of the six largest high-grade diamonds in the world; the five others, which have also been cut into a number of smaller stones, and their weights when found, were the Cullinan, 3,106 carats; the Excelsior, 995.5 carats; the Vargas (which Winston has also owned), 726.6 carats; the Jubilee, 650.8 carats; and the Victoria, 469 carats. Four smaller but almost equally famous stones that Winston owns or has owned, together with their weights after polishing (no record of their original weights exists), are the Star of the East, 94.8 carats, and the Hope, 44.5 carats, both of which were owned by Mrs. Evalyn Walsh MacLean; the Idol's Eye, 72 carats; and the Nassak, 43 carats. (The diamond in the average thousand-dollar engagement ring weighs from one to three carats, depending on its quality.)

Although Winston derives his greatest aesthetic pleasure from the company of large, expensive, perfect stones, he takes a kindly paternal interest in diamonds both good and bad, all the way—to use the idiom of the trade—from top blue-white diamonds, through fine white diamonds, white diamonds, top silver Cape, top light-brown, light-brown, and silver Cape, to Cape, or yellow. Unlike the ancient Hindus, who believed that flawed diamonds brought on jaundice, pleurisy, leprosy, lameness, and similar misfortunes, Winston is also tolerant of diamonds that contain imperfections, such as bubbles, clouds, cracks, carbon spots, and the white, cracklike markings known as feathers. "Diamonds are like your children," he says. "No matter how bad they are, if they're yours, you can't help being fond of them. Once you get them, you don't want to give them up." Winston's relationship to his diamonds is as nearly like that of a parent to a child as he can make it; he tries to superintend every stage of their development. He buys diamonds in the rough, imports them, cuts them, polishes them, designs their


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Nothing, thanks. I'm staying in shape in case somebody invites me to step outside."

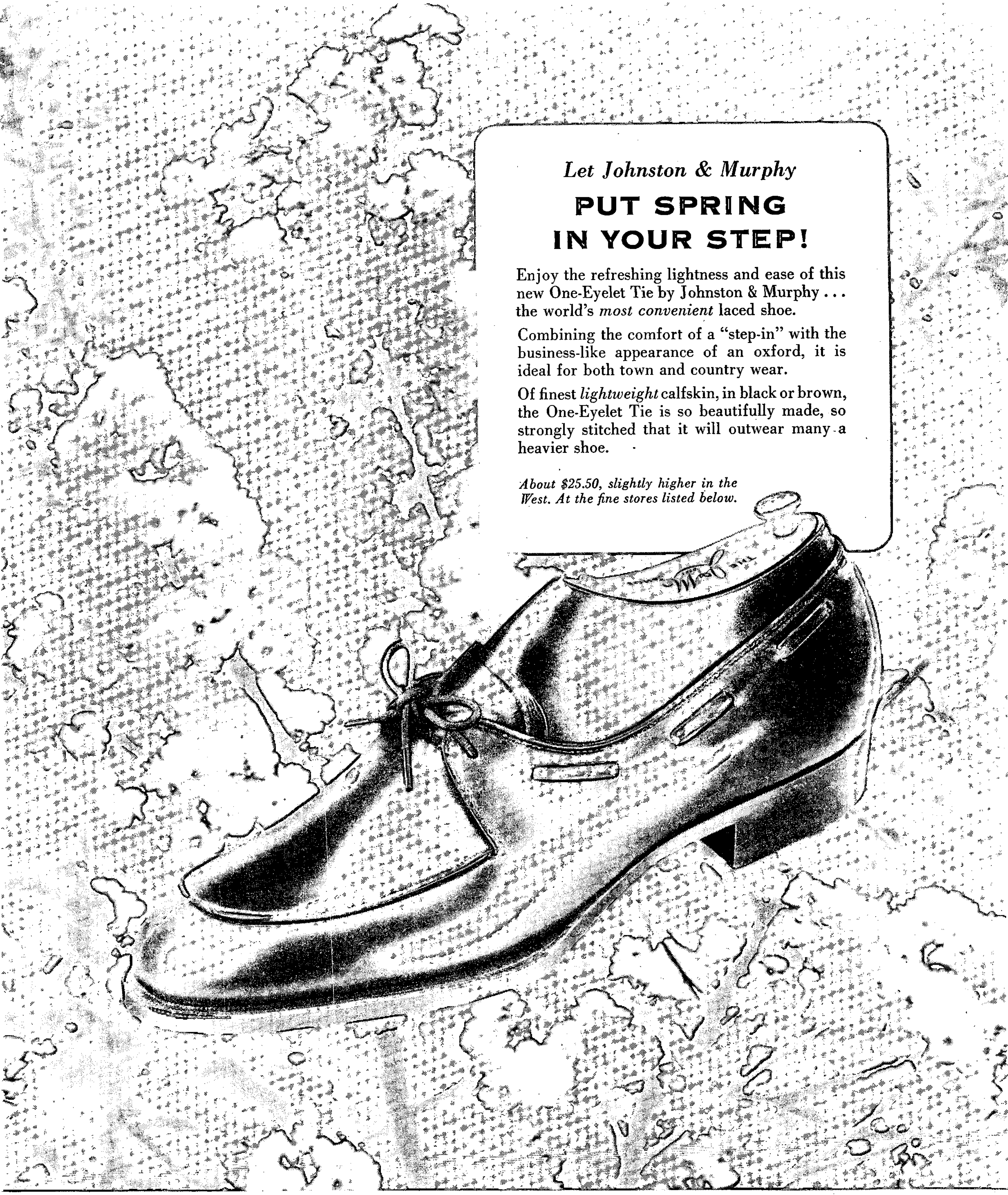


"I wish I knew where I could find that friendly neighborhood grocer I keep hearing about on television."

• •

settings, sells them, and, whenever possible, follows their careers after they leave his hands. And he does this not with just a few stones but, insofar as is practicable, with thousands of them every year. He also exports diamonds wholesale and buys diamonds from the heirs of estates. Nor is Harry Winston, Inc., by any means his only outlet in this country; department stores, other retail jewellers, and installment houses sell Winston diamonds, and readers of the Montgomery Ward catalogue may buy them through its pages. While other diamond men are content to specialize in one—or, at most, two or three—of these many and varied activities, Winston thinks that his parental relationship is still not quite all it should be; as matters stand, he feels he is in the position of a foster parent, for he doesn't so much as hear about a new diamond until weeks, or even months, after it has left the mine. This is because ninety-five per cent of the world's diamond supply is controlled by De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., a closemouthed British-owned company, commonly known as the Syndicate, which has held a monopoly on the mining of diamonds in South Africa since 1889. The Portuguese colony of Angola, in southwest Africa, produces about a million carats of rough diamonds—or fifteen million dollars' worth—a year from mines that are owned jointly by the Angola Diamond Corporation and the Portuguese government. The Angola Diamond Corporation—which is owned by American, British, and Portuguese interests—has been selling its output to De Beers, under a contract that was signed in 1950, without sanction of the Portuguese government, and that expires in 1955. Winston is currently negotiating with the Portuguese government to purchase the total Angola diamond output over the next ten years—a bid for independence that the Syndicate considers so presumptuous that it has tried, without much success, to cut him off from obtaining any diamonds at all. "De Beers might make me a preferred client if I'd pass up the Portuguese deal," Winston said the other day. "But I'd rather have an independent diamond supply, and I'm going to try to get it." Winston's ambitious scheme has been received with admiration and without surprise—and also without support—by the rest of the diamond men in this country. "Let's face it. Harry Winston is the most impressive man in the business today," one of his bitterest rivals said recently. "I wouldn't lift a finger to help him in this deal, but if he comes out a winner again, he'll not only be a genius, he'll be more so."

"THERE'S a calculated risk in every business," Winston once said. "The only way to keep the risk down is to know what you're doing. I happen to have been born with the gift of knowing what I'm doing. I also happen to have been born with the gift of courage to do what I want to do." Thus doubly gifted, Harry Winston was born in New York City on March 1, 1900, on the third floor of a five-story walkup apartment on West 106th Street, the third son of a jeweller who owned and ran an unpretentious shop on Columbus Avenue. His father was an unworldly, idealistic man; once, when a customer who he knew could not afford jewelry came into the shop and asked to buy an eight-dollar ring, the elder Winston declined to sell it to him and advised him to spend the money on groceries for his family instead. When Harry was seven, his mother died, and a year or so later his father, who suffered severely from asthma, moved to Los Angeles for his health, taking Harry and a younger daughter with him, while the two older sons—Charles and Stanley—found jobs as salesmen with antique-and-crystal dealers in New York. (They later opened an antiques-and-crystal-chandelier store on West Forty-fourth Street. It has since moved to Fifty-third Street and Madison Avenue, and is run by Stanley, Charles having died in 1942.) Harry went to public school in Los Angeles, quitting at fifteen to go into business with his father, who had opened a jewelry store on Figueroa Street, in the city's central business section. Right from the start, Harry kept the store going. From time to time, the boy would take a satchelful of jewelry and, wearing a visored cap that he rarely removed from his head, go on the road, peddling his wares to oil prospectors in boom-town saloons. After ten years in California,



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the father moved back to New-York, where he opened another jewelry shop, on upper St. Nicholas Avenue, which he ran until a few years before his death, in 1929.

Not long after returning to New York, Harry Winston, who was then nineteen, felt that he knew enough about the business to branch out on his own, and with a capital investment of two thousand dollars, which he had saved while working in California, he rented an office at 535 Fifth Avenue for a hundred dollars a month and founded a one-man firm called the Premier Diamond Company. He took his first big step forward when, shortly afterward, he succeeded in winning the confidence of the directors of the New Netherlands Bank of New York—which has since been absorbed by the Chase National Bank—to such a degree that they consented to lend him money with little more than his demonstrably sound judgment as collateral. He got off to a shaky start with the bank when he arrived late at the meeting of the board of directors at which his first application for a loan was to be considered; walking in with his cap on his head, he was taken for a messenger boy and ordered to go back and inform his boss that he would have to appear in person if he wanted the money. Once he had established his identity, he was granted the loan, but for many years thereafter he kept a front man on his payroll—a tall, white-haired, distinguished-looking gentleman who accompanied him to all business conferences and did the talking, while Winston kept an eye on the jewels and the sums of money involved.

More loans from the New Netherlands Bank followed, and with its backing Winston set about buying jewels from estates, recutting and resetting them along modern lines, and reselling them to retailers. He sent out letters announcing that he was in the market for jewels from estates. He used the *Social Register* as his mailing list, supplementing it with the names of leading judges and attorneys throughout the country, who, he felt, were in a position to hear about estates that were about to be liquidated. If an estate he was interested in was a small one, with jewels that could be bought for five or ten thousand dollars, Winston would borrow the money outright from the bank and repay the loan with the proceeds from his sales. In the case of estates involving a larger investment, the bank would buy the jewels and turn them over to Winston, and he

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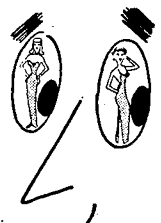

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would freshen them up and dispose of them. Five years after starting out on his own, he had interested other banks in backing him and was engaging in deals in which as much as a million dollars changed hands. "They call me a gambler," he says. "But if I was a gambler, how could I have got that kind of credit from banks? The first fifty thousand dollars was the hardest—lots harder than it would be borrowing five million today. I bought everything—crowns, tiaras, dog collars. I had a knowledge of everything—rubies, pearls, emeralds, diamonds. I worked a seven-day week. I never stopped. I loved it. I got a thrill out of every deal. If a bank I went to for credit wasn't in a position to give me the amount of money I needed, the directors would get together and raise the money among themselves. In addition to knowledge, ability, courage, and imagination, I've always had the financing."

Winston believes that he was the first jeweller in this country to realize the full potentialities of estates as sources of supply. One of the first large estates he tackled was that of Arabella Huntington, the wife of Collis P. Huntington, the railroad builder, and later of his nephew, H. E. Huntington; it involved the investment of a million and a half dollars by the New Netherlands Bank. Subsequently, Winston took over the jewels in the estates of such people as Lucky Baldwin, a farm boy who struck gold in California, and Emma T. Gary, the widow of Judge Elbert H. Gary, for many years chairman of the board of United States Steel. (Mrs. Gary's jewels, which included the Lord Dudley pearl—a hundred-grain pear-shaped gem that is considered one of the finest of its kind in the world—were left to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but the Museum found them too expensive to care for and got the courts to permit it to sell them.) Winston has especially fond memories of the Huntington jewels. "Mrs. Huntington had a necklace with a hundred and sixty-one pearls in it," he says. "It reached from my neck to my toes—and I'm five feet four. That rope of pearls cost her more than a million to assemble. It was sixty inches long. Poor old Mrs. Huntington! By the time her rope of pearls had been assembled, she was blind and couldn't see them. I split up most of the jewels in her estate, of course. There are at least two dozen women, in various parts of the world, who are now sharing Mrs. Huntington's pearls."

Confident though Winston is of his ability, he has learned from experience

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Energizing, not Entertaining

Maybe you don't know this, but the editors of Nation's Business would rather read than write. Much as they enjoy their jobs, they get their biggest kick reading letters from subscribers. Especially when they ask questions . . .

From the Products Manager of McCormick & Co. of Baltimore . . . "I read with interest the article, *Versatile Sugar Learns New Trades.* I would like to know the name of the company building the factory in Colorado."

From the General Manager of the Air Conditioning Training Co., Youngstown . . . "We are interested in obtaining 12 copies of April Nation's Business."

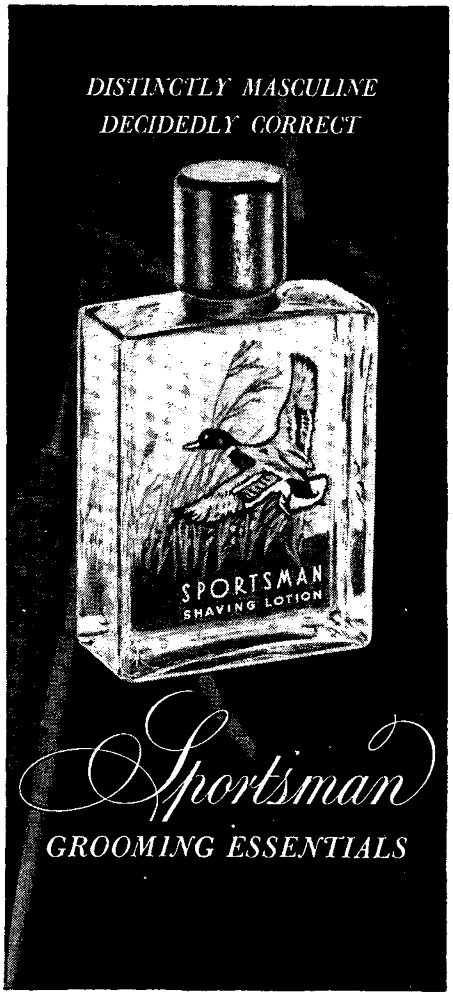
From the President of the Minnesota Mutual Life Insurance Co., St. Paul . . . "Has your April article on *Small Business* been reproduced in booklet form? I should like 2 or 3 copies by return mail and prices for 250 and 1500, please."

From the Advertising Manager of Refrigeration Engineering . . . "Your April issue carried one of the best articles I have seen in some time on the future of the air conditioning industry. Are reprints available?"

Nation's Business is published to be read and to be used. It is meant to be energizing, not entertaining. Its purpose in life is to start men's minds working, to generate action, to push progress. When readers ask questions, the editors know they're earning their keep. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

that he is not infallible. "I've made mistakes, and when I make a mistake, it's a big one," he told a dinner-table companion at a party not long ago. "But I don't think I've ever made a mistake in judging people. A man came into my office one morning last week and wanted to take two pieces of jewelry to show to his wife. Worth three hundred thousand dollars. He asked for a receipt to sign. I said, 'Your signature isn't necessary.' You should have seen the look on his face! The way he walked out! I wouldn't let anybody else in the house use judgment in a matter like that. Not everybody knows how to judge people that way. Why, I've let people go out of my place with a million dollars' worth of jewels! No deposit. No receipt. Once, a couple of years ago, I gave a man four pieces of jewelry to take home, so he could decide which he liked best. Next morning, he was back at nine sharp, waiting for me. He said, 'Tell me, Mr. Winston, did you have someone follow me home?' I said no. He said, 'You don't know me. Suppose I'd given you a false name?' I said, 'Well, that would have been my mistake.' He said, 'Did you sleep last night?' I said I'd slept like a baby. He said, 'I didn't get a wink of sleep. I was up all night worrying about *you* worrying.' When I was in London a couple of years ago, I showed a lady a ring. Then we went to the Savoy for tea, and took the ring along. She kept putting it on and taking it off. Then she had to leave, and she forgot she had it on. I didn't say anything. By dinnertime, she was calling all over the West End, trying to get in touch with me. She finally reached me at a restaurant, and asked me if I'd realized she had the ring on when she left. I said certainly. She said, 'You're just a damn fool.' 'No,' I said. 'I know how to evaluate people.' A couple of years after I sold King Farouk the hundred-and-twenty-five-carat stone from the Jonker, I sold him the Star of the East for a million, and some other pieces for three hundred thousand. He gave me a hundred and fifty thousand on account. Now he says he doesn't have the rest of the money and doesn't know what's happened to the jewels. The last time I talked to him was in Capri, in the summer of 1952, just after he'd abdicated. He said he'd left the diamond in his palace. I'll visit him this summer. The night I sold him the Star, I gave a small dinner party at La Réserve, in Beaulieu-sur-Mer, near Monte Carlo. It cost me about five hundred dollars. At four A.M., I got Farouk alone out on the



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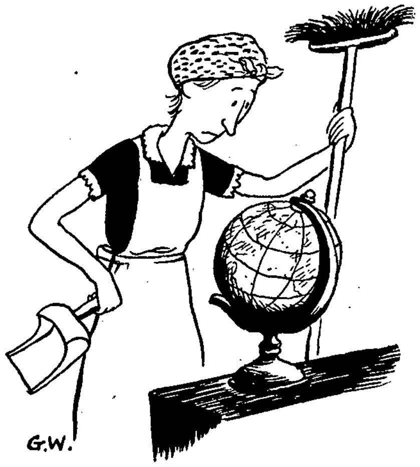
terrace and I closed the deal for the Star and the other stones. That party may yet cost me an extra one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Maybe I made a mistake with Farouk, but I don't think so. I still feel it will come out all right. Anyway, I'm the kind of man who, no matter what happens, can go to sleep at night and wake up feeling that life is worth living. I love the diamond business. It's a Cinderella world. It has everything! People! Drama! Romance! Precious stones! Speculation! Excitement! What more could you want?"

AT noon on Tuesday, January 13, 1953, Winston was sitting alone in his office on the second floor of the six-story granite building that his firm occupies, a building that was the town house of the late Mrs. Marius de Brabant, a daughter of Senator William A. Clark, the mining millionaire. Seated at a Louis XV desk, Winston looked bleakly through his window at the people filing steadily in and out of St. Patrick's Cathedral, directly opposite. He was wearing, as usual, a neat, dark impeccably tailored double-breasted suit and no jewelry at all. Before him on the desk was a large square of black velvet, on which lay a gauge for estimating the weight of stones in settings, a pair of tweezers for picking up small stones, a couple of yellow pencils with sharp points, a silver pillbox, a jeweller's loupe, a pad of white paper, on which he had been doodling, and a couple of his diamonds—a blue-white 60-carat stone set in a ring and the 44½-carat Hope, a deep-blue, oval stone set in a pendant. Also on the desk was a telephone, connected with the house switchboard; on a stand behind him was a second telephone, this one a private wire. Several framed photographs of Winston's wife and their two sons—Ronald, thirteen, and Bruce, ten—stood on a small desk



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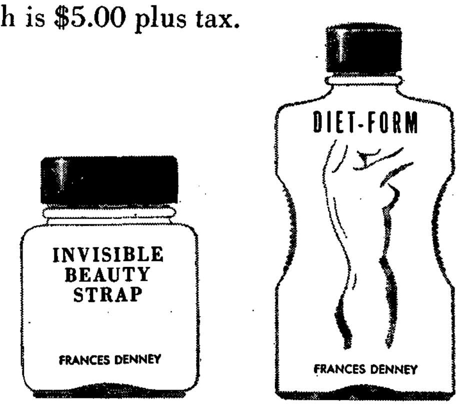
You can use the treatment of Diet-Form on the body and Invisible Beauty Strap on the face so that the skin of the body as well as the face is firmed and tightened. Each is $5.00 plus tax.



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in a corner, and an oil painting of the trio hung on the wall. A couple of love seats faced each other before a fireplace, and several chests, tables, and chairs of the same period were scattered about the room.

The door to Winston's office opened, and his secretary, a young, pleasant blonde named Polly Rowe, came in, carrying a delicately flowered china cup and saucer. "Your coffee, Mr. Winston," she said.

Winston sighed deeply and nodded. "Why everybody goes out to lunch, I'll never understand," he said. "All that eating. Why?"

"I really don't know, but everybody does it," Miss Rowe said respectfully.

Winston took a saccharin pill from the silver box. He sighed again as he dropped the pill into the cup. While sipping his coffee, he put his forefinger through the 60-carat diamond ring and looked thoughtfully at its stone. Then he wrenched the ring off, tossed it impatiently toward Miss Rowe, and told her to put it away. "And the Hope, too," he said. "I don't feel very well. I think I'm coming down with one of those virus things."

Winston's private telephone rang, and as he answered it he suddenly became alert. He lowered his voice to a tone of confidential intimacy, and spoke more and more softly as the conversation went on. After he hung up, he motioned to Miss Rowe to hand the Hope diamond and the ring back to him. "I'll play with them awhile," he said. "And would you ask Ludel to come down as soon as possible?" As Miss Rowe left the room, he put the ring on his forefinger again and looked at it with admiration.

"You have to go to London," Winston said a few minutes later to Bernard Ludel, a bald, square-faced, amiable man who has been Winston's buyer of rough diamonds for the past seven years, during which time he has enthusiastically spent thirty million Winston dollars. Ludel has been in the diamond business for forty years. Born in Amsterdam, he was trained there by his father to be a diamond cleaver. He came to the United States in 1916, at the age of twenty, and in the ten years that followed he cleaved approximately fourteen thousand diamonds, ranging in size from six carats to eighty. Then he became an independent buyer and seller of diamonds. After some twenty years of that, he gave up his own business to join Winston.

"I am ready," Ludel replied now. The previous week, he had returned

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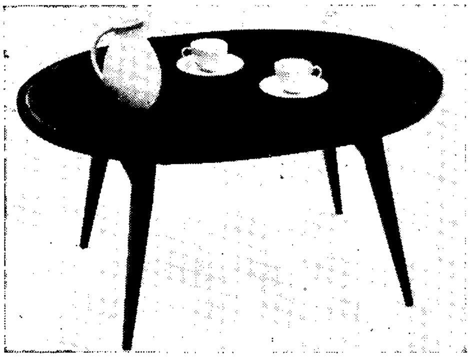

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Intoxication

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D'ORSAY

from his forty-sixth trip to Europe, his eighth in six months. He and his wife were living in a small hotel on the West Side, where they were expecting a visit any day from a married daughter living in Panama. "I am always ready," Ludel added.

"I just got a call from London," Winston said sharply. "Prins tells me he's got a one-hundred-and-fifty-four-and-a-half-carat stone. Just arrived from Jagersfontein. Prins says it's perfect. A perfect stone."

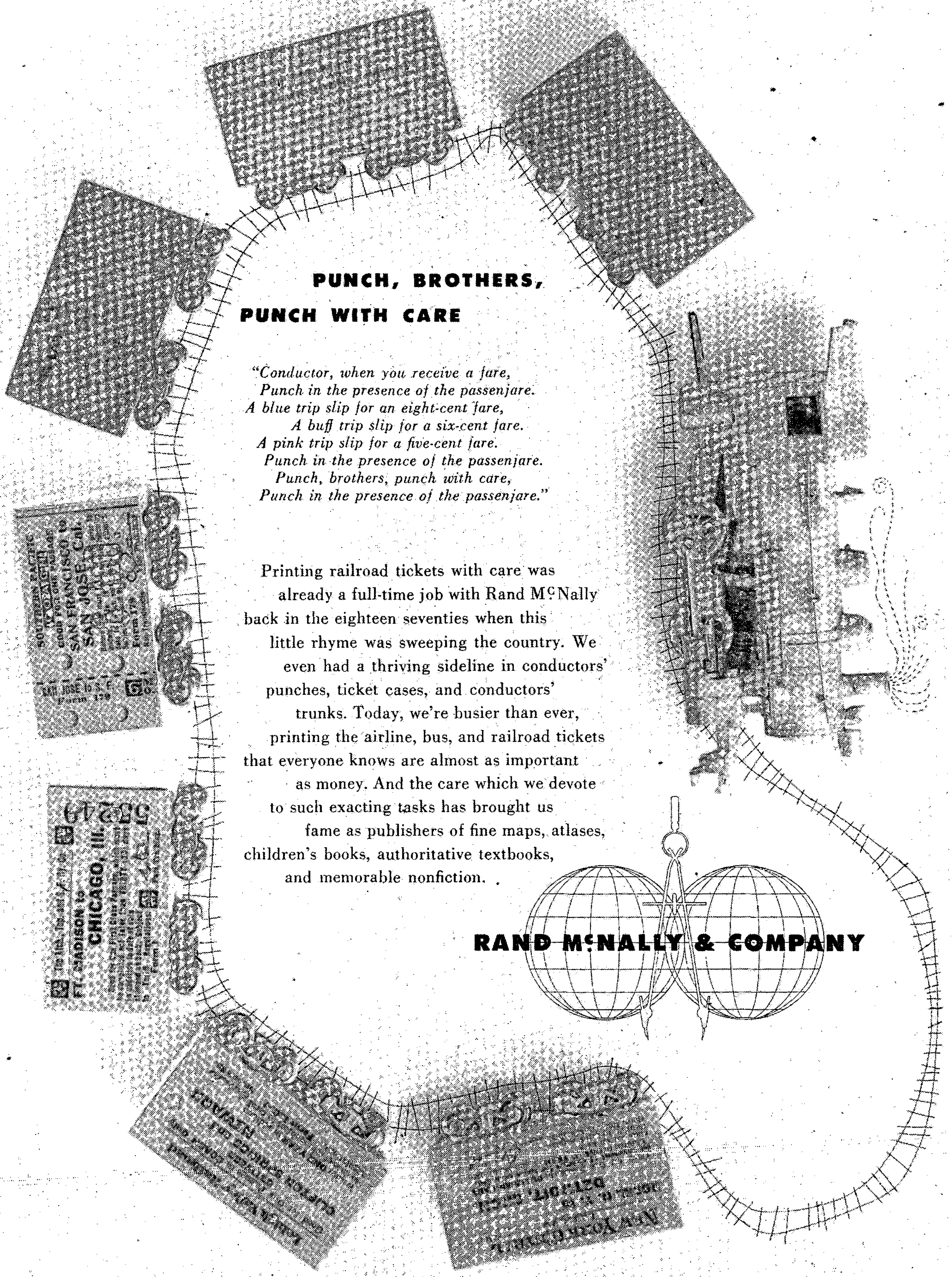
Ludel smiled and said nothing.

"Take a look at it," Winston said, his voice soft and low again. "See if it's perfect."

"I can take the plane tomorrow," Ludel told him.

"Good luck," said Winston. He put his head in his hands and closed his eyes. "I think you're coming down with something, Harry," he said aloud to himself. "You'd better go home and go to bed." He put on a black cashmere overcoat and a black homburg, and as he was leaving his office, his secretary handed him, as she does every day, a crisp new dollar bill—he hates to carry money around with him—for his taxi fare to his apartment, on upper Fifth Avenue.

As soon as Ludel's plane landed in London, on Thursday, he took a taxi directly from the airport to the diamond-brokerage offices of I. Hennig, on the third floor of Audrey House, a gray stone Edwardian building on Ely Place, in the city's jewelry district. It was late afternoon when he arrived. George F. Prins, a thoughtful, scholarly gentleman, who is one of the two directors of the firm and the man who sold Winston the Jonker diamond, told Ludel that the light wasn't right for looking at the stone then, and suggested that he come back in the morning. Ludel drove to a hotel, where, after an early dinner, he went to bed and lay awake all night thinking about the 154½-carat diamond. At nine-thirty, he was back at the Hennig establishment. Prins told him that the vault in which the diamond was kept could not be opened until ten. Ludel stood around waiting and smoking one cigarette after another. At three minutes after ten, Prins took the diamond out of the vault. It was in a small folder of heavy white paper lined with a sheet of thin waxed paper. Prins handed the folder to Ludel, who smiled slightly as he unwrapped the stone. It was a little more than an inch and a half long and an inch thick at one end,



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tapering to about a third that thickness at the other, and, like most rough diamonds, it had a frosted coating that made it look rather like a wad of frozen absorbent cotton. Its avoirdupois weight was a bit over an ounce. Ludel held the stone between his thumb and forefinger, and continued to smile. Prins left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a cup of lukewarm coffee, with milk, which he handed to Ludel. Then, without saying anything, he left the room again. Ludel sat down at a table near a window facing north over the roofs of several fine old Georgian houses. He put a loupe to his eye and looked at the diamond through it. Despite its coating, he could tell with reasonable certainty that there were no imperfections in the interior. Ludel sat there silently studying the diamond through the loupe for two hours. Then he returned the stone to Prins, went back to his hotel room, and, sitting on his bed, put in a call to his employer on East Fifty-first Street.

"Ludel!" Winston said.

"The biggest sensation of my life," Ludel said, without preliminaries. "The stone is absolutely perfect, I feel sure. I could never dream of a stone like that—it's the finest I have ever seen. So magnificent in color. Blue-white."

"Ludel, is it clean?" Winston asked impatiently. "Is it absolutely clean?"

"I am convinced that it is absolutely clean," said Ludel. "Also, it is an ideal shape for a pear-shaped diamond. You should own this stone."

"Is it perfect, Ludel?" Winston asked.

"Perfect, perfect," Ludel assured him.

Winston and Ludel went on to discuss the price Hennig was asking—a quarter of a million dollars—and ways of persuading Hennig to knock twenty-five thousand dollars off that figure. They talked for thirty-eight minutes, and the cost of the call came to a hundred and ninety dollars. It was the first of thirteen transatlantic telephone calls Ludel made to Winston during ten days of intensive negotiations. Then Ludel told Winston that there was nothing further he could do in the way of bargaining and that he would wait in London until he received orders, one way or the other, from New York. On the evening of February 3rd, Winston went to bed early with a virus infection and a high fever. At midnight, he suddenly made up his mind about the 154½-carat diamond. He picked up the telephone at his bedside and sent a cable to Ludel, via Western Union. The cable

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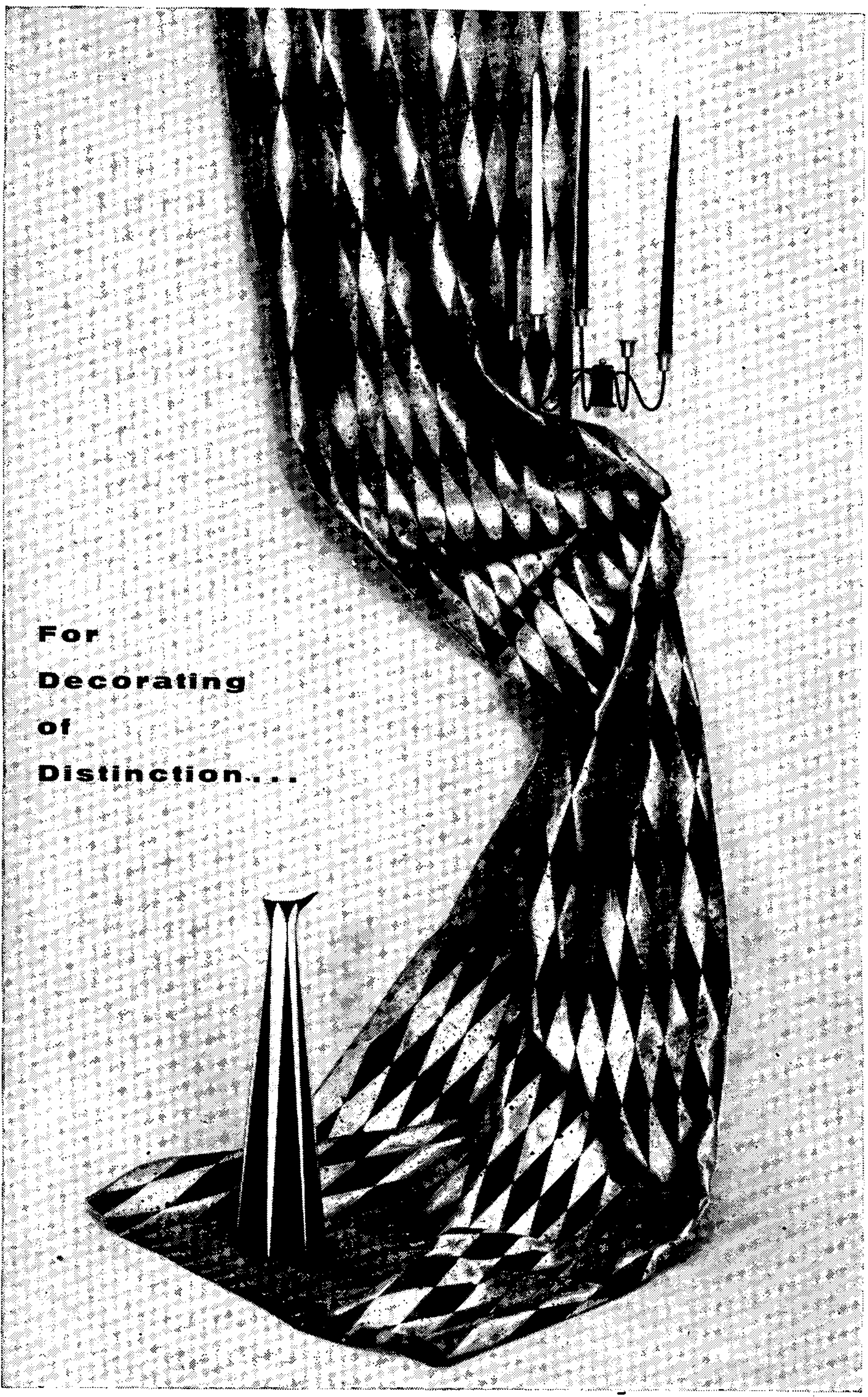
consisted of one word—"BUY." Winston thereupon fell into a deep sleep, and when he awoke in the morning, his fever was gone.

As soon as Ludel received the cable, he notified Prins that Winston was going to buy the big diamond and that Winston's bank in New York would make arrangements with a London bank to pay I. Hennig, Ltd., $230,807—the price agreed upon, plus the broker's commission. The next day, Ludel left London for Amsterdam, to see about buying some other diamonds for Winston. On February 6th, Winston received the following cable:

LONDON VIA WU CABLES FEB 6 316P
HARWINSTON (HARRY WINSTON)
NYK
154-1/2 CARATS AIRMAILED TODAY
HENNIG
1108A.

The 154½ carats were fully insured on their flight. Winston regards the mails as the safest way of moving diamonds from one place to another. He does not like to have his employees carry valuable jewels on long journeys alone, because of the obvious risks involved.

EMBEDDED in a fragment of blue ground, or kimberlite—the volcanic-rock formation in which most diamonds are found—the 154½-carat stone was brought up out of a De Beers mine at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State, during the latter part of 1952. The African natives who were working the mine were then drilling and blasting in a vein of blue ground located at a depth of about thirteen hundred feet. It is doubtful whether any of the miners who were responsible for getting the big stone to the surface were aware that they had done a particularly valuable day's work, for diamonds are rarely visible in the pieces of shattered blue ground that are hauled up—ten tons at a time—in huge skips, or steel buckets. These buckets are raised and lowered in the mine shafts at a speed greater than man can endure, and there is good reason for speed, since it takes ten thousand tons of blue ground from the average South African mine to produce one pound of diamonds. Each skipful, as it comes up out of the earth, is dumped into a bin, from which a conveyor belt hauls it to a mill. There the blue ground is crushed, screened, and washed to cull out all but the very heaviest particles, known as the diamondiferous concentrate. The concentrate is then placed on an oblong table that has been coated with petroleum jelly. The table is flooded with water



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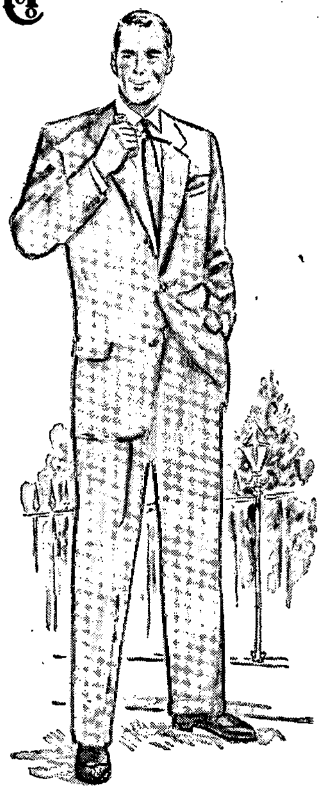

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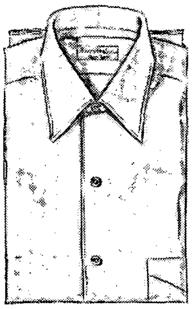

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and made to shake violently from side to side, and as it shakes, all the remaining waste rock is washed away and the diamonds, which have the peculiar property of shedding water, remain stuck in the jelly. Finally, the jelly is scraped off the table and boiled, setting the diamonds free.

The 154½-carat stone was found in the normal course of mining operations, and recovered on the grease table like any run-of-mine stone. Despite its large size, no special record was made of its discovery. It was simply listed in De Beers' record of all stones over ten carats, in accordance with the diamond laws of the Union of South Africa. De Beers, through its distributing organization called the Diamond Trading Company, sold the diamond in London to Diamond Realisations, Ltd., wholesalers of rough diamonds. Diamond Realisations placed it with Hennig for resale.

IN New York, the afternoon of February 11th was gray, damp, and bone-chilling. At four-thirty that afternoon, a large, white-haired man, hatless and wearing rimless spectacles, got out of a taxi in front of 7 East Fifty-first Street. He wore a dark overcoat belted in the back, and he was chewing gum. The taximeter registered a dollar and ninety cents. The white-haired man gave the driver three dollars. "Take it easy, Mac," he said.

"Same to you, Mr. Siegel," said the driver.

Sam Siegel, an employee of Meadows Wye & Co., which acts as Custom House brokers for Winston, touched a forefinger to his temple in farewell. When he has a valuable package to deliver, he makes a point of taking taxis whose drivers he knows and trusts. On this occasion, the package he was delivering was a small one that he had enclosed in a Manila envelope. As the taxi drove off, Siegel went up to the iron-grilled door leading to the foyer of the Winston establishment, a door that is kept locked at all times. He rang the doorbell and was recognized by a broad-shouldered, prematurely gray man, wearing a gray business suit and an automatic pistol in a holster, who was standing just inside and who guards the house of Harry Winston, Inc., against all comers. The guard nodded to a receptionist seated at a desk on the left side of the foyer, and she pushed a button that unlocked the door.

"Hello, Mr. Chaplin," Siegel said to the guard upon entering, and then he

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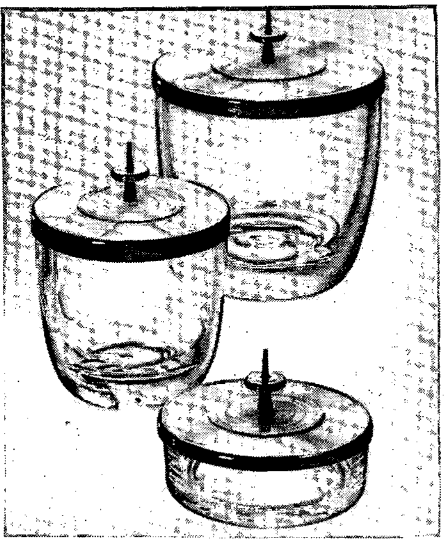

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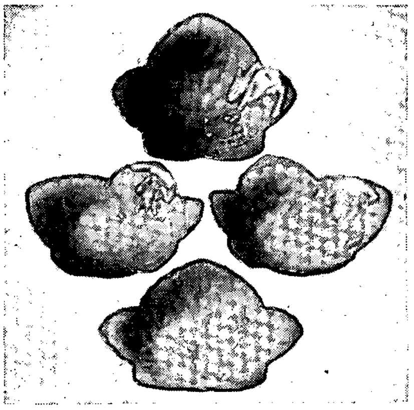

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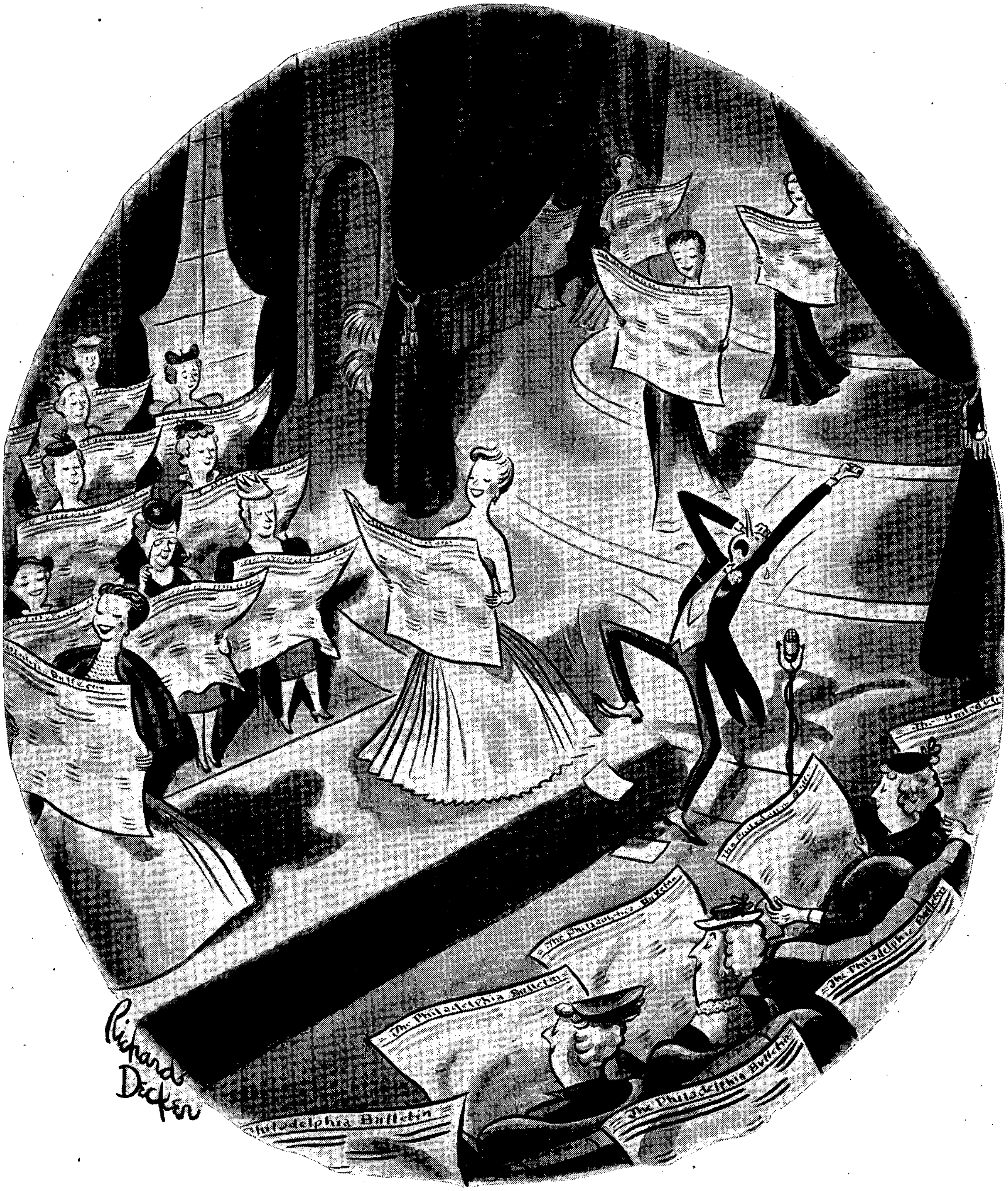
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nodded to the receptionist and said, "Miss Shaw, how are you?"

Just beyond the receptionist's desk was a circular marble staircase, leading to Winston's office. Siegel glanced into a mirror on the wall opposite, and straightened his tie.

"You're looking well, Mr. Siegel," the receptionist said.

Siegel smiled, glanced into the main salon, beyond the foyer, and then, escorted by Chaplin, entered a small elevator next to the staircase. The two men rode up to the third floor, where they made their way to the comptroller's office through a series of doors that were unlocked for them by clerks and secretaries. There Siegel handed the Manila envelope to the comptroller, Bertram Barr, a thin, worried-looking man, who removed the package from it. It was wrapped in blue paper, tied with brown string, and sealed with red wax, which had been stamped by a customs inspector with the words "U.S. Appraiser of Mdse." It was addressed, in longhand, to Winston, and had three British stamps on it, totalling one pound five shillings and sixpence—a mailing cost of three dollars and sixty-one cents.

Siegel remarked to Barr that the weather was rotten and offered him a stick of chewing gum. The comptroller unwrapped the gum and put it in his mouth. A secretary came forward and handed Siegel a receipt specifying that he had delivered one parcel, with the United States customs seal intact, containing one rough diamond weighing 154½ carats and costing $230,807. She also handed him a check for twenty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents, to cover the brokerage fee; because the diamond was in its rough state, it had been admitted to this country duty-free. Siegel folded the check, slipped it into an inside coat pocket, and left. Barr placed the blue package, still unopened, in a huge, electrically controlled safe, and hurried away to attend a meeting of the Federal Government Accountants Association of New York, of which he is a director.

THE next morning, Winston saw the 154½-carat diamond for the first time. He arrived at his office at eight-fifty-five and immediately asked Miss Rowe to tell Barr to bring the diamond in. Before he had time to do more than glance through a few of the letters in his morning mail, the comptroller came in and put the package on the desk in front of him. It was just nine o'clock.

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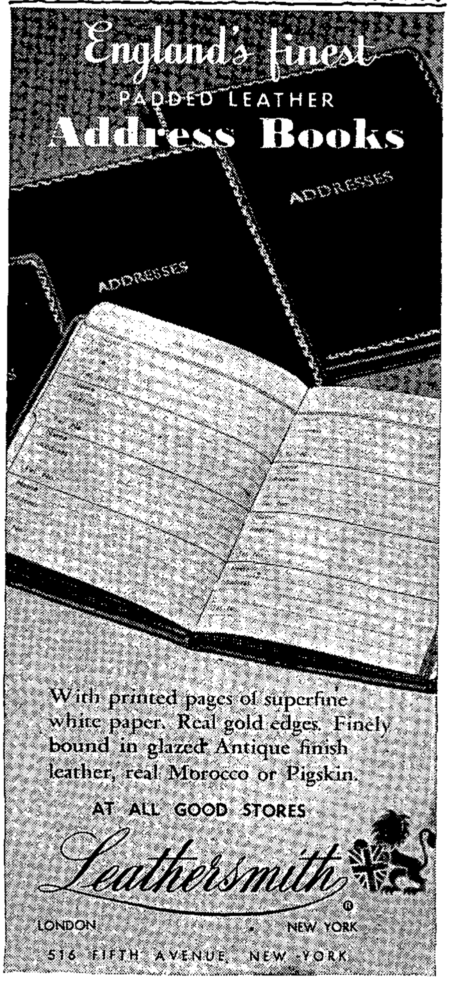

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Hide and Seek in the Highlands

Wars are notoriously expensive affairs, and Britain's long struggle with Napoleon strained the exchequer to the limit. By the time the French Emperor was safely settled on St. Helena the British national debt had jumped from around 243,000,000 pounds to more than 861,000,000 pounds.

In its search for additional revenues during this period, Parliament resorted to a practice that has been followed by legislative bodies in wartime ever since. It advanced the tax on whisky, which primarily meant Scotch whisky, as the English long since had discovered the Scotch product was far superior to their own.

Whether the higher taxes increased revenues appears doubtful, but they definitely gave new impetus to the game of hide and seek which the Scottish "smugglers" had been playing with the English excisemen for many years, and at which they had developed great skill and daring. (To Americans, smuggling is usually associated with import trade, but in Britain a smuggler was simply an operator of an unlicensed distillery.)

Inasmuch as whisky-making was primarily a cottage industry and the numerous small stills were located in mountain caves, on islands in obscure lochs and even on boats in rivers, the revenue officers faced a next-to-impossible task in enforcing the law. Sometimes they themselves were captured by the smugglers and held in seclusion for weeks to prevent their giving evidence. It is reported that smugglers usually treated their captives kindly, which presumably meant passing 'round a bottle.

In general, the efforts of the excisemen were so ineffective that as late as 1820, at least half of the Scotch whisky consumed in Britain was the smugglers' product.

The Scottish smugglers of old, whose ranks included many a respected citizen, were popularly regarded as heroes by their fellow citizens, but their lasting fame rests not so much on their daring and cunning as on the solid fact that they maintained a standard of quality that might otherwise have been lost.

The reason for this was the complex and unrealistic nature of the British excise laws. The tax was not on the gallonage of the still but on the still itself. Even worse, the tax was so high that the only way the legal distiller could stay in business was to maintain a large output, rush through as many gallons as possible, then hustle it off to market.

The smuggler, on the other hand, was under no such pressure. He could take his time. To him, distilling whisky was as much of an art as playing the bagpipe, and he took a conscientious pride in the quality of his product. The preference of the public for "smuggler" whisky was not merely a whim. The smugglers produced better whisky.

While more than a century has elapsed since the days of the smugglers, a leading Scottish distiller considered it appropriate to name his brand in honor of their memory.

Today, Old Smuggler Brand—the Scotch with a history—is carrying on the quality traditions associated with the smugglers of old, much to the delight of Americans who appreciate a truly great Scotch. Developed with patience and scruple, Old Smuggler has earned the reputation of being so fine that whenever it is poured, one man frequently says to another, "Careful, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

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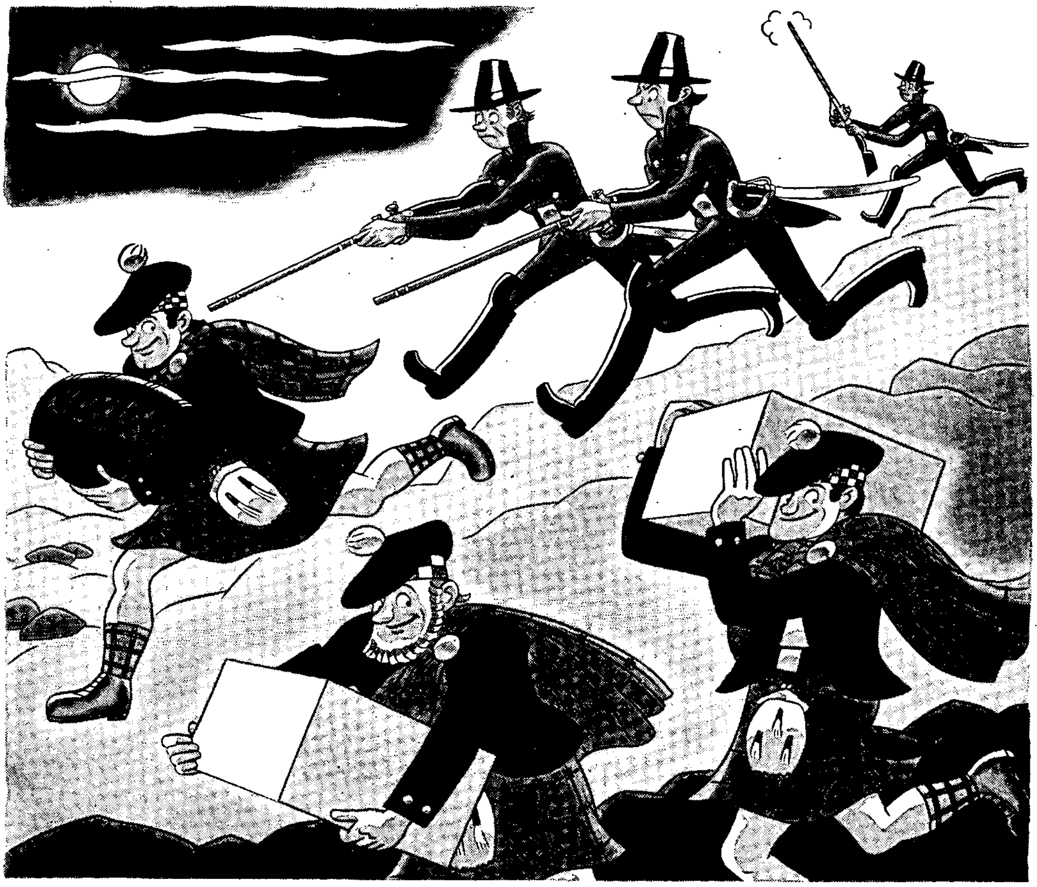

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1. Batiste Madras in (a) button-down or (b) regular collar. In white, maize, natural, pink and blue. Sizes: 14; 32 to 33, 14½; 32 to 34, 15 and 16; 32 to 35, 16½ and 17; 33 to 35.

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color," Winston said as he cut the string. Barr flicked the switch. There was a happy and expectant smile on Winston's face. Quickly, he broke the seal, unwrapped a plain white cardboard box, and opened it. Inside the box, on a bed of cotton, lay the diamond, done up in white tissue paper. Winston held his breath and his smile grew numb. Then he drew back the edges of the tissue paper. His smile vanished. He took the stone out of the wrapping and looked at it, and his face froze. Without saying a word, he held the stone up to the light, grasping it between thumb and forefinger. Then he stood up, kicked his chair back, and took the stone over to the window. Putting his loupe to his eye, he studied the stone for some time. "I suppose I've got to take Ludel's word for it," he said at last, in a flat, cold voice. "He should know what he's talking about. Otherwise he'd be getting twenty dollars a week instead of what he's getting. But a piece is missing from this stone. An important piece. A third of the stone is missing. Maybe a million years ago some sort of volcanic disturbance broke it off. It might be fifty miles away from where this was found." Turning the diamond slowly in his fingers, he went on, talking to himself, "It's a fine stone, all right. It's a great stone, Harry. But I'm not sure I agree with Ludel that it's the finest color." He was silent for a few moments. Then he said abruptly, "Perhaps we're being unfair to the stone. The light is bad here. I want to look at it upstairs."

Leaving Barr standing in the office, Winston went out and waited briefly for the elevator, and then turned impatiently and ran up four flights of stairs to the sixth floor, where loose diamonds are sorted according to color, size, and quality. He walked over to one of a row of desks standing under several windows that faced north and sat down at it. "Now we see the purity of it," he said, looking at his diamond again. With a faint smile, he tossed the stone on a piece of white tissue paper. "It does look a little bluer on the paper," he said, without spirit.

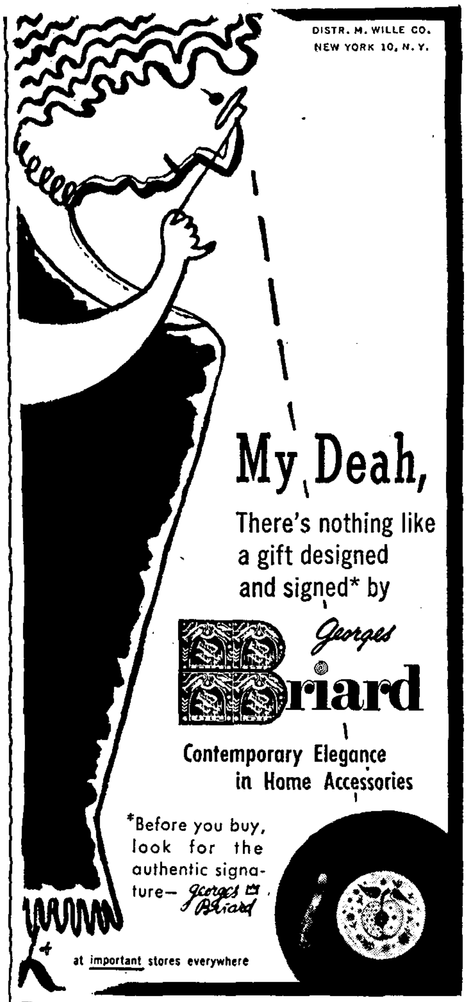
A young man, one of the sorters, came up and saw the diamond lying on the paper. "Oh, my!" he said, leaning over to get a closer look at the diamond but not touching it. "Oh, my!" he repeated. "Beautiful!"

"Do *you* like it?" Winston asked crossly.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" said the sorter.

"A piece is missing," Winston said. "Isn't that criminal?"

"But it's a glorious stone," said the



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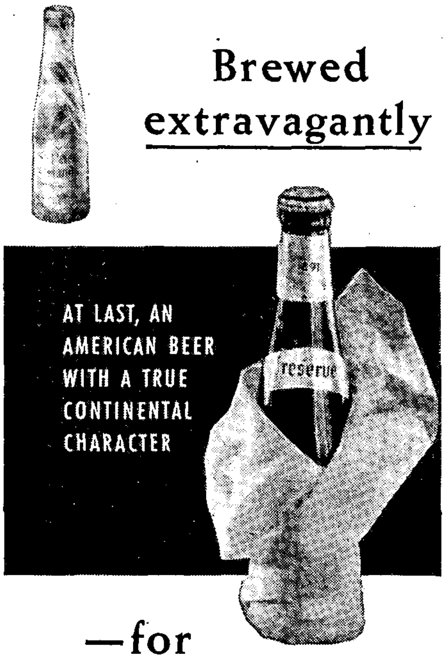

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sorter. "There aren't many like that one."

Winston said, "Let me have some of the silver Capes." The sorter brought over a paper folder full of rough diamonds. "Do you see the contrast?" Winston said. "This stone looks so superior now. But that's just because of these silver Capes. A small jeweller would rate them as first-class, of course, but they're fourth-class by our standards." Talking as much to himself as to the sorter, he went on, "Ludel says it's the finest he's ever seen. Well, I think it's a fine stone, all right, but we'll wait and see how fine. Ludel says the yield will be sixty-five carats after it's been cut. That's a big diamond. The average broker says you've got to have a prospective client when you spend a quarter of a million on a stone. I don't know whether I'm crazy or not, but at the present time I haven't even a *dream* of a client." He picked up the diamond, and it slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor. He stooped quickly and retrieved it.

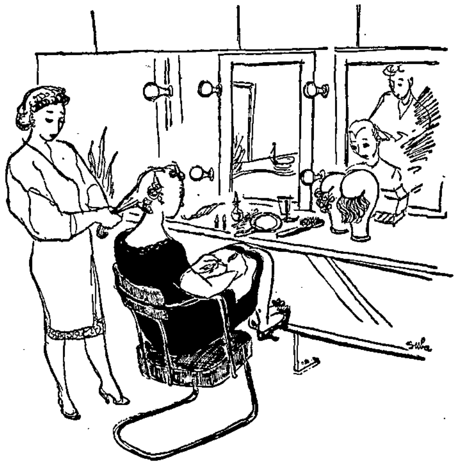
"Mr. Winston, that means good luck, dropping a diamond," the sorter said.

"Maybe, maybe not," Winston said, with a dry laugh.

"It's got the beauty of a miniature Jonker," the sorter said.

"Maybe by the time it's finished it'll be much more brilliant," Winston said. "The more I look at it, the better I like it. I'm beginning to feel closer to it. Yes, I do believe it's going to be a beautiful stone after all."

Still clutching the diamond, Winston headed back downstairs. The sorter accompanied him. "I kept asking Ludel over the phone, if it's so perfect, why is the yield going to be so low?" Winston said in the elevator. "He didn't tell me anything about the missing piece, and I think he should have, but I suppose he had so much confidence in the stone



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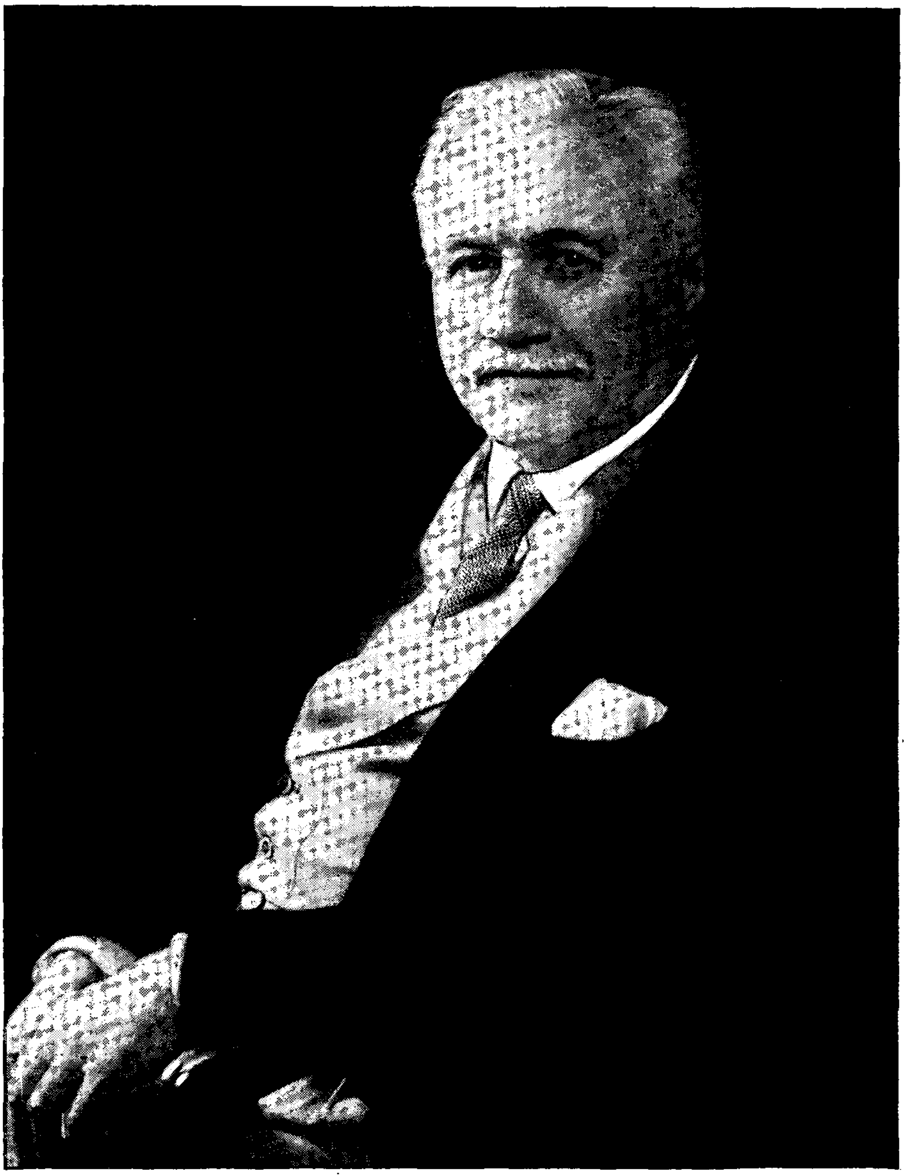

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that he didn't feel it was necessary." He shrugged.

At the second floor, the sorter complimented Winston again on his new acquisition, and went on downstairs. Back in his office, Winston sat down at his desk and tossed the diamond on the velvet pad. Miss Rowe came in and said that Daniel Frey, the general manager of the company, wanted to see him, and Winston told her to send him in. "And get a cable off to Ludel in Amsterdam," he added. "Say, 'Stone beautiful.' That's all." He looked at the diamond again. "It *is* going to be beautiful," he said, almost in a whisper. "Nature produces so few perfect stones. I hope this stone will turn out to be perfect."

When Frey came in, he looked first at the diamond, and whistled. Then he looked at Winston. "That's quite a piece," Frey said. He is a friendly, hard-working man of forty-six who, twenty-eight years ago, while a student at City College, took a summer job with Winston as an errand boy. After he graduated in 1928, he was given a full-time job with the firm, and he has been with Winston ever since. (When Winston bought the Huntington necklace, it was Frey's job to take all the worn or cracked pearls in it over to a pearl doctor, who peeled their skins to bring out the proper shape and color. "I was very fond of pearls," Frey says. "Too bad pearls have come upon bad days.") Now he picked up the diamond and studied it against the light from the window. "Spectacular," he said, and handed it to Winston, who held it up, turning it this way and that. "Here will be the table, and this will be the culet, and this the girdle," he said, indicating in succession where he thought the diamond's large, flat upper facet should be cut, and its small lower facet, and the edge that would be grasped by the setting. "We'll tilt it just like that."

"Beautiful," said Frey.

"It *may* turn out to be perfect," Winston said softly, looking at the diamond through his loupe. "If it does, maybe we'll sacrifice a little of it to get a better slope. It looks to me as if the heart of this stone is clean." He put aside the loupe, held the diamond at arm's length, and looked at it thoughtfully. "No two diamonds are alike," he said. "Each diamond has a different nature. Each diamond has different problems. Each diamond must be handled as you handle a person."

At nine-thirty the next morning, right after arriving at his office, Winston called in Frey and Bernard

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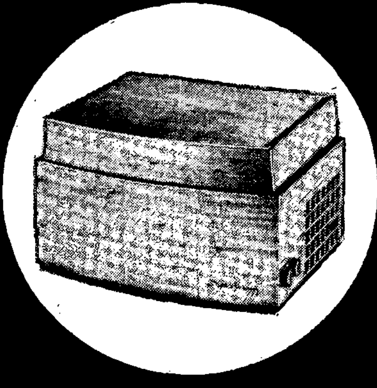

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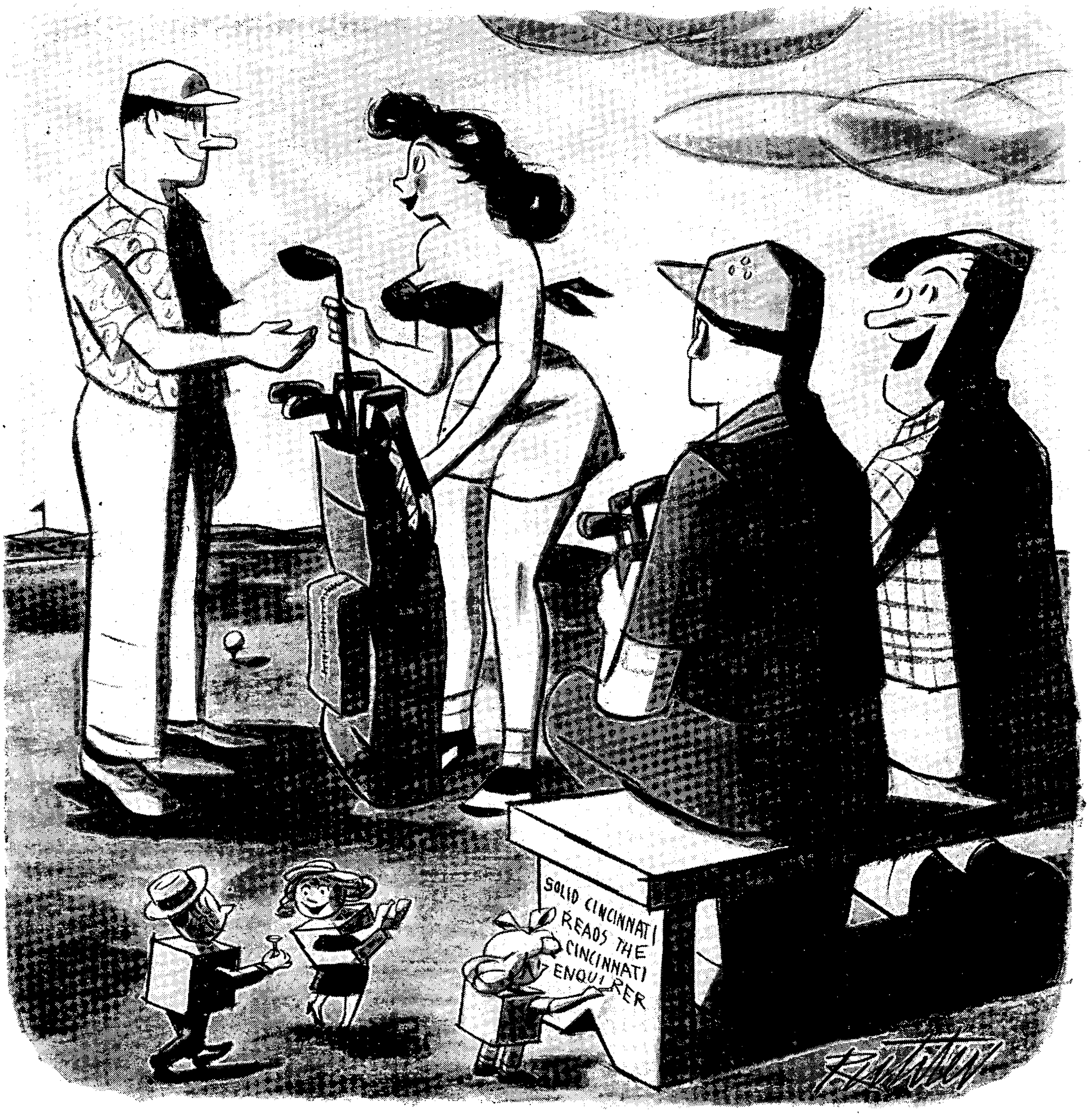
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De Haan, who is the head of Winston's diamond-cutting-and-polishing department. De Haan, a good-natured, steady, solid-looking man, is a cousin of Ludel's, and their careers have for the most part followed parallel lines. He was born fifty-six years ago in Amsterdam, where he started learning to be a diamond cutter and polisher at the age of fourteen. His father and one of his great-grandfathers were diamond polishers, and one of his grandfathers was a diamond setter. De Haan came to this country at eighteen and had had a business of his own for some years when Winston asked him to take over the cutting department, in 1952. This morning, De Haan was wearing Army suntans and a pair of shell-rimmed spectacles with large, round, steamy lenses. De Haan and Frey entered the office together, and Winston immediately handed the 154½-carat diamond to De Haan.

De Haan's spectacles grew even steamier as he stood facing the light and studying the stone. "You certainly got something special with this one," he said.

"As you can see, there's a piece missing," Winston said. "What a stone it would have been if that piece hadn't shot off! Isn't it criminal?" The telephone on his desk rang. It was a salesman calling from downstairs. "Yes," Winston said. "I remember the man. He's looking for a pair of earrings. Let Joe work with him on it." He hung up and took the diamond from De Haan. "There isn't any question of trying to get more than one stone out of it, and the loss shouldn't be over fifty-five per cent," he said. "Or do you think we might go through here and make two stones?" He pointed to what looked like a ridge in the stone.

"Oh, no," De Haan said. "This should be *one* stone. One pear-shaped stone."

"That's what I thought," Winston said, looking satisfied.

"This is going to be *your* stone," said De Haan. "A stone like this comes once in a lifetime." He held his hand out for the diamond, but Winston did not give it to him. He was busy rubbing it with his thumb and rolling it around in the palm of his hand. The door opened and a young salesman came in with a black velvet jewel box containing a diamond necklace. "You wanted to see this," he said to Winston.

Winston handed the diamond to De Haan and, turning his attention to the necklace, sighed, put his fingertips to his temples, and said wearily, "When

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we designed this necklace, she said she wanted to be able to wear it as a bracelet, too. So Eddie delivered it to her yesterday, and she said it was too long to wear as a bracelet. She asked Eddie if he'd make it shorter. Eddie said no, he couldn't, and she became hysterical. It was hardly discreet of him to say no."

"You want to take out a few stones?" the salesman asked.

"Yes," Winston said. "And you'll have to air-mail it to her in Palm Beach. She wants to wear it to a party there Wednesday night."

The salesman picked up the box with the necklace and left.

"My God!" Winston said. "What we go through to adorn women! What we have to do in this business! The talking I have to do! I'm constantly hoarse from the talking. These people take everything out of you. For two hours yesterday afternoon, I pleaded with a woman to choose a forty-thousand-dollar necklace of round diamonds instead of a marquise-diamond one for sixty-five thousand dollars. She's fifty years old, and she's had a mean life. The round diamonds would have softened her, but she insisted on the long, tapered ones. No matter how successful you are, you still must bow to the whims of these people." He took the big diamond from De Haan and put it on the velvet pad. After looking at it for a few moments, he said hopefully, "You know, I wouldn't be surprised if we get a seventy-three-carat stone out of it."

"It's easier to visualize the stone than the customer," Frey remarked.

"Well, seventy-three-carat diamonds aren't sold every day," Winston said, holding his loupe to his lips.

"This will be much more brilliant than the Jonker," said De Haan.

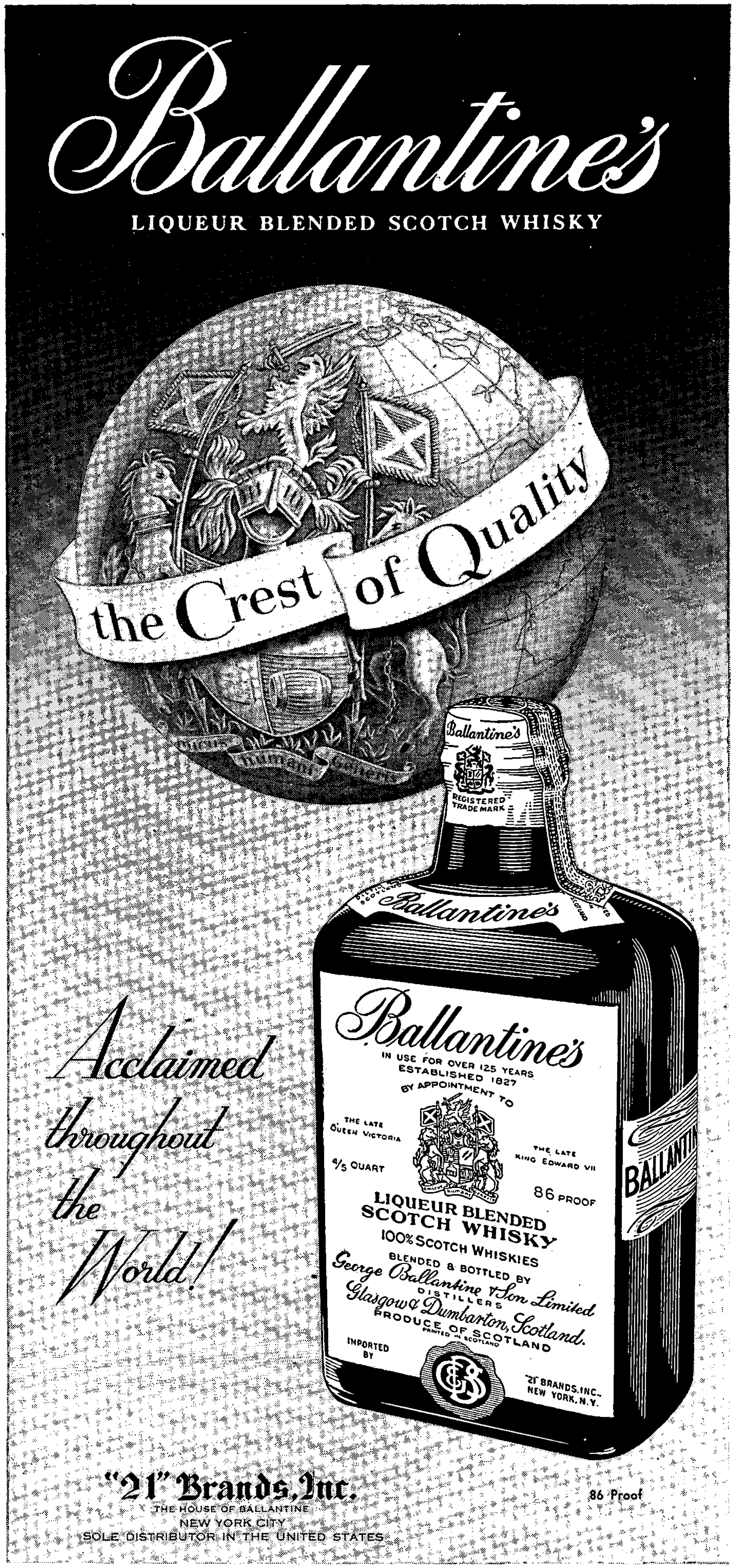
"Prins claimed it was bluer," Winston said.

"The Jonker had more of an icy color," De Haan said. "When I first saw it, I was really a little let down. It didn't have as much life as I'd expected. Now I look at this and I don't feel a bit let down. I never liked the Jonker. It was a colder color."

"I'll be satisfied if this is the same color," Winston said. He rang for Miss Rowe and asked her to get him a photograph of the Star of the East, the diamond he had sold to Farouk eighteen months earlier and had not yet been paid for.

"Don't get me wrong," Frey said while they were waiting. "You'll sell this stone. It'll just be a matter of time."

"I'll sell it, all right," Winston said. "No matter what it costs us by the time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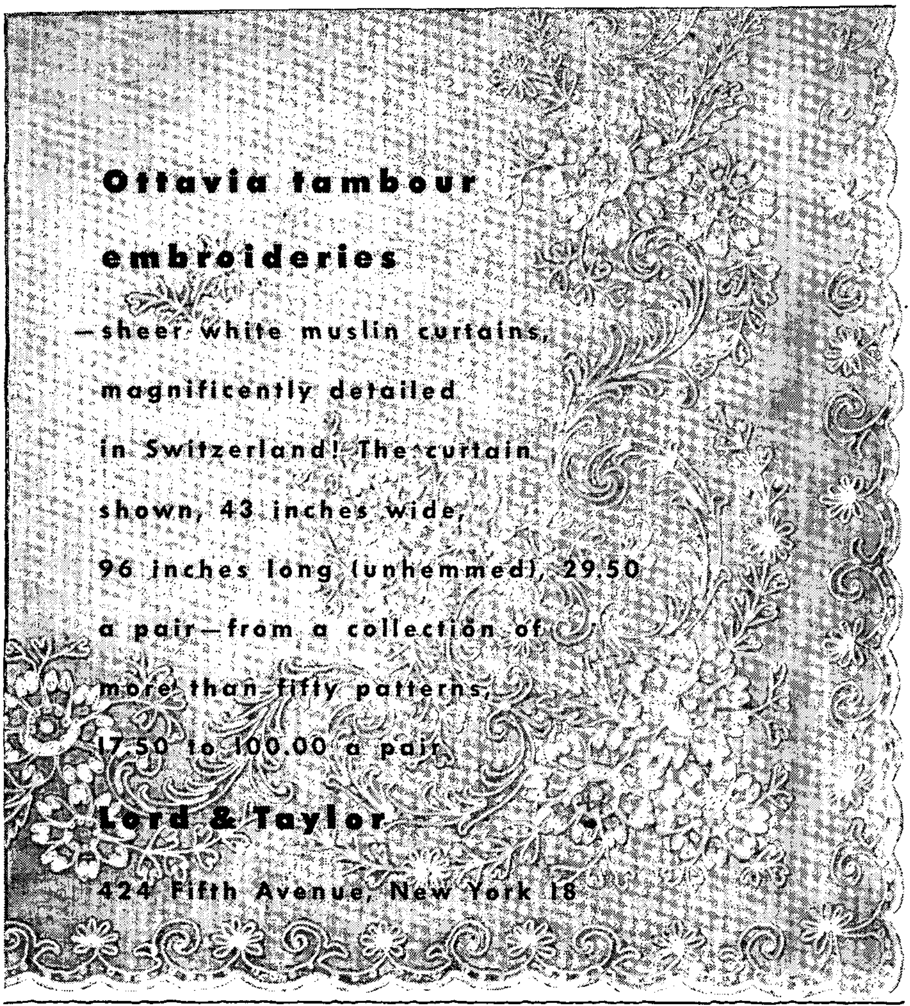

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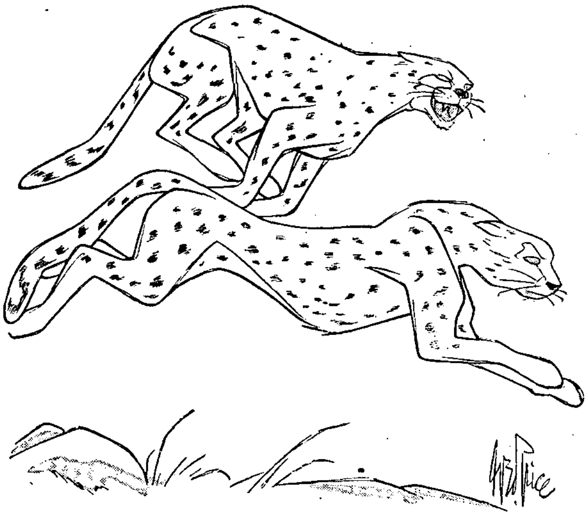

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we're through. Some people want the finest." Miss Rowe brought in the photograph. After studying it intently, he said that when the new diamond was finished, it would be smaller than the Star of the East but it would also be a finer stone. With that, he rewrapped the diamond in its original tissue paper, gave it to De Haan, and asked him to take it upstairs and register it in stock.

De Haan went upstairs with Frey to the accounting department, where he turned the stone over to a girl clerk, who weighed it. It weighed exactly a hundred and fifty-four and a half carats. It was then registered as No. 20118. "Anyone superstitious?" the girl said. "It's Friday the thirteenth." Pointing to a page in a loose-leaf folder, she turned to De Haan and said, "Sign here." De Haan signed for the diamond, and the girl rewrapped it in the tissue paper and handed it back to him. Then he went upstairs to the polishing room, where rough diamonds are ground to give them the facets, or windows, that admit and reflect light and produce the characteristic sparkle. The polishing room was dominated by a couple of long tables on which stood perhaps a dozen machines somewhat resembling record-players. On each machine a cast-iron disc, coated with a paste of diamond dust and olive oil, was spinning at the rate of twenty-two hundred revolutions a minute, and pressed against each disc was a diamond, held in a dop, or metal cup, that was supported by a wood-and-metal arm. Four men—dressed, like De Haan, in suntans—were watching the machines; from time to time, they made tiny adjustments in the dops as the discs gradually ground the diamonds to the desired shape.

De Haan stood silently in the doorway for a while. Then he coughed ostentatiously. His colleagues looked up and immediately gathered around him. Still without speaking, he unwrapped the diamond and showed it to them.

"What a terrific piece," said one.

"Nice color," said another.

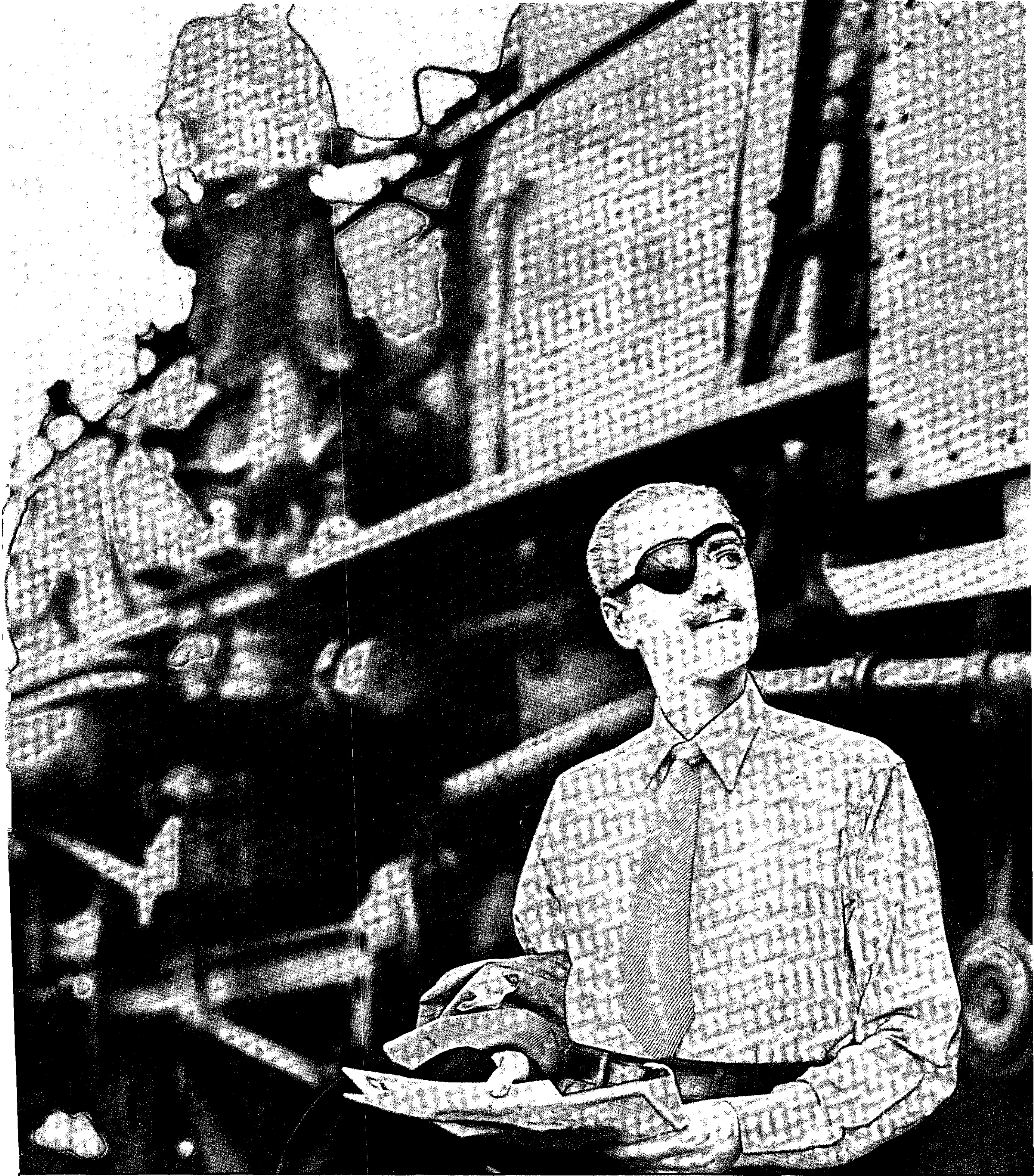
"Beautiful stuff," said the third.

The fourth nodded and said, "That *is* a diamond."

"Now I get to work," De Haan said. "I make a little window or two in the stone, so we can look inside to be sure there is no blemish."

One of the cutters asked De Haan how long he expected to have to work on the diamond.

"What's the rush?" De Haan said. "It



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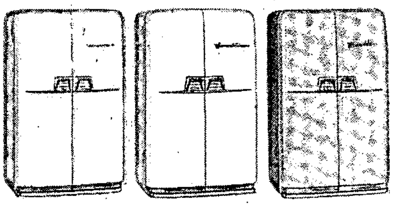

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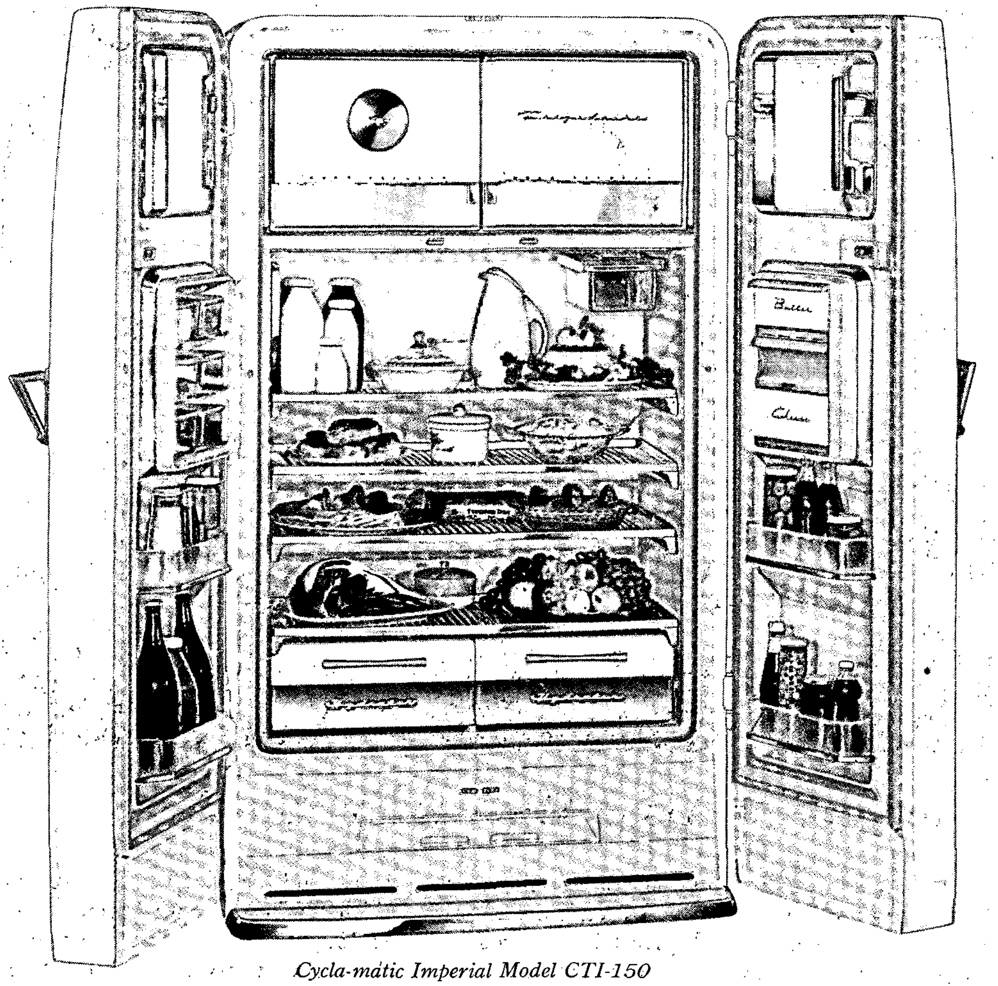

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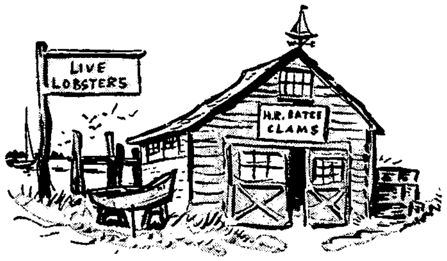
took millions of years to make this diamond. Why hurry now?"

ONE morning a few weeks later, Frey stopped in at the polishing room to ask De Haan how the big stone was coming along. De Haan showed it to him. The skin had been removed from the table of the diamond, revealing the interior, and lines had been inked on the exposed surface as a guide in polishing. "No grave internal problems?" Frey asked. De Haan said no—none. As a matter of fact, he went on, he was about to take the diamond down and show it to Winston. He removed the stone from the dop and held it up to Frey, tantalizingly waving it this way and that just out of his reach. Then both men took the elevator to Winston's office, and De Haan placed the diamond before Winston, who was seated at his desk. The diamond was beginning to show a blue-white brilliance.

Winston smiled as he looked at it. "There's your diamond, Harry," he said. "No pin-point marks. No little white flaws. We've seen the heart, and the heart is pure. This diamond is going to be like a glorious woman. It's going to have everything—form, grace, beauty, and perfect health." He told Frey and De Haan that he had been afraid that an imperfection would be found in the diamond, and it was a relief that none had been. There had been no accidents so far during the polishing of the stone, either, and that was a relief, too. Winston is generally philosophical about accidents. Only the week before, there had been a slip while an eighty-carat stone was being cleaved and ten carats had been lost. It was, as he had remarked at the time, fifty thousand dollars down the drain.

Frey asked Winston whether he would soon be showing the diamond to a prospective buyer. Winston looked horrified. "You can make a great thing common by showing it at this stage," he said. "That's the last thing I want to do. I'm going to keep this stone quiet. I want to keep it to myself. I'll put it in the safe for a while after it's finished. I may play with it for a while"—he rolled the stone across his desk like a



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marble—"or I may just look at it. This stone is like a great painting. You want to keep on looking at it." He put his loupe to his eye and scrutinized the diamond. "This is one of the finest stones in the world," he said, with a catch in his voice. Then he handed the stone back to De Haan, saying, "I want to look at the stone again when this little flaw in the skin here has been removed." De Haan nodded and left. "Fastest man in the world—De Haan," Winston said to Frey. "Yet he's like a first-class chess player. He works slowly on the dangerous moves."

Winston turned to a black jewel box on his desk, opened it, and took out a necklace set with fourteen marquise diamonds, and a matching bracelet. "What beautiful eyes!" he said, admiring the elliptical stones. "This is *that* bracelet I sold the Princess a few years ago," he went on. "Later, I made the necklace to match it. She's calling me this morning about it. She and I are thinking of taking this necklace and combining it with the bracelet to make two bracelets. Then she'll have twenty-eight beautiful eyes as well as her own two." He added, with a short, low laugh, "She'll have a bracelet on each arm, and she'll be continually raising her arms—first one, then the other—as she smokes cigarettes." He raised his arms to show what he meant. "Twenty-eight marquises like that!" he said softly to himself. "All the same color! It's a dream! Where else could you get such stones? You could sort your way through fifty million dollars' worth of diamonds and never find anything like them. I can tell you—" His private telephone rang.

"Your Highness, good morning!" Winston said into the phone, his voice coaxing and gentle. "How are you, Your Highness? . . . Did you have a good sleep? . . . Am I going to have the pleasure of seeing you today, Your Highness? . . . You'll have a pair of bangles, each with fourteen beautiful eyes. Wait till you see the designs." The conversation ambled along for ten minutes or so. After hanging up, Winston called Miss Rowe and told her that the Princess would be around late that afternoon and that she should be shown up to his office as soon as she arrived. "She'll have two of the most elegant bangles in the world," he said to Frey. "*Fit* for a princess!"

AT ten o'clock on the morning of April 16th, Winston went upstairs to the polishing room with Frey to check on the progress of his big dia-

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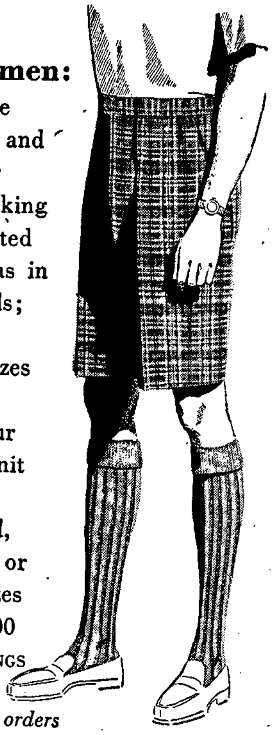

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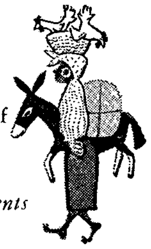

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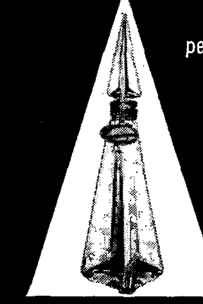

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D'ORSAY

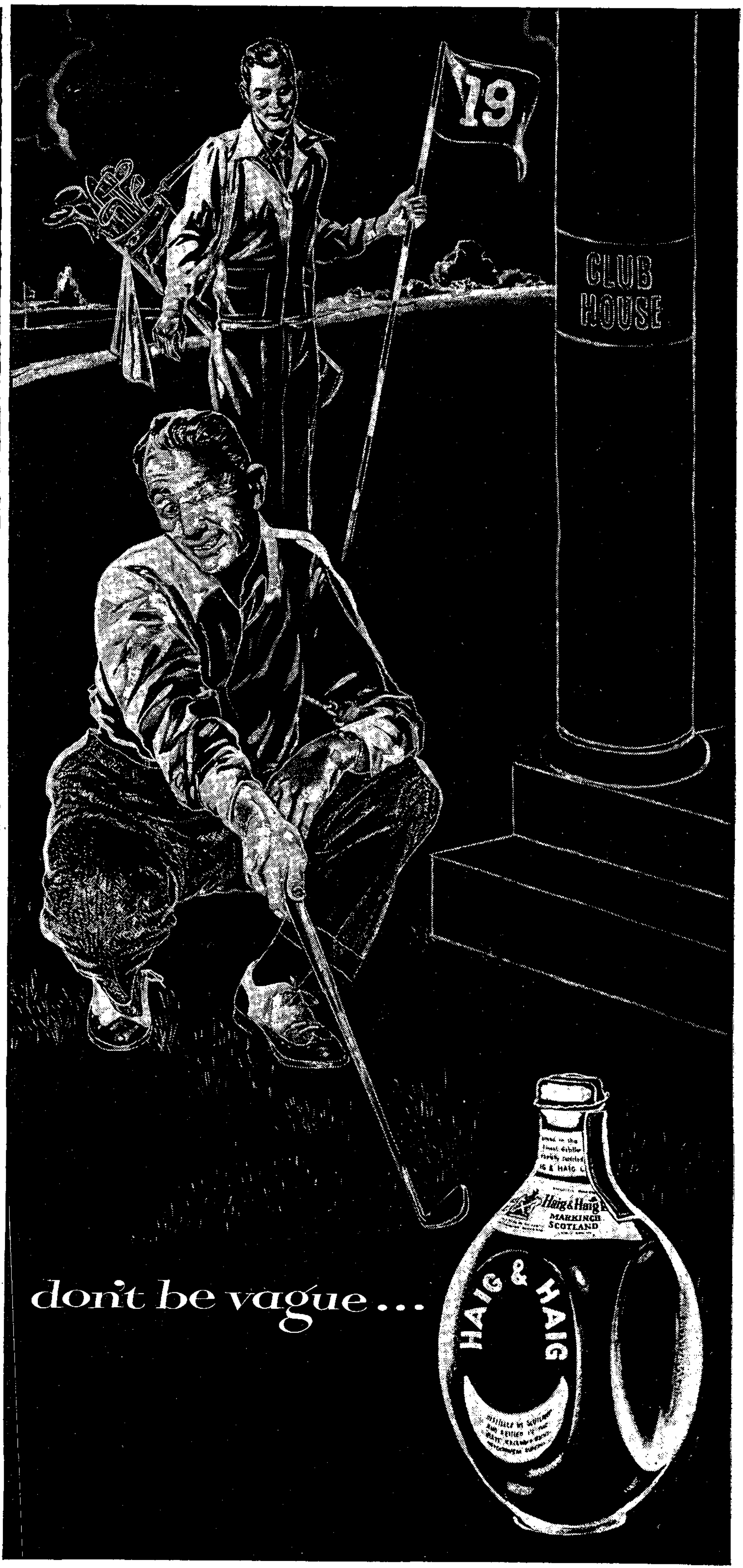
mond. De Haan, smiling but silent, took the diamond out of the dop, where it had been running on the wheel, and handed it to Winston. Then, folding his arms, he cast a significant glance at a couple of his polishers. Winston held up the diamond and gave a long, low hum of pleasure. He quickly fished his loupe from his coat pocket and examined the stone more closely. Then he looked unbelievingly at De Haan, who grinned at him but still said nothing. The two polishers grinned at each other. Winston, his hands trembling as he started to take another look at the diamond, dropped his loupe. The polishers laughed as it rolled across the floor.

"I told you it was better than the Jonker," De Haan said.

When Winston finally spoke, he spoke to himself. "The softness!" he said, his voice tremulous. "Harry, the brilliance!" He handed the diamond back to De Haan.

Winston and Frey returned to Winston's office. "When that diamond first arrived, I really did think it was wonderful, but you can never be sure until a stone is finished," Winston said. "I have seen rough diamonds that seemed full of promise, but when they were finished they looked yellow. I thought this stone was beautiful in the rough. But now the coating is off and— well, I've seen some great stones, but this one looks to me as though it will be the finest diamond in the world." He suddenly groaned and covered his eyes with his hands. "I'm so tired," he said. "Last night, my wife and I went to Barney Balaban's daughter's wedding. The tension! The women parading to show off their jewels! The gowns! The drinking and the smoking! I can't do it. It kills you. If it weren't for my wife, I'd never go to a party. When you're with people, they take everything out of you." He rubbed his eyes for a moment or two, and then started to talk about the diamond again. "De Haan has been saying all along that this stone is the finest diamond he's ever worked on. I thought it was because he was new here and hadn't seen some of our diamonds in the past. Now I see he was right. It's turning out to be a perfect pear shape. This stone will go down in history."

Miss Rowe came in and announced that he had a visitor, a woman from Fort Worth. Winston said, "Bring her in," and the secretary retired. Almost at once, the door burst open and in strode a smartly dressed middle-aged woman wearing a mink stole and carrying a violet umbrella. "Harry, you



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rascal, you had a beautiful girl in here yesterday!" she said, in a loud, hoarse voice. Winston stood up, smiling, and held out his hand. The woman shook his hand, laughing, and the laugh turned into a brief fit of coughing. "I've just come from Saint Patrick's," she went on, tapping him on the shoulder with her umbrella. "Here's what I do, Harry. I go in to see the Blessed Mother and I come out the side door and look right up into your office, and that way I know whether you're here and what you're doing."

Winston laughed dutifully, and they both sat down.

"I'm having lunch with Cardinal Spellman tomorrow," the woman said.

"And how is His Eminence?" Winston asked.

"He's just as busy as can be," said the woman. "But every time I'm in town, he makes it a point to have lunch with me."

"You're such good friends," said Winston. "And did you see Bishop Sheen?"

"No, not this trip. Harry, I've decided to take the big sapphire."

"It's a glorious stone," Winston said, lowering his voice. "You'll look glorious with it."

"You don't think it's too big for me, Harry? You think I can wear it?"

"You certainly *can* wear it," said Winston. "It's glorious on you."

"Harry, here's what I think. Nobody would ever think it's just a piece of costume jewelry—not seeing it on *me*—so I guess I can get away with wearing it."

Winston leaned across the desk and, in a still lower voice, said, "I've got a new stone—a diamond."

"What you going to call it?" the woman asked.

Winston said he didn't know yet.

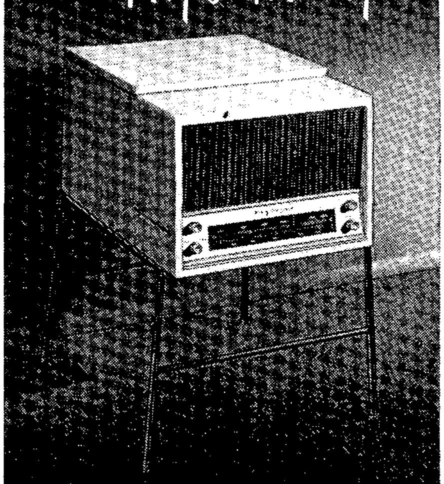
"What's this heart-shaped diamond they're all yelling and screaming about?" the woman asked. "And comparing it with the Hope, only it's not as blue?"

Winston waved a hand disparagingly. "Oh, that's a good diamond, all right," he said. "But wait till you see *this* diamond. It will be one of the great stones of the world."

The woman's eyes gleamed.

"And how are your poodles?" Winston asked.

The woman laughed. "We've got a new one we call Lover Boy," she said. "He makes love to everybody who crosses his path. Harry, I want you to promise me you'll show that diamond to me before anybody else."



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Winston gave her a knowing smile, and she smiled back.

"I'm counting on you, Harry," she said.

THE next day, Winston was conferring in his office with one of his polishers about several diamonds that had been partly cut, when De Haan came in with the 154½-carat stone. Winston was holding a diamond about a tenth its size up to the window. "Lengthen your culet a little," he told the polisher. "The stone should have more brilliance. The color is magnificent, but it lacks a kick. With that color, it should live! It should talk to you!" The polisher nodded, took the stone, and left.

"I don't like this business of expecting to get fifteen carats out of a stone and getting ten," Winston said to De Haan when the polisher was out of earshot. "We took a terrific beating on that stone, Bernard." On his desk lay a ring set with a large marquise diamond. Winston picked it up and tried it on his forefinger. He held the finger out and looked at the ring blankly. Then he put it aside and reached for the big stone. After studying it through his loupe for a while, he held it up to the window, turning it around and around between his fingers. "It's beginning to talk," he said finally, with a sigh of pleasure.

"That stone is in a class all by itself," said De Haan.

"I visualized the brilliance, but I didn't visualize the color," said Winston. "It shows there's no limit to beauty. It's more beautiful than the Star of the East."

De Haan said that the stone now weighed a hundred and twenty-six carats. Polishing had already taken off twenty-eight and a half carats.

"And to think it's absolutely perfect!" Winston said, looking at it fondly. "The delicacy and softness of the blue! You feel like diving right into it! This is no hard, cold blue. I see the Jonker blue but much more brilliant. God, this is glorious!" Then the light caught the stone at a new angle, and he grew tense. "I think the bottom lacks brilliance," he said in a sharp, angry voice.

"That's not the fault of the bottom," De Haan said indulgently. "It's the top. There's still some work to be done on top."

Winston's face relaxed. "Hmm," he said, and now he gave the diamond a friendly, affectionate look. Then he abruptly handed it back to De Haan. "I don't even know the value of the stone you're holding," he said. "I don't know *how* to put a price on it. All right, Papa, go to work."

As De Haan started for the door, Winston said, "You know, I'm beginning to feel elated."—LILLIAN ROSS

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Winston.*)

• •

LINES FOR PATRONS OF EUROPEAN SPAS AND ASSORTED PLEASURE DOMES

Prince Aly Khan has bought himself a large supply of cowboy suits, trousers, and wide-brimmed hats to wear when he returns to Europe.—*The Paris Herald Tribune.*

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  A wardrobe for himself decree,
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Babe in the Woods

NOT long ago, in "Niagara," Marilyn Monroe was called on to match her contours against those of our most distinguished waterfall. She did so well that Hollywood has now entered her in a contest with the whole Northwestern wilderness. The picture involved is "River of No Return," and in her struggles to prove that her configurations are just as interesting as those of the Canadian Rockies she has had a good deal of help from Otto Preminger, the director. Mr. Preminger has seen to it that whenever the mountains become too obtrusive, the camera cuts them dead in favor of the splendors of Miss Monroe, who goes about done up, variously, in spangles, buckskin, and blankets. While I must reserve judgment in the matter of Miss Monroe vs. the Rockies—everyone to his taste, I say—I can tell you that apart from the scenic wonders of the mountains and Miss Monroe, "River of No Return" is something of a stinker. The screenplay, which was written by Frank Fenton, entangles us with a dance-hall girl (Miss Monroe) who teams up with a wicked gambler (Rory Calhoun) in the hope that he'll go straight and give her the home she has always longed for. Instead, he remains a no-good, and it isn't until she is forced, by hostile Indians and assorted contretemps, to flee town on a raft with a stalwart farmer and his small son that she learns the meaning of true love. The noble farmer is played by Robert Mitchum, and seldom have I seen an actor maintain so marked an air of aloofness in the face of proceedings like shooting rapids on a raft, fighting a mountain lion, and dodging the arrows of outraged red men. As the small boy, Tommy Rettig has the spoilsport task of chaperoning Mr. Mitchum and Miss Monroe during their voyage, and I'd say that he seems a dignified tyke. Most of the action, which is supposed to be taking place around 1875, is palpably implausible, but the scenery is completely genuine, the movie having been made on location at Banff and Jasper National Parks.

WHILE Miss Monroe was doing her crag-and-river stint on the screen last week, another pinup type,

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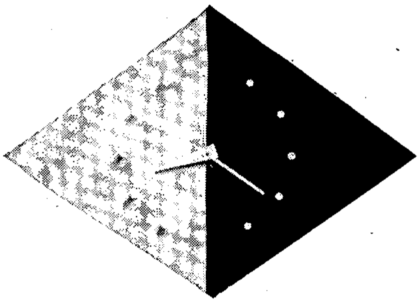

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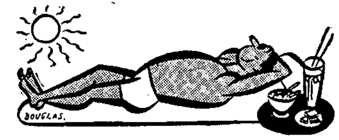

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Lana Turner, was trying to pass herself off as an Italian demimondaine in a thing called "Flame and the Flesh." Miss Turner is represented as a Neapolitan girl who will do almost anything to get a night's rest. When a passing musician invites her home, she not only protracts the visit inordinately but presently runs off with his roommate, who happens to be affianced to a nice girl in the neighborhood. Before the business is resolved, Miss Turner has been buffeted about quite a bit, but in the final stages she decides that because she is sincerely in love with her travelling companion she will send him home to his fiancée. Then she starts looking around for another charitable host. "Flame and the Flesh" shows us some lovely Italian landscapes, but other than that it has nothing to recommend it. The film was produced by Joe Pasternak and directed by Richard Brooks. They ought to be ashamed of themselves.

As a mild antidote for such poisonous domestic nonsense as "River of No Return" and "Flame and the Flesh," you might try the English picture "Angels One Five." It has to do with the defense of Britain by the Royal Air Force in 1940, and if it devotes too much of its first half to explaining how enemy planes were spotted and how jolly it was around an R.A.F. base before the Luftwaffe struck in force, it redeems itself to a certain extent toward the end, when it stops being so ebullient about war. The hero is that familiar figure, the misunderstood new man in the squadron, and the others on hand are typical, too. But the cast is skilled—particularly John Gregson, as the newcomer, and Jack Hawkins, as the base commander—and the climax is moving and exciting. —JOHN MCCARTEN

●

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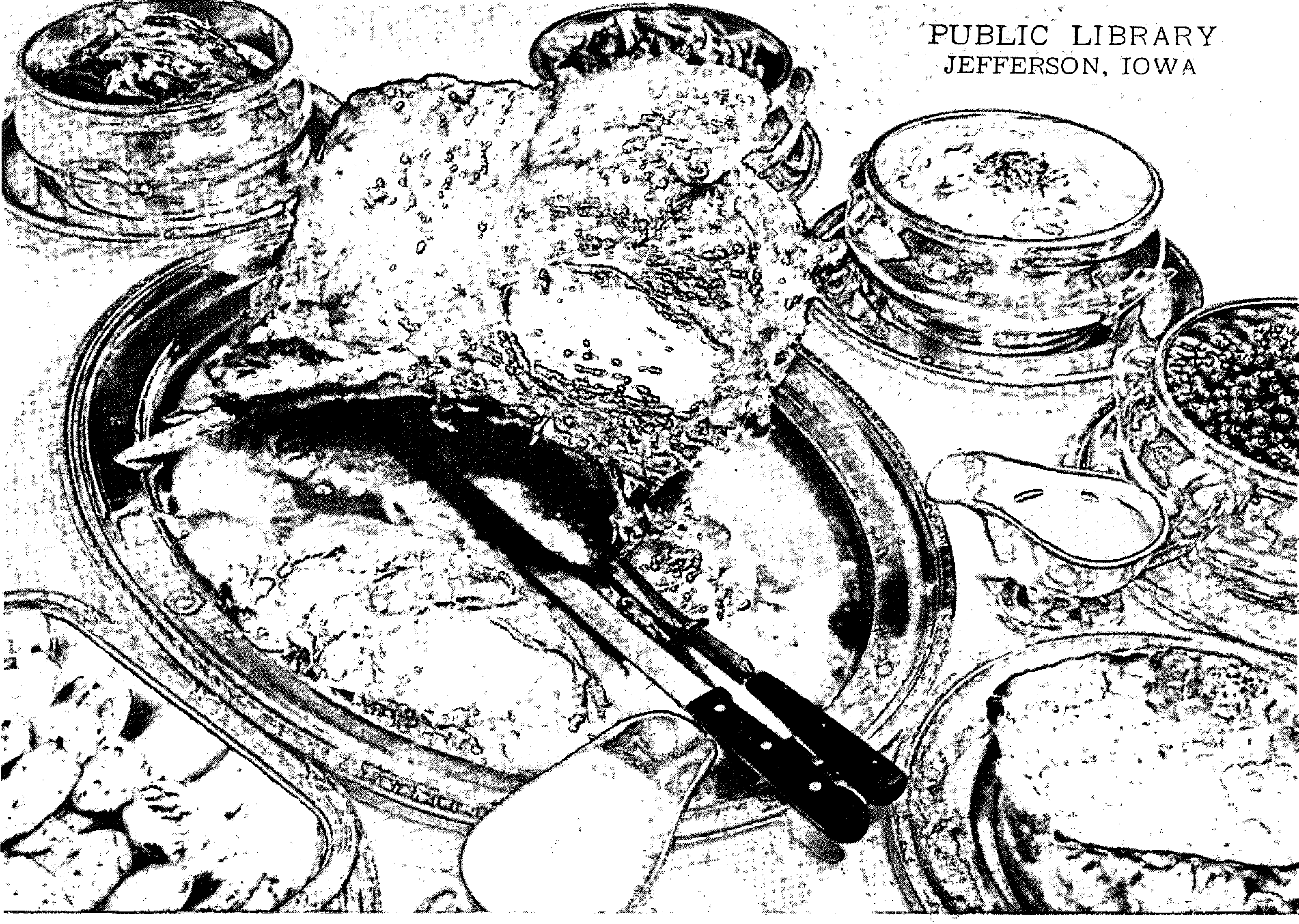

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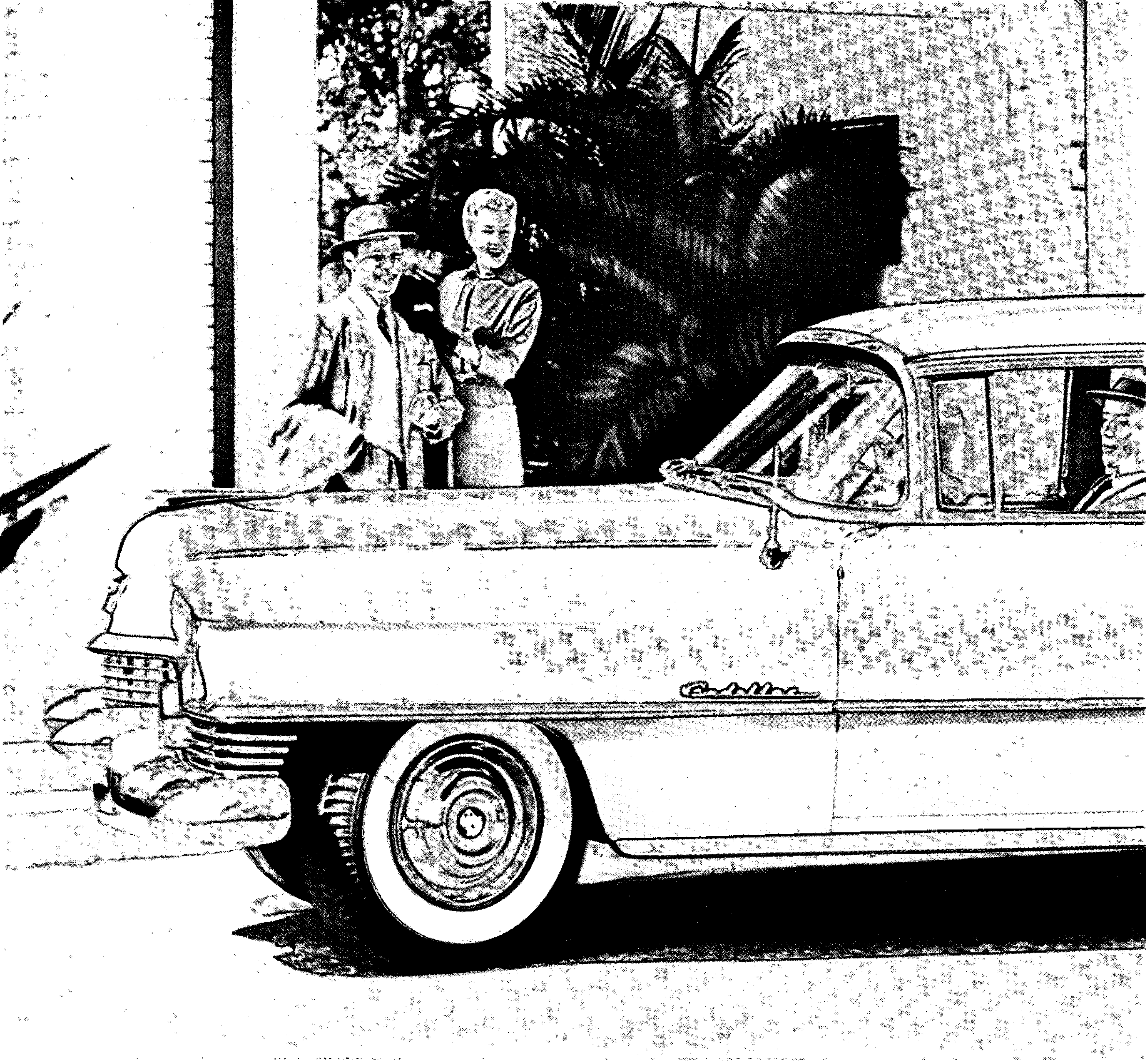

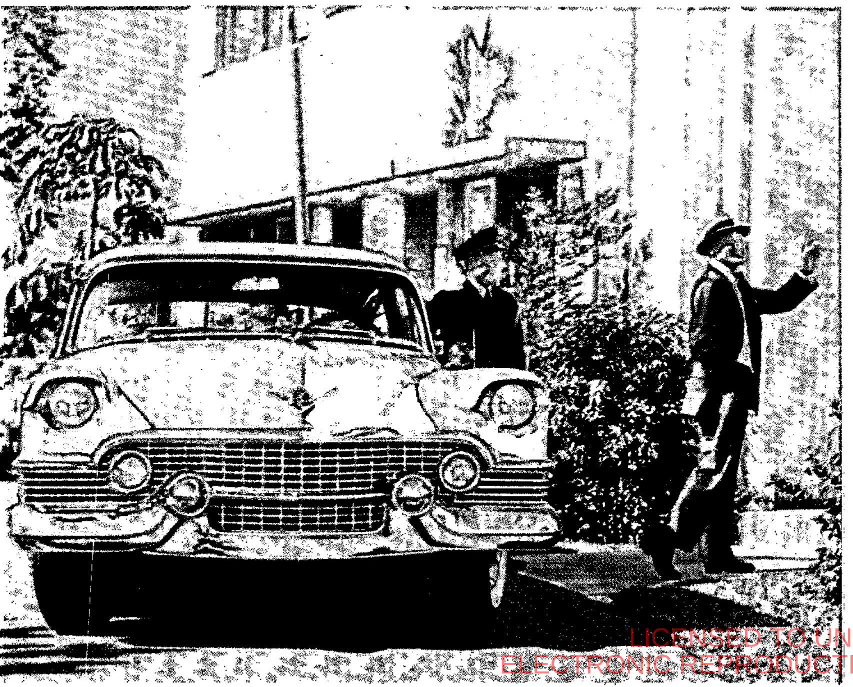

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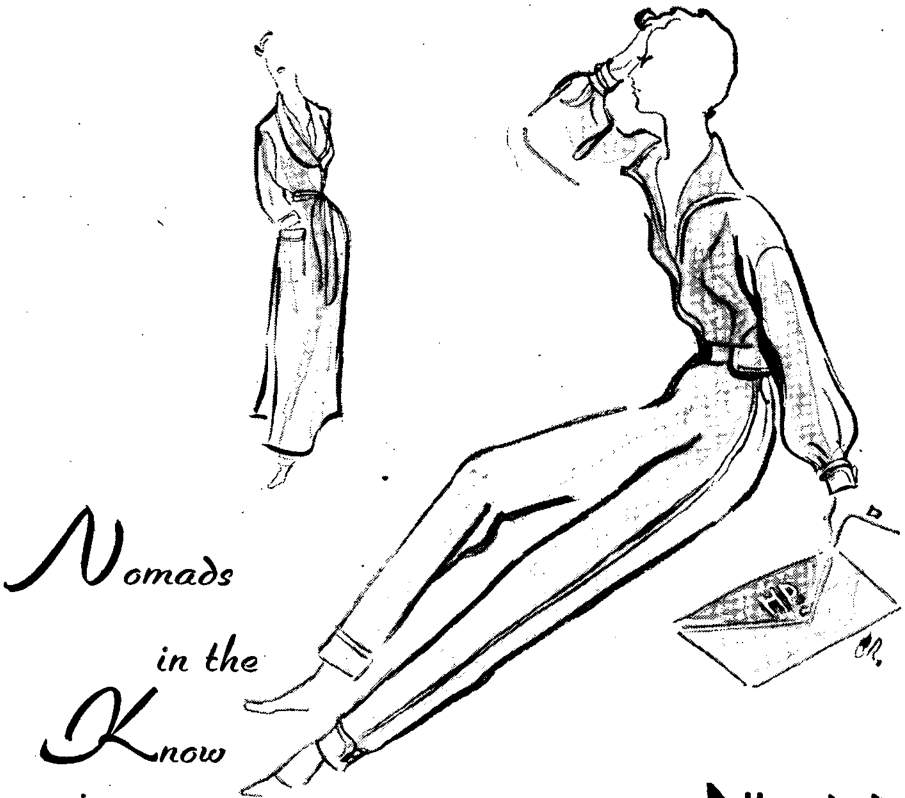
THE RACE TRACK

Determine's Derby

THERE'S no sense in pretending that the eightieth Kentucky Derby was any great shakes as a horse race. Certainly it seemed on paper to have everything that was necessary—all the better and most talked-about three-year-olds in training, many of the leading riders, fair weather, and a fast track. If there wasn't a good show in the making, then— well, then there wasn't. Something happened—or, rather, something didn't happen. It was doubtless due to that imponderable quality in competition that never reveals itself until the runners come bouncing out of the starting gate and the crowd roars "They're off!" Still, I've seen duller Derbies. Hardly anybody at Churchill Downs last Saturday was awfully surprised that Determine won or that Hasty Road was second. The reason, of course, was that earlier in the week Determine had lost by only a short head to Hasty Road in the Derby Trial (they ran the mile in the remarkably fast time of 1:35) and racegoers remembered the old adage, "Second in the Trial, first in the Derby." After all, they'd seen it come true five times in sixteen years, which is quite enough to establish an adage. Besides, the Derby is a quarter of a mile longer than the Trial, and it was no stable secret that Determine was better at the longer distance. Well, as you probably know, Hasty Road led for a mile, just as he had done in the Trial. Then Determine, who had never been far behind, came charging up, caught and passed Hasty Road easily, and went on to win by more than a length. Hasseyampa, who was named after a wishing well near Phoenix, Arizona, was third, and Goyamo, with Arcaro up, was fourth.

Naturally, a few curmudgeons grumbled that with better racing luck Correlation, the favorite, who finished sixth, would have won. There wasn't quite as much hoopla and anything-goes riding as there has been in other Derbies, but there was a great deal more crowding and bumping; a certain amount of that is inevitable, though, when seventeen racers are getting around four turns, and a purse running into six fig-



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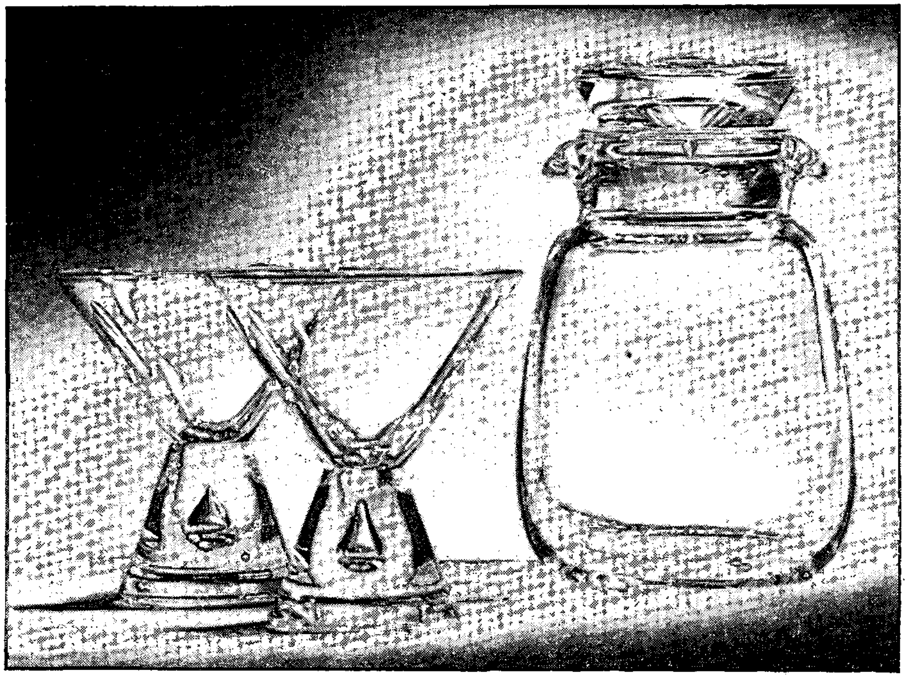

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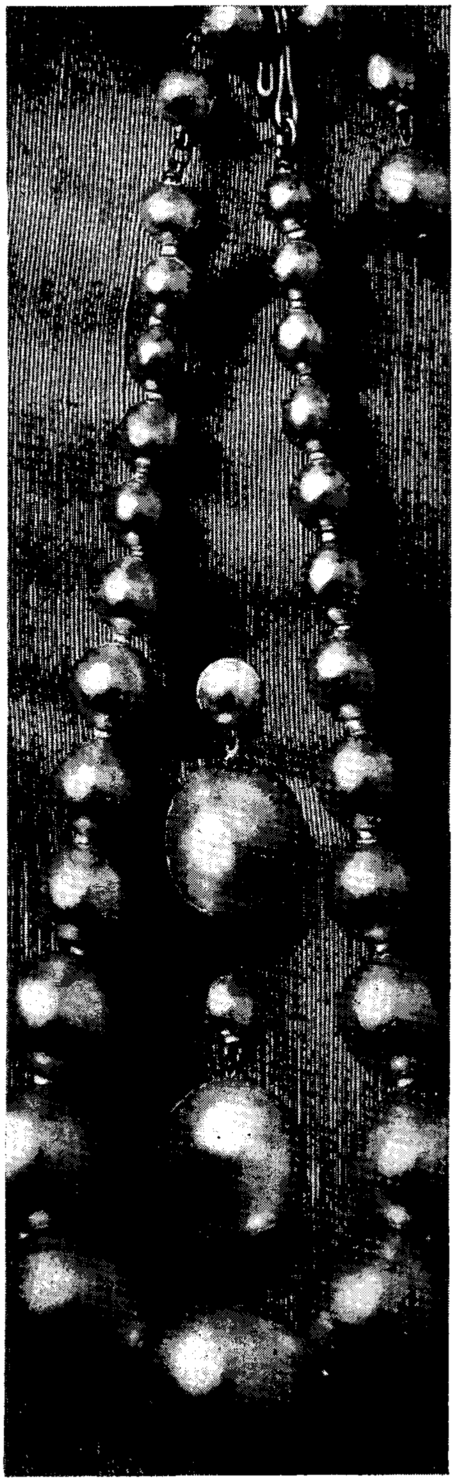

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ures is at stake. Correlation, who looked a little drawn and tired, was bumped and knocked off stride shortly after the start (he was jumped on, and both hind feet were badly cut), and when he finally got going, he was crowded again in the last quarter mile. Determine was also bumped and crowded in the first furlong, but he recovered quickly. And Goyamo might have been third if he hadn't been blocked in his run through the stretch. Fisherman had clear sailing all the way. He simply tired, and finished seventh. Obviously, he has had too much racing.

Taking one thing with another, I didn't think the Derby colts were a vintage lot. I must say, however, that they were as clean-legged a collection as I've seen in years. Only one, Fisherman, wore bandages. The time for the mile and a quarter—2:03—was nothing exceptional, either. In fact, it took Hasty Road, who runs his best at Churchill Downs, two full seconds longer to cover the mile than it had taken him in the Trial.

As you may be bored with hearing by now, Determine is the first gray and the smallest horse ever to win the Kentucky Derby. He measures exactly fifteen hands, which is only five feet from the ground to the top of his withers, but he's such a sturdy, well-balanced fellow that he's quite able to hold his own with bigger colts. Another thing you notice about him is his stubby, jaunty tail, which is the size and color of a silver fox's. For the record, Determine is by Alibhai out of Koubis, a daughter of Mahmoud. He was bred by Dr. Eslie Asbury, whose farm is at Carlisle, Kentucky, and at the Keeneland yearling sales he was bought for $12,000 by Andrew J. Crevolin, a California businessman. The colt has earned $286,235 in prize money to date—$259,800 of it this season and $102,050 of it in the Derby. His next start will be in the Preakness at Pimlico on May 22nd, but he isn't in the Belmont Stakes. Willie Molter, his trainer, who is the Hirsch Jacobs of the Coast, would like to retire him after the Preakness (he has won six stakes this year, including the Santa Anita Derby), but my guess is that he will remain in training. As for his name, I understand that when the time came to select it, Mr. Crevolin told his wife that he was determined to get a good one, and she said, "If you're so determined, why don't you call him Determine?" Easy as pie, wasn't it? There was much to-do in Louisville over what Mr. Crevolin calls his lucky suit, a brown, very

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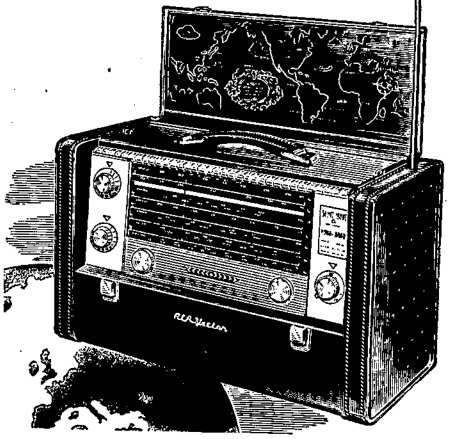

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wrinkled cashmere, which he wears whenever Determine runs. Some people say he sleeps in it the night before, but that's not true. (He didn't bother to wear it the day of the Derby Trial, and the colt was beaten.) Apparently, the suit has a similar effect on Mr. Crevolin's other horses, for three hours after his Determine won at Churchill Downs, his Imbros won the hundred-thousand-dollar William P. Kyne Handicap at Bay Meadows, in California. A lot of owners would like his tailor's address.

THE only other race worth reporting on at Churchill Downs last Saturday was the Debutante Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, which was won by Gambetta, a very good-looking runner owned by Tom Girdler. She is by My Babu. The Kentucky Oaks, the day before the Derby, was also a lively affair, though Maine Chance Farm's Fascinator took it easily from Queen Hopeful. Blue Violin was third. Determine and Fisherman are small horses, goodness knows, but Queen Hopeful is positively tiny—probably fourteen hands—and yet she's never been out of the money.

JUST about all this peripatetic department had an opportunity to watch at Belmont Park last week—and the old place has never looked lovelier—was the sprightly performance of White Skies in the Toboggan Handicap. This big chestnut sprinter seems to run as well over a straight course as he does around the turns at Jamaica, where he's practically unbeatable. (Some horses aren't that versatile, you know.) Incidentally, he carried a hundred and thirty-two pounds and led most of the way in the Toboggan. He did it in fast time, too, stepping the six furlongs in 1:09⅕. Another interesting item at Belmont last week was the auction of the French jumpers, on Tuesday. Several months ago, a group of steeplechasing devotees, recognizing the need for horses who are fit and ready to run (I venture to say there aren't fifty American jumpers in training right now), underwrote the purchase of a dozen animals in France, and had them flown here. Despite the damp, depressing morning, the bidding was spirited, and the lot brought $129,500. Mrs. Richard K. Mellon paid the top price of the sale—$18,500, for Eole III. The chances are you'll see some of the collection under colors before the Belmont meeting ends.

—AUDAX MINOR

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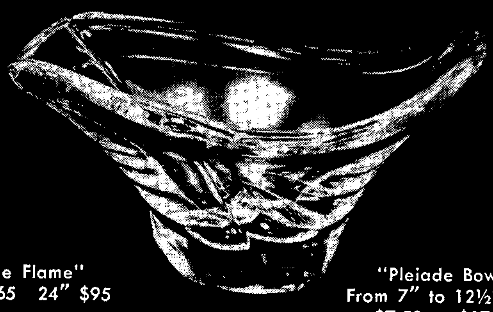

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THE GAIETY OF NATIONS

IN inviting her niece, a college junior, to spend the spring vacation with us at our cottage in Bermuda, my wife mentioned casually that if Jane would like to bring along another girl she was welcome to do so. We lead a relatively uneventful existence in the Colony's quietest parish, and I suppose my wife felt that while Jane might enjoy sharing our life up to a point, if only as a change from classroom routine, it would be pleasant for her to have a contemporary to go about with. Jane's letter of acceptance began, "Oh, you *saint!* You utter *saint!*," and went on to say, "Had you or hadn't you realized that practically the entire population of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Williams, Princeton, and various other places that turn out attractive objets d'art will be descending on Bermuda this spring for the sole purpose of swearing by yonder moon? Now, thanks to your delectable invitation, it seems I'll be able to serve on the reception committee, as it were!" I thought my wife looked rather troubled as she read this part aloud to me, and I must admit it made me feel slightly uneasy, too.

Jane warmly approved the suggestion that she bring a friend along, and proposed that my wife write of the plan to the mother of a girl I shall call Louise Bonham. "To look at this ash-blond temptress, you'd never guess she's a straight-A student, but such is the case," Jane continued. "Big of me to pick a genuine siren for a travelling companion, wot? Still, from what I hear, the supply of halfbacks, left tackles, and noble savages in general is going to be more than ample during the college invasion of Bermuda, so I guess I can risk asking you to invite her. Seriously, though, she's an utterly grand person who can be counted on to add greatly to the gaiety of nations."

UNFORTUNATELY, Jane succumbed to flu just before the spring vacation. She sent us a frantic cable saying that though the authorities had put her in the college infirmary, she hoped we'd still be willing to let Louise stay with us. "I suppose we'll have to say yes," my wife said to me bleakly. "The child's probably paid for her ticket and bought special clothes for the trip and everything."

So a taxi drove up to our cottage one evening a few weeks ago and delivered to us a nineteen-year-old guest we'd never seen before. I realized Jane had been right about Louise's good looks. She was not only an undeniable beauty but very attractively dressed and exceedingly animated. "Isn't it ghastly about Janie?" she cried, throwing her arms around my wife and kissing her and then doing the same to me. "Incidentally, I think you're the world's sweetest lambs to let me come and stay with you this way, when for all you knew I might have turned out to have two heads, or something!" Indicating a young man who was standing nearby, holding a pair of suitcases, she said, "This is Hank Othmer. He's coming back to pick me up after dinner, if that's all right. You'd better get back to the taxi, Hank. The meter's probably doing terrible things to you in pounds, shillings, and pence. Thanks *so* much for bringing me."

The young man went away in the taxi, and I carried Louise's suitcases to her room. A few minutes later, my wife and our guest and I sat down to dinner. "Now tell us about Hank," my wife said cozily.

"I really don't know much of anything about him," Louise answered, attacking roast lamb and little new potatoes with a stevedore's appetite. "He's just a mad character from Dartmouth who happened to be on the plane. I could bless him for paying my taxi fare, though! His idea seems to be to take me dancing at the Elbow Beach Surf Club tonight, if you don't mind my dashing off the minute I've come, so to speak."

"We want you to enjoy yourself as much as possible while you're here, of course," my wife said rather cautiously. "I think I'd better warn you, though, that taxis are dreadfully scarce in Bermuda after midnight. Make sure Hank keeps an eye on the time. If you speak to the doorman as you go in and ask him to have a taxi waiting at twelve, say, make a point of being on the dot, or someone else may get it."

"I understand." Louise nodded.

"But perhaps Hank is a responsible person in his own right," my wife added hopefully. "I thought he seemed very nice."

Louise gave my wife an enchanting smile. "We shall see," she said.

"Do you know many of the young

"And you'll have this excellent view of the river from time to time."

Keeping a finger on 14,000,000 pulsebeats

In fiction and in Hollywood, city editors are typed as hardboiled obscenities. In actuality, the men who command a metropolitan newspaper's city desk are more likely to be modest gentlemen who think fast, act fast, speak low, and never get excited.

Indeed, no matter how hot the news rages, you'd find the block-long city room of The New York Times just about the quietest place in town, and the city desk the calmest. How else could it effectively keep a knowing, probing finger on the pulsebeats of the 14,000,000 citizens whose lives and welfare are its primary news concern?

The city desk of The New York Times covers the news of the most populous metropolitan area in the world. It reaches into New York State, New Jersey and Connecticut. It covers tiny hamlets. It covers the huge city itself. It is manned by Frank S. Adams, the city editor, and several assistants. They direct the activities of some 130 local and suburban reporters and 150 suburban correspondents.

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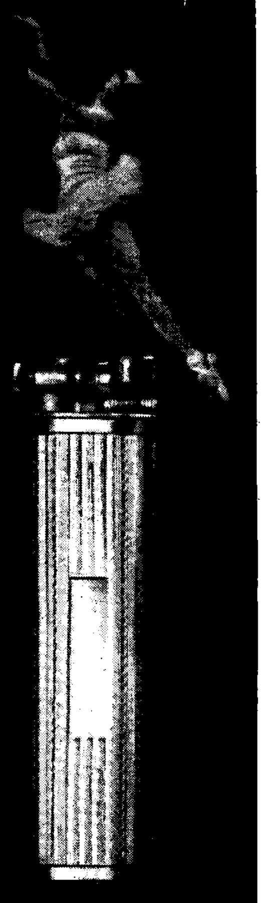

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people who are coming down here for their spring vacation?" I asked.

"*Hordes!*" Louise said happily. "Mostly Yale, but quite a lot of Brown and Williams, too, and some Amherst and some Bowdoin, and so on. They won't all be here at the same time, either, which is fortunate." Jane and Louise, who are honor students and entitled to cut classes wholesale, had asked us for permission to make a somewhat longer visit than their spring vacation would ordinarily allow. "If they *were* to be here at the same time, some perfectly innocent sambas and rumbas might turn into *bullfights!*" she told us.

Soon after we'd finished our coffee, Hank arrived and claimed Louise, who kissed us again, informing Hank that we were "utter and perfect dears," and departed.

My wife patted my hand. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm afraid I've let you in for a good deal of turmoil."

"Well, I don't mind the kissing part," I said.

Louise slept until quite late the next morning. There were two or three phone calls from her friends, but we told them she'd ring them back later. She pleased my wife very much, when she appeared, by insisting on preparing her own breakfast and by putting the kitchen in good order afterward. When she had finished, she came into the living room, where my wife and I were, and, going over to a window, admired the view in extravagant terms. Suddenly her tone became thoughtful. "Who owns the little dock?" she inquired. "Does it belong to you, or does it go with the pink cottage just beyond yours? It seems to be halfway between."

"The pink cottage belongs to a Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, from Ottawa, and we share the dock," my wife said.

"Oh," Louise said, sounding disappointed. "Then I suppose it must be Mr. Drummond who's going down for a swim."

"He's elderly and never goes near the water, but they have a Canadian fellow staying with them who goes down a couple of times a day," I said. "Man named Macpherson. He had some kind of back injury or spine trouble, or something, I believe, and they invited him here to recuperate. He still isn't able to swim, but he sunbathes."

Louise had brightened considerably. "There's certainly nothing *visibly* wrong with Mr. Macpherson's back,"

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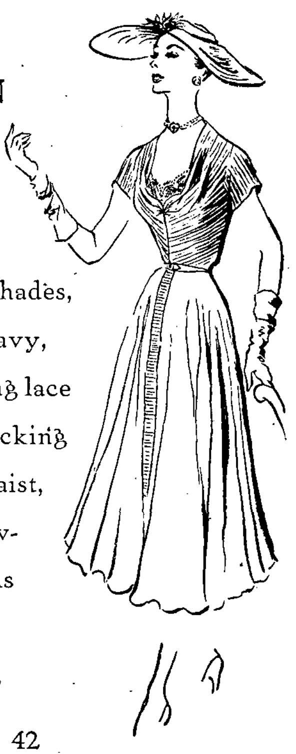

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she reported. "He's turning now, and I can see the front view. If anything, it's even more impressive."

"Macpherson's quite a specimen," I said.

"Custom-built," Louise murmured. "Apart from his back injury, or whatever, the gentleman appears to be in rude health."

"Well, he's with the R.C.M.P., and I imagine they have to take pretty good care of themselves," I said.

"What's the R.C.M.P.?" Louise asked.

"Mounted police," I said. "*You* know. Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

"Not *really!*" she cried, and pretended to clutch at the draperies, as if to keep from swooning. "It can't be true. It simply can't be true!"

"When I was a boy, I went to school in Canada, and I remember the mounted police we used to see always looked very fit," I said. "In fact, the R.C.M.P. trained only about a mile from where we were, and we used to like to go over and watch them take hurdles."

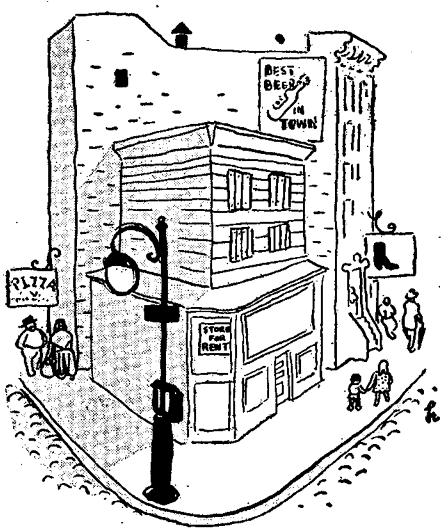
Louise was staring out the window again. "I've never seen a real one before," she said. "Only the M-G-M kind."

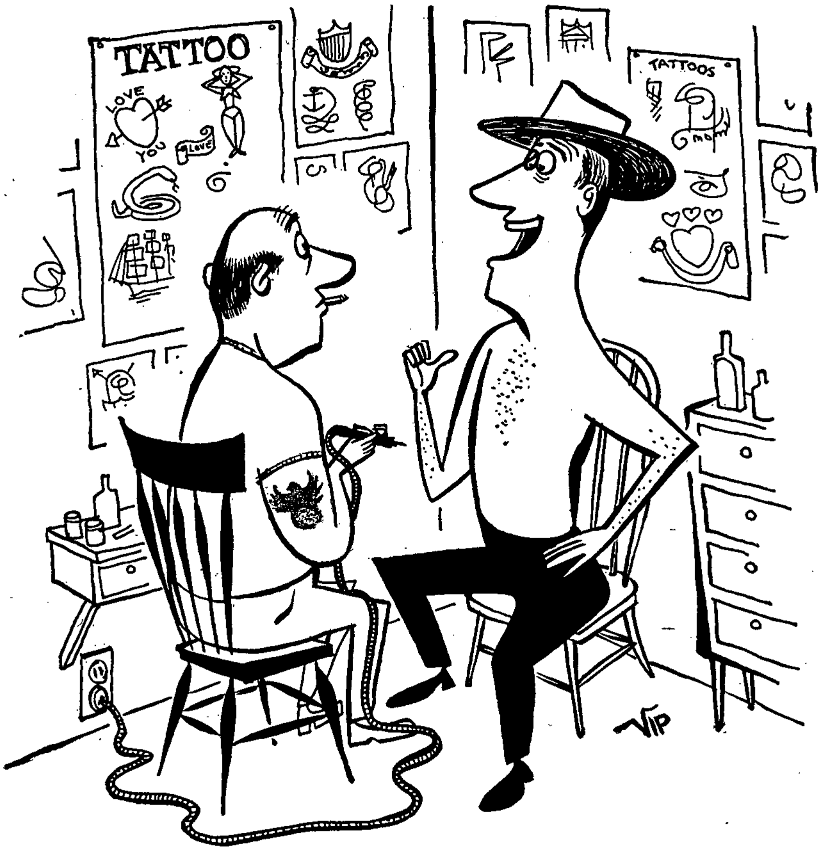
"How was it at Elbow Beach last night?" I asked. "Did you have fun?"

"Sort of," she said absently.

My wife, who had gone to reconnoitre the refrigerator before phoning for supplies, returned and said, "Thank you for leaving the kitchen in such beautiful order, Louise. By the way, have you made any special plans for today?"

Louise turned from the window at last. "Well, I'd thought of renting one of those bikes they call 'motor-assisted,' so I could get around in the daytime without spending a fortune on taxis. I





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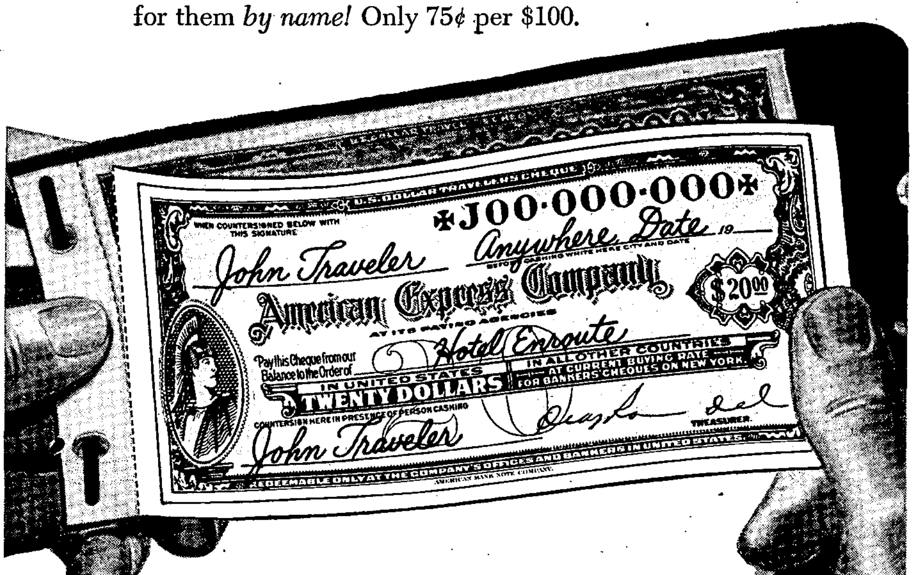

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don't know exactly about today, though. I *had* sort of promised to go to a picnic on the South Shore with some people. But now I don't know—it seems silly to go biking all the way over there just to swim and eat a sandwich."

"We always have plenty of picnic materials on hand, and we have several pint thermoses for coffee or soup or cold drinks," my wife said. "So if you ever do want to make up a box lunch, go right ahead."

Louise thanked her, but hastened to say, "What I meant was, I'd like to try the water *here*, my first day."

"Good!" my wife said in a businesslike tone. "That means three for lunch, then. I'd like to telephone a grocery order, but perhaps you'd better make those calls of yours first, if they won't take too long."

Louise went to the phone, and my wife and I managed to find duties to occupy us elsewhere. Not long afterward, Louise, wearing a morsel of coral-pink bathing attire, appeared on a terrace where I was cultivating a flower bed. "Have you cooked up some interesting things to do?" I asked.

"A bit of this and a bit of that, but everything's still in the discussion stage," she said lightly. Giving me her loveliest smile, she went on, "I simply explained that today I was busy seeing a little something of *Bermuda*," and started down the path to the dock with a youthful grace and buoyancy that was pleasant to watch.

THE Louise who sat down to lunch with us was far from buoyant. Instead, she was strangely subdued and reflective. She was wearing a plain white dress and very little makeup.

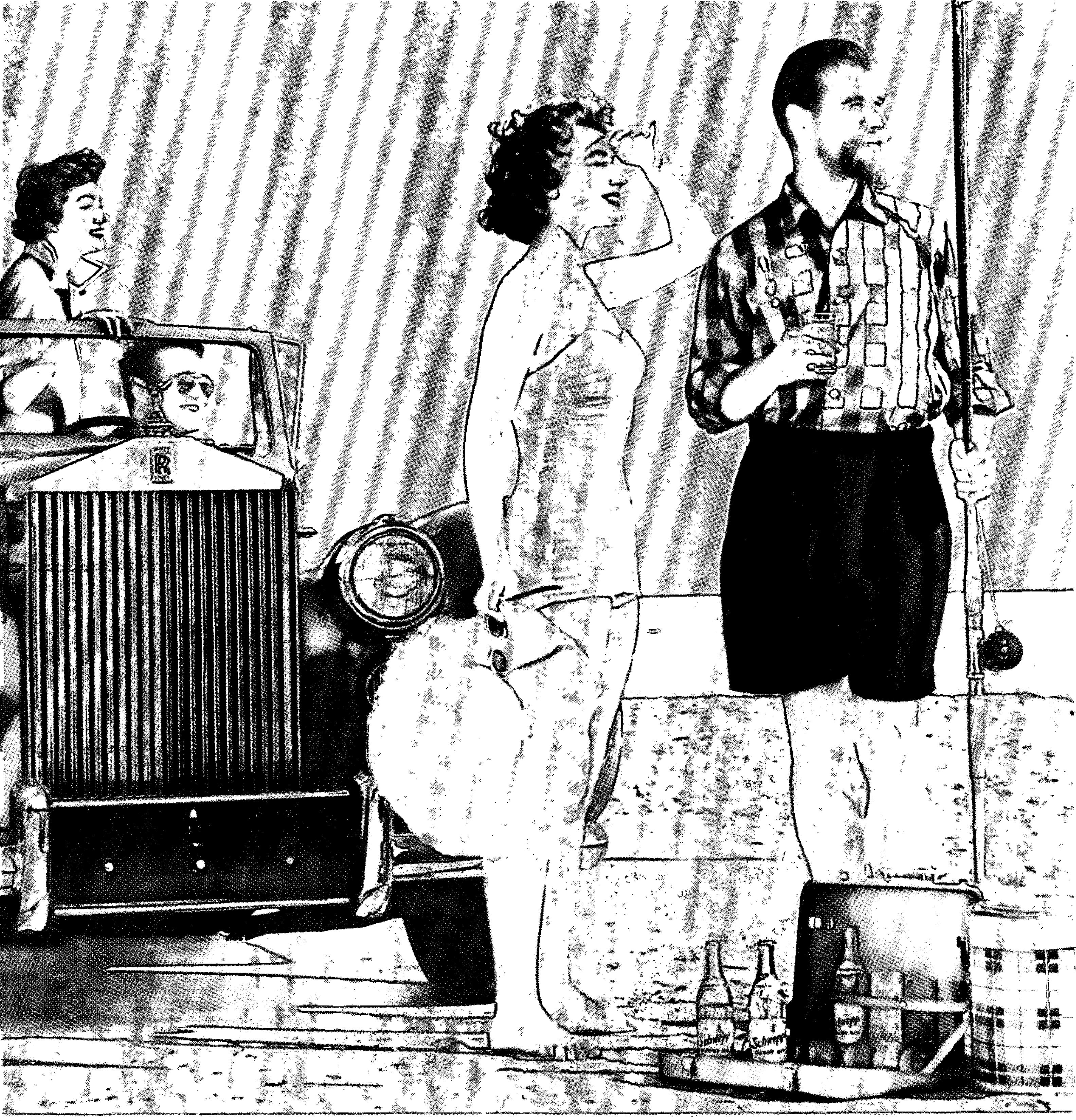
"Will you be at home for dinner tonight, dear, or will you be going out somewhere?" my wife inquired.

"Out?" Louise repeated with a slightly puzzled air. Then she shook her head. "No," she told my wife gently. "I don't believe I'll be going out."

"How was the water this morning?" I asked, and Louise murmured that it had been delightful.

I remarked that I usually waited till afternoon for my swims. "As a rule, I seem to have too many other things to do between breakfast and lunch," I explained. "By the way, I suppose you introduced yourself to the Drummonds' house guest down at the dock. How's he feeling? Did he happen to mention how his back is coming along?"

"It may be a matter of weeks before he'll be able to report for duty again,



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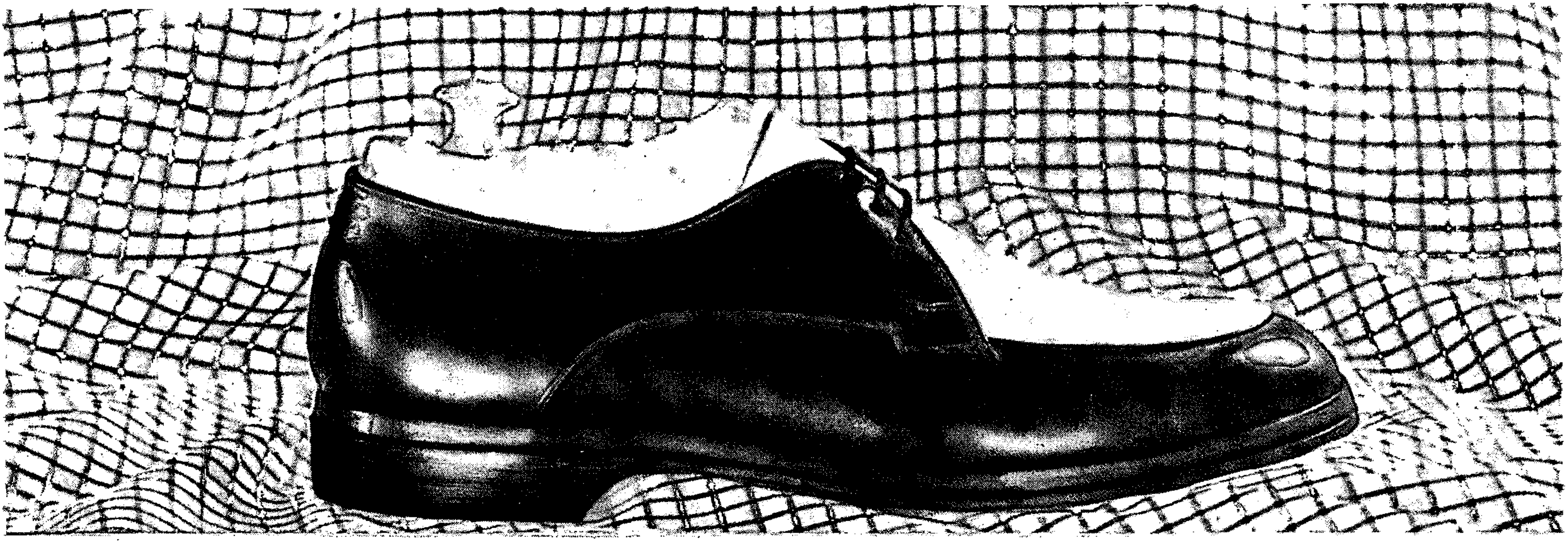

The Taylor-Made Gentry: black calf with imported white buck. Notice the Continental treatment of the sole. Style 2692. (also in brown and white, Style 5235)

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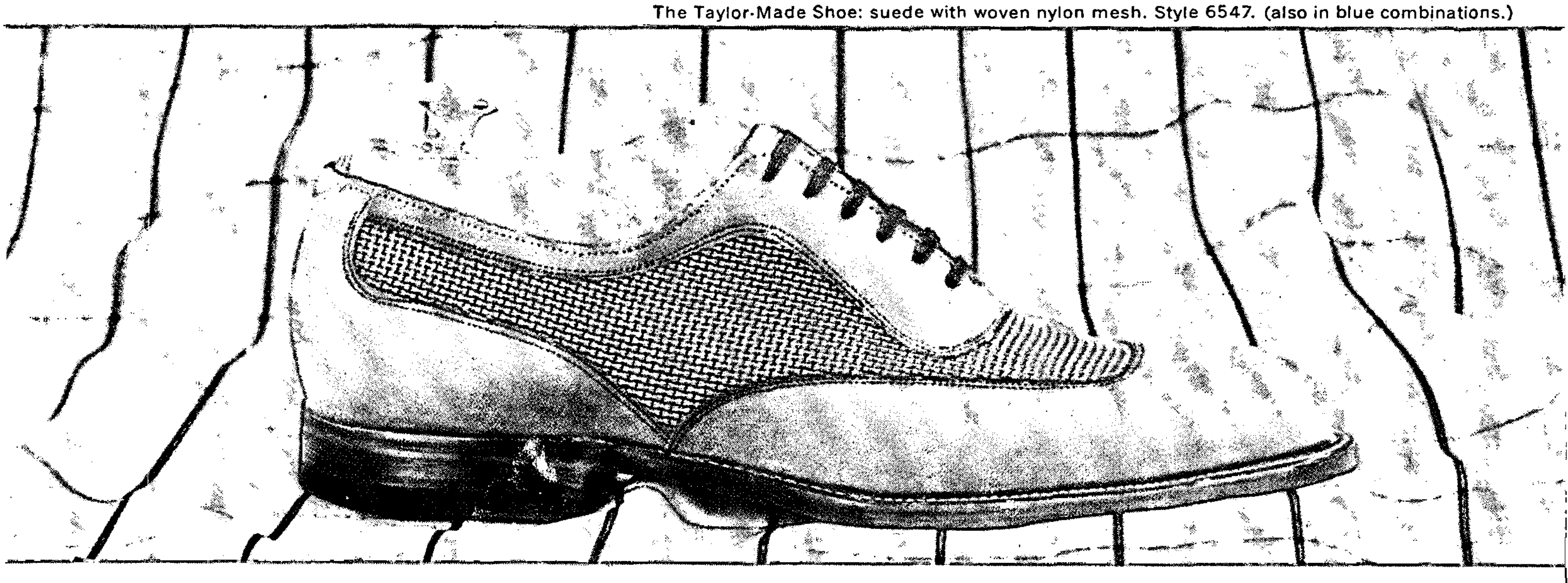
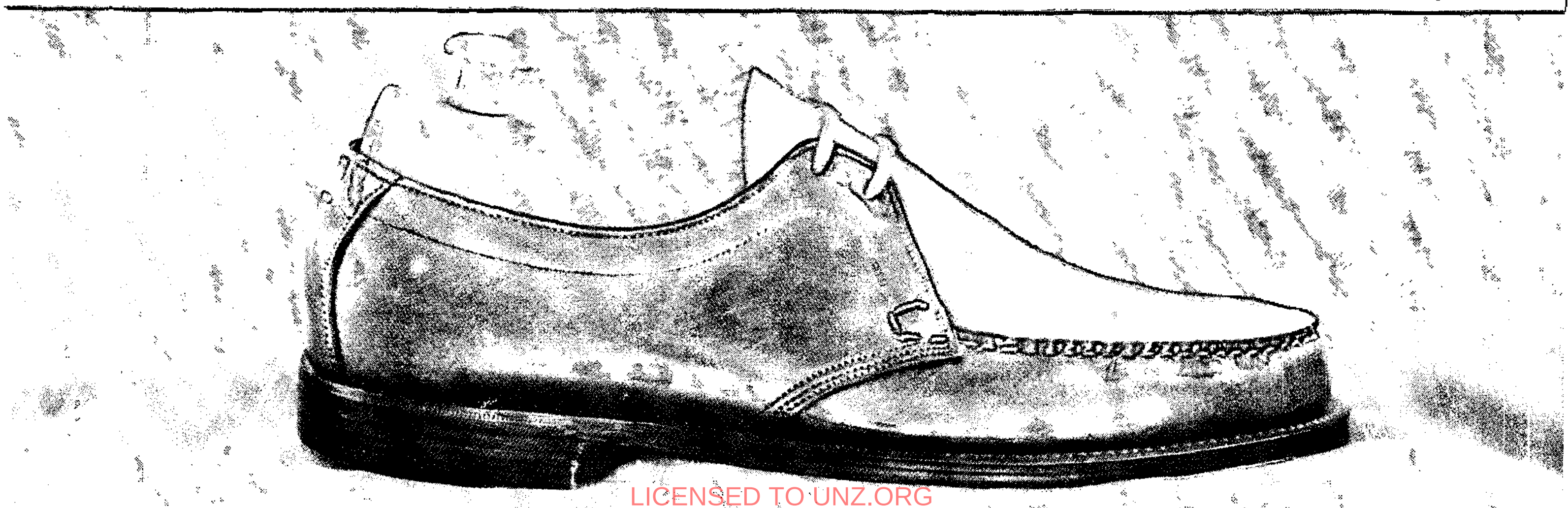


The Taylor Hand-Fashioned Informal: brown calf with imported white buck; hand-lasted; hand-sewn vamp. Style 233. (also in black and white, Style 234)



or it may be a matter of months," Louise said slowly and gravely. "A great deal will depend on what the next X-rays show." Addressing me in a tone of sombre reproach, she said, "You never told me *how* he was injured."

"I said all I knew was that he'd injured his back somehow, or come down with some kind of spine trouble," I reminded her. "The Drummonds didn't go into detail about it before he got here, and Macpherson and I have had only a couple of very brief chats."

"He was struck by a falling rock while he was policing British Columbia," Louise said reverently. "The impact did something to one of his spinal discs."

"I know how painful that can be," I said. "A friend of mine in New York has been having the same kind of trouble."

Louise frowned at me. "Inspector Macpherson was on his way to arrest a man who was wanted in three provinces for robbing restaurants that stay open all night," she said.

"I can see you've been doing some investigating," I remarked amiably. "I didn't even know his rank."

"He's really a Sub-Inspector, but he's entitled to be *called* Inspector," Louise said with great firmness.

"Well, he's told you a lot more than he's ever told me," I remarked. "I'd have described him as monosyllabic."

Louise sighed. "Yes, he is, rather," she agreed. "He really didn't tell me much else. Most of the time he just lay there on the dock, with his face down, getting tanned. I suppose he was thinking about his work."

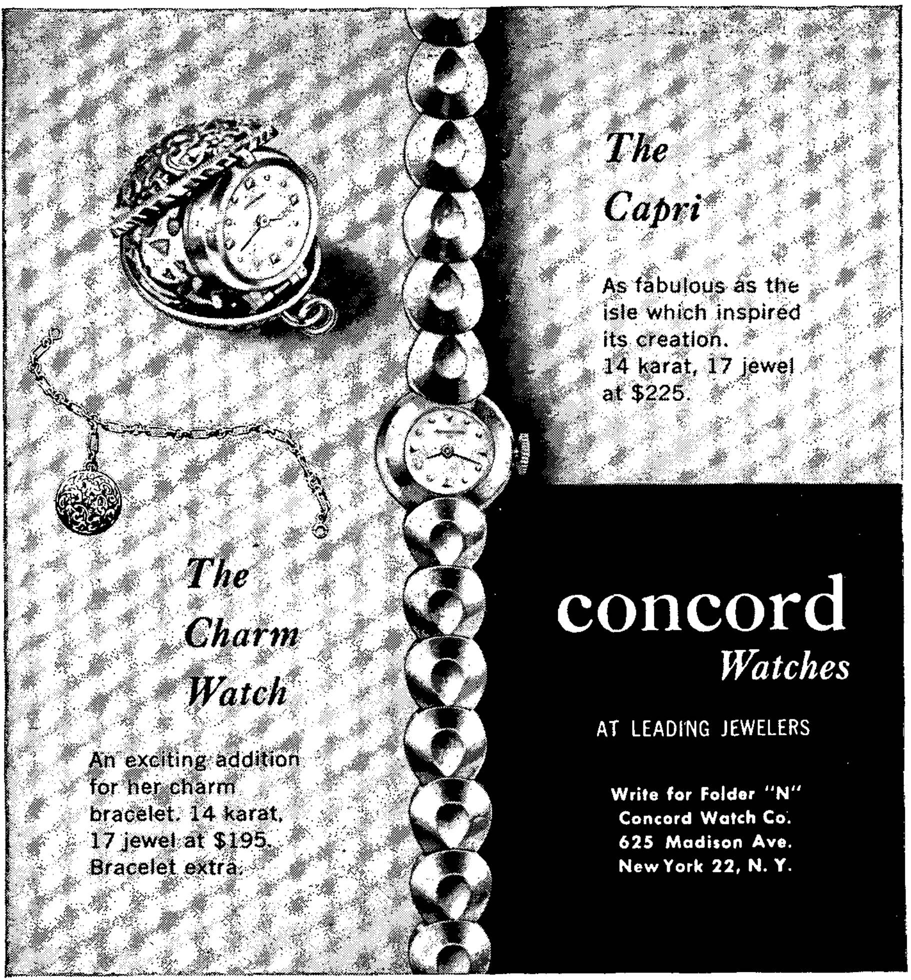
My wife sighed, too. "Perhaps he was thinking about his wife," she said.

Louise put down her knife and fork. "You don't mean he's *married?*" she gasped. "I asked him whether he had a wife back home in Canada, and he shook his head and said 'No.' "

"It's this way, dear," my wife said. "He *was* married—and to the loveliest person imaginable, Mrs. Drummond tells us—and then a year and a half ago the Macphersons were in an airplane accident. Inspector Macpherson had a lucky escape, but his wife was killed instantly."

"*Oh!*" Louise said. "I *see!*" Then she murmured softly, "The poor man! Think of him trying to carry on, all alone!"

There was another phone call for Louise, and my wife and I couldn't help overhearing what she said. "This coming Friday? Oh dear! *Much* as I'd love to hear some calypso singing, I'm



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afraid the Parkers want me to be here on Friday night. For a dinner party, or something."

My wife looked at me and raised her eyebrows. "*How* peculiar!" she said.

"What's peculiar about the good, old-fashioned runaround?" I asked.

After helping my wife with the lunch dishes, Louise took a book out to a terrace chaise longue, where she lay immobile for more than an hour, neither reading nor sleeping. I was again working in the flower beds nearby. "Going for a swim with me?" I asked eventually.

She shielded her eyes with her hands and studied the dock. "Is it time yet?" she asked doubtfully.

"There's no special time," I said. "We can go down whenever we want to."

LOUISE and I went off to get ready for our swim, and presently we met again on the terrace. She was wearing a long, white terry-cloth robe over her bathing suit. Not only was she as modestly clad as a young postulant but there was even something dedicated about her manner.

When we reached the dock, Macpherson was there and was having his afternoon sunbath. "Hello, Macpherson," I said. "I won't bother to introduce Louise, because I gather you and she met this morning and are old friends by now."

"Yes, indeed," Macpherson said courteously.

"I only *hope* we are," Louise said with a strange intensity, ending on a note that was perhaps faintly questioning. She gracefully arranged herself in a half-reclining position in his immediate vicinity.

"Oh, quite," Macpherson said.

"I've been thinking about Canada and about what a wonderful country it must be," Louise said earnestly. "*Tell* me about Canada, Inspector. About policing British Columbia, for example. What was it really like?"

Macpherson appeared to give the matter thoughtful consideration for several moments, and then replied with the utmost politeness, "Rough work." Having delivered this economical summary, he rolled over on his stomach, stretched his long arms to expose them to the sun, and lowered his head.

Louise sat beside him in silence for a while. Presently she said, ever so gently, "I know I'd love Canada."

Macpherson's reply was somewhat muffled because his lips were almost

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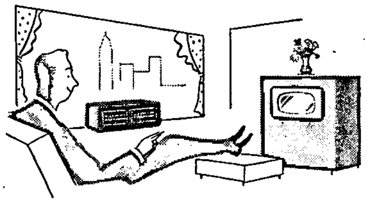

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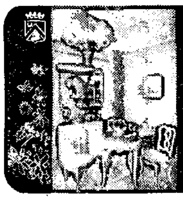

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touching the planks of the dock. I believe what he said was "Gets cold in winter, but it's all right the rest of the year."

"And I think it's so wonderful that we have an unguarded frontier," Louise continued with infinite tenderness. "If only other countries could learn to trust each other the way *we* do!"

"Mmm," Macpherson agreed.

"Do you know what I sometimes wish?" Louise asked him. "I sometimes wish *I* were a Canadian." She pensively studied Macpherson's admirable back for a few moments, and then resumed her musings. "I suppose if I'd been born in Canada I'd probably be going to McGill now," she said.

Macpherson raised his head. He seemed interested. "That's where my daughter hopes to go," he said. "Peggy has her heart set on becoming a doctor, and, of course, McGill has a fine medical school, the best in Canada. She may change her mind, but I think the chances are she won't. She says she wants to be a pediatrician."

"You have a *daughter*?" said Louise, aghast. "How— how old is she?"

"Nearly your age," Macpherson said kindly. "Sixteen."

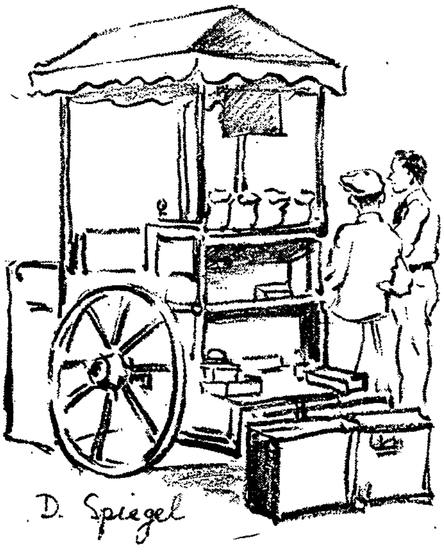
"But I don't see how it's possible!" Louise cried. "How old are *you*?"

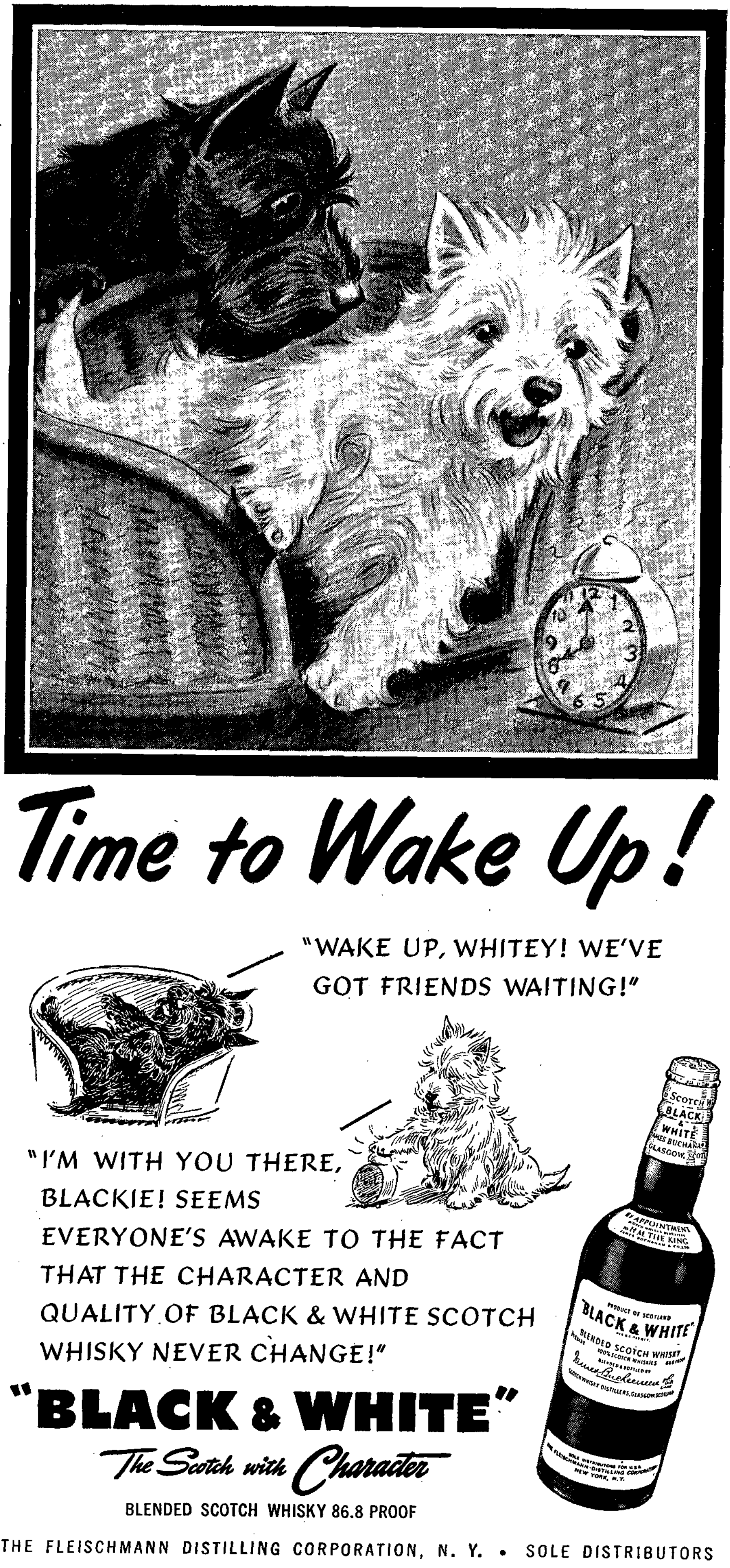
"Thirty-eight," he said pleasantly.

"But you look at *least* ten or twelve years younger than that!" Louise was beginning to speak with something very like indignation. "I'd have said you were twenty-five or six or seven!"

"Thank you," Macpherson said. He smiled at me. "I'm afraid Miss Louise goes in for flattery."

Louise stood up and slipped off her terry-cloth robe. "No, Inspector," she said coldly. "You're wrong. I leave all that kind of thing to Rose Marie!" She dived into the turquoise water, and for

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about fifteen minutes performed the Australian crawl unremittingly and with savage energy.

SHORTLY before dinner, while I was mixing Martinis and my wife was spreading cheese on crackers, Louise informed us she'd decided to go out later that evening after all. "A man's coming for me around nine," she said. "He says there's a wonderful Dixieland band at the Princess he wants me to hear."

My wife asked who the man was.

"A mad character from Amherst y-clept Sam Warburton," Louise said gratefully. —JAMES REID PARKER

•

BLOSSOMTIME IN PATCHOGUE

[*A letter from a Patchogue (L.I.) tree-expert company to one of its clients*]

DEAR MR. H——:

Thank you for your brief note at the bottom of our recent spray letter, authorizing us to proceed with the work at the proper time. We will take care of the evergreens for the control of Red Spider and later on the Japanese Beetle application.

In response to your note asking, "is it time to spray apple trees"—apple trees have two values on the landscape. One is for fruit bearing purposes; the other is for the ascetic value from the standpoint of blossoms and the charm that old apple characters lend to the landscape.

In the first instance, spraying for fruit can be started at once, applying five or ten applications for the promotion of fruit. These applications will start at once and will run through until the fruit is nearly fully developed.

Second fruit trees can be sprayed simply to keep them healthy for their ascetic value, spraying them once with a dormant spray for the control of Scale and Aphids and later a spray to keep Tent Caterpillars and insects from eating the foliage. In this instance you forget the fruit entirely.

What did you have in mind regarding the spraying of apple trees?

Good wishes and kind regards, I am,

Yours truly,

•

If we ever needed complete mobilization for defense, we need it now—today. And *it can not wait!* That drilling—that sound of digging—in a basement—in a sewer! Who is it? What are they doing? We must know who that smiling stranger is who moved in next door—across the street—who opened a little shop down the block—who appeared one day as the efficient janitor of our home or office building! EVERYONE must be investigated and accounted for. The atom mine may come riding down the street in some innocent appearing lad's homemade jalopy . . . or under that pile of old rags in the junkman's rickety truck . . .
—*Adv. in the Chicago American.*

Truck nothing! It's a wagon. And we don't like the way that horse smiles, either.

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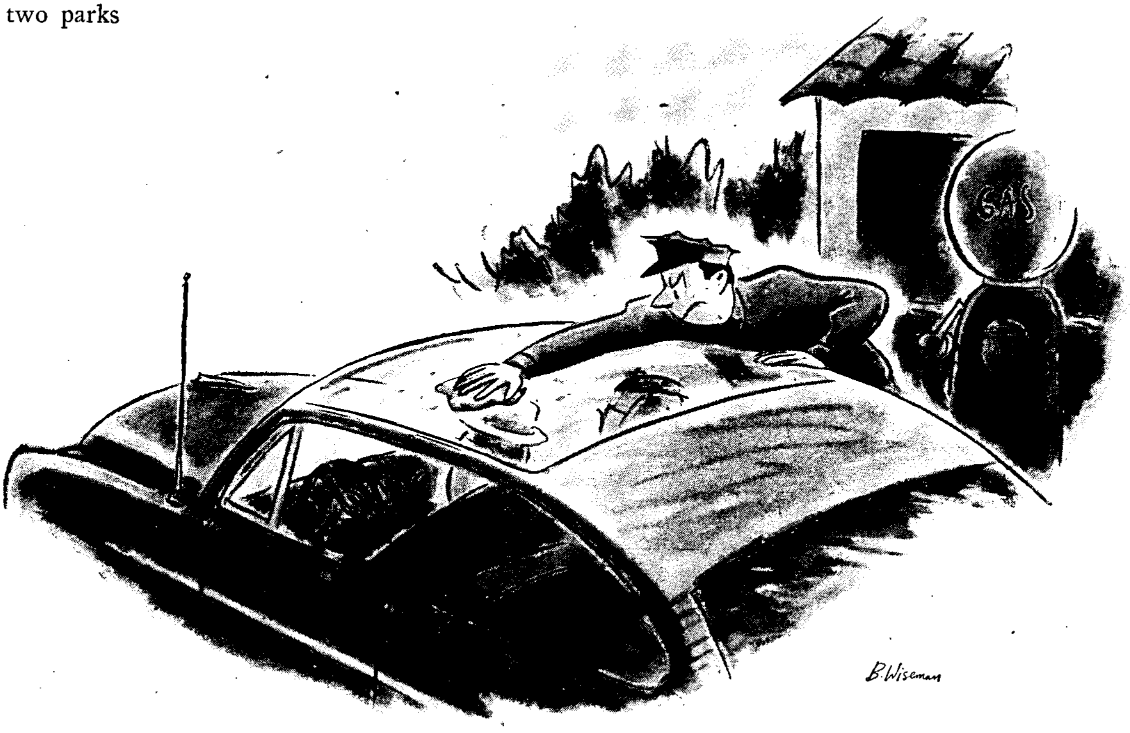
A REPORTER AT LARGE

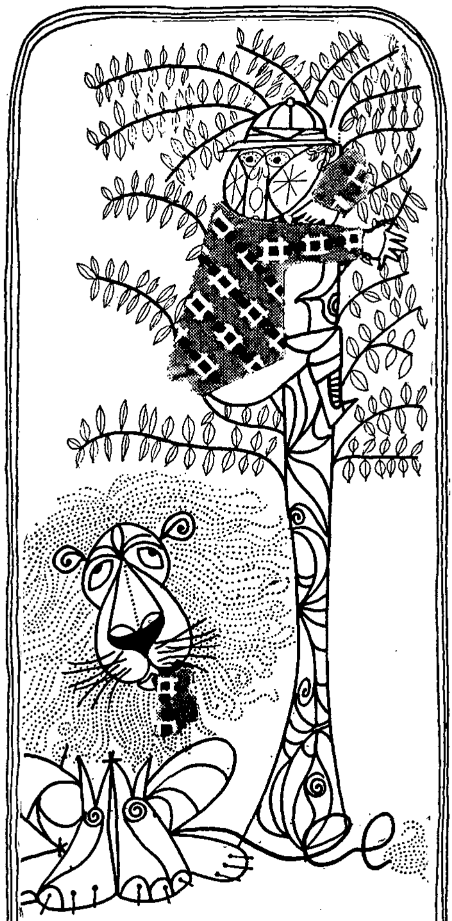
IT'S THE ILLUSION THAT COUNTS

THE amusement park, as a national institution, seems to have gone into a decline, and I, for one, am sorry about it. When I was a boy, any city the size of Rochester, Albany, or New Haven, say, had at least one—complete with roller coaster, merry-go-round, Ferris wheel, peanut stands, and shooting galleries—lying somewhere on the outskirts, preferably by a body of water. (Some kind of liquid area, even if it was only the pond into which the shoot-the-chute boats were precipitated, or a fountain that was illuminated at night, seemed to be a necessity for such places.) In large part, I believe, these resorts were developed by the local streetcar companies, as an incitement to travel. Much as safety-razor manufacturers nowadays will almost give you a razor, on the fairly tenable assumption that from then on you'll be a steady customer for their blades, so the traction companies in the old days would go to great lengths to promote an amusement park, to the end that, once it was established, thousands of streetcar riders would have a tempting evening and weekend destination. They were right, too. There was no finer way of getting to an amusement park (of getting anywhere, I sometimes think) than to ride out to it in the cool of a summer evening on an open trolley—if possible, on the front seat, behind the motorman.

My own recollections center chiefly on Savin Rock, one of the two parks New Haven could boast in the nineteen-twenties and earlier. (The other was Lighthouse Point, on the headland across the bay, and if you counted the merry-go-round and the scattering of other attractions at Momauguin, farther east along the coastline, it would be possible to say that New Haven, then a city of scarcely a hundred and fifty thousand, had three—a fair indication of the popularity of such places at that time.) But I retain vivid memories, from a rather well-travelled childhood, of such widely scattered resorts as Buffalo's Erie Beach, Boston's Revere Beach, Cincinnati's Coney Island Park and Chester Park, Denver's Elitch's Gardens, Rochester's Sea Breeze Park, Bridgeport's Pleasure Beach Park, and Jantzen Beach Park, in Portland, Oregon. I have specific impressions of many of these places, too. Portland, for example, had a huge Circle Swing, which, once the cars had whirled out beyond the central loading platform, carried you entirely over water—a really lovely sensation, especially at night, when all the lights were on. Revere Beach had an exceptionally fast roller coaster, and Erie Beach, in addition to a spectacular seasonal plague of June bugs (they used to cluster on a boy's straw hat until it looked like an animated turban), had a coaster whose cars, on one uphill section, always failed to make it; they slowed, and, for one electrifying instant, stopped dead, then rolled back, onto another track, and went on—a truly memorable experience. I tried once to get out to Olentangy Park, in Columbus, Ohio. But that was in more recent years, and a number of circumstances, most of them connected with Columbus's renowned hospitality, defeated me. The name, though, has always fascinated me.

All these old amusement parks were pretty much the same, and at all of them the trolley ride out was an integral part of the excursion. An open trolley, of course, was best, and when the traction companies, moved by some foolish notions about safety or profit, or both (the same impulse, I gather, that impelled the Fifth Avenue bus company to abolish its open-top, two-decker buses), began to ring in trolleys that weren't really open but just had removable windows, they only added an inconvenience and a delay to the undertaking. We used to wait at the car stop for half an hour, if necessary, until an old-fashioned, honest-to-God open trolley came along after a procession of more modern cars. Once we were aboard it, the trolley provided a preparatory thrill to the greater thrills that would come later. Since the trolley line and the amusement park had, so to speak, grown up together, there was a simple justice throughout their relationship. The trolley approached the park in just the right way—slowly through the city, and then faster as it gained the suburbs, faster still in the open country beyond (the salt marshes, if it was a seaside resort; it was there that one got the first whiff of that tangy salt-rock-and-seaweed smell that was to flavor the rest of the day), and then slowly again, tantalizingly so, as it nosed its way along the narrow, twisting streets of the shabby little cottage settlement that had, inevitably, grown up around the park itself. By then—and how can I recapture the feeling of feverish anticipation that would by then have taken hold of





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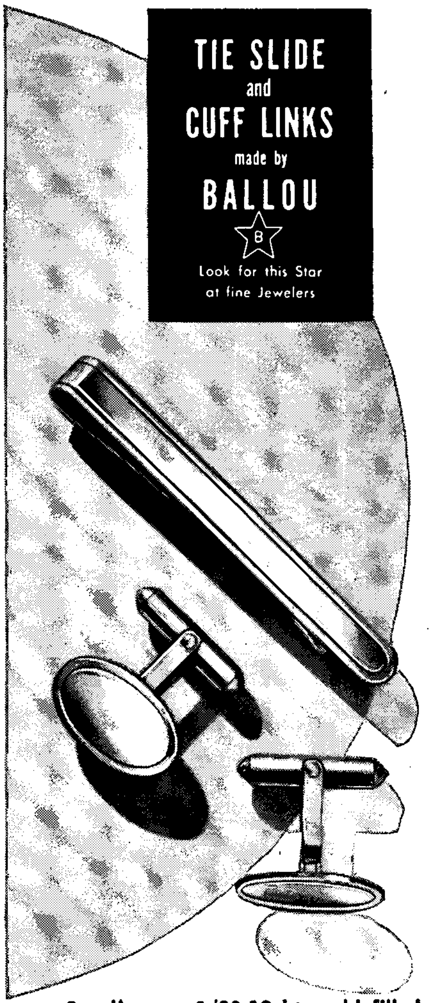
us?—one could hear, above the noise of the trolley and over the roofs of the houses intervening, the click-click of the roller-coaster safety cogs as the cars were hauled slowly up the long starting incline, the screech and blare of the merry-go-round, and the crack of shots from the shooting galleries. It was a letdown, almost—yet not really a letdown, but rather a dip between two kinds of enjoyment—when the trolley drew up at the terminus. This was usually a big, board-floored affair, racketing with the sound of hurrying feet, strung with bunting and lights, and surrounded by sideshow barkers and people selling peanuts, popcorn, canes, candied apples, and souvenir buttons, all yelling with breezy peremptoriness straight at you. Beyond them, beyond the cacophony around you, stretched the paradise itself, the amusement park.

As the trolleys declined, so did the amusement parks. The rise of the automobile, of course, played a major part in the debacle, for though automobiles made it easier to get out to the parks, *they* also made it easier to go right on past them, farther out into the country, while the speeds the motorcars could soon attain on the open road made the poor little roller-coaster and shoot-the-chute rides, formerly so exciting, seem relatively tame. (I say this dutifully, and I know that in a general way it is true, but I still feel that a ride on a roller coaster is one of man's supreme experiences.) In a queer sort of way, the motorcar degraded the resorts, too. For it permitted a man, or a man and his girl, or a family, to get off by themselves, alone—if only for a picnic on a beach or a dinner in a quiet little restaurant somewhere—in a state of such aristocratic aloofness that beside it the amusement parks, with their crowded midways and hurly-burly, seemed low-class indeed. Middle-class and upper-class people tended to avoid them, or if they went at all, it was when they were in a mood for slumming (as most people now go to Coney Island), and the old hearty, cheerful community feeling that had once inspirited the resorts just about vanished.

At any rate, and for whatever reasons, the parks are definitely on the decline. Of New Haven's resorts, only one—Savin Rock—remains, and it is, admittedly, fairly decrepit. Even so, it's unusual among cities of its size, for Rochester, Albany, and many others have none. New York, of course, once was ringed with parks—from Midland Beach, out on Staten Island, on through Coney Island on the one side, and Pal-



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isades Park, on the other, to Golden City, in Canarsie, and Starlight Park, in the Bronx. Of them all, only Coney Island (now, of course, risen to the status of an institution) and Palisades Park survive, and not long ago, moved in just about equal proportions by the nostalgia of spring and a certain wistful antiquarianism, I went over to Palisades Park to see if I could find out how it had managed to weather the trend and keep going. From what I gathered when I got there, it takes alertness, a good instinct for showmanship, and a positive passion for detail to keep a summer resort in the black nowadays.

PALISADES PARK, as practically everyone who has ever been in New York knows, is on the edge of the Palisades just across from 125th Street. It's a neat, compact little place (its total area is only some fifty acres), and it has been owned for the last twenty years by two enterprising brothers, Jack and Irving Rosenthal. The park hadn't yet opened when I visited it (it was still early April), and though I'd been told that most of the staff would be on hand supervising the last-minute arrangements, I was prepared for an atmosphere a little on the solemn side. A shut amusement park, as I was aware from experience (I've been known to go out to Coney in December, just for a look around), is one of the saddest sights imaginable—not *sad* sad, of course, but just sentimentally so—with the boarded-up rides, curtained booths, and fantastic frail towers wistfully symbolizing last summer's (all last, lost summers') excitement and gaiety.

This, however, was different. An amusement park as it faces the spring, I discovered, is a good deal like some strange, exotic village emerging from a communal hibernation and—if one can imagine it—being beset in the very moment of its awakening by a band of mildly demented archeologists intent on reconstructing its civilization, and so I confess that although I had an imminent appointment with Irving Rosenthal, the younger, and now the more active, of the brothers, I loitered a little on my way to the interview. The day, to begin with, was just about perfect—bright, brisk, and sunny—and the village, the park, looked like nothing so much as those fanciful cities, bright colored and wildly minareted, that people in spaceships are always landing on in the comic strips. Just beyond the confines of the park, the streets were lined with solid little New Jersey bungalows. But inside it, I felt, as I wandered about,

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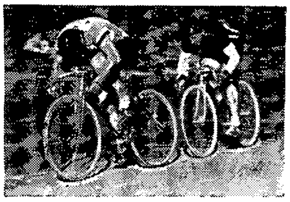

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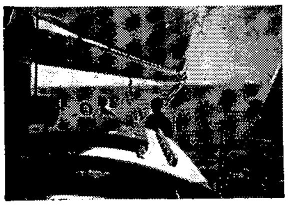

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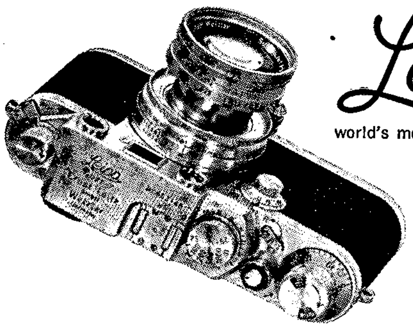

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like another Captain Video, freshly landed in the capital of the planet Zeno, with, perhaps, an antennaed but otherwise beautiful princess just around the corner.

There was activity everywhere. People walked past, this way and that, and occasionally there were greetings; occasionally, too, a truck, loaded with anything from lumber to metal sheeting, drove slowly along the concrete walk between the attractions. Just inside the entrance to the park, a group of workmen in dungarees were hosing down the drained-out canals of a motorboat ride, and across the way, inside a spindly stockade of aluminum-painted pillars, each topped by a kind of garland of small, varicolored balls, which were now all spinning and swinging in the breeze, a bulldozer was shoving the earth around while a couple of men, deeply tanned and in topcoats, looked on morosely. Next to that, at a ride called the Whip (a rather dreary one, too, I've always thought; cars trundle you around and around an oval course, the thrill being that at each end the track dips and the cars whirl around the curve dizzyingly), half a dozen men, supervised by another tanned man in a topcoat, were hammering down the steel plates on which the cars roll. Somewhere in a far corner (I never did locate the source exactly), someone was tuning a calliope, or maybe it was a merry-go-round organ, and the steady, repetitive "hoot-hoot-hoot"—tentative and yet gently insistent, as first one note and then another was tested—gave, it seemed to me, just the right musical setting to the whole scene.

I got a bearing on Mr. Rosenthal's office from the man at the Whip ("Irving? He's in the Administration Building. Down the midway and then turn left. You can't miss it"), and went on—past a man who looked like a giant in midget territory as he swept off the uneven terrain of a miniature golf course, and another who was doing something indecipherable to the targets deep inside the dark length of a shooting gallery. Farther on, and some fifty feet in the air, a man sitting in a painter's sling was adding fresh paint—green, this season, instead of yellow—to an oddly disced, convoluted tower rising above what I concluded was a hot-dog stand.

I WAS glad afterward that I'd had my solitary stroll, for though Mr. Rosenthal and I very soon covered the same ground, it was in somewhat less meditative fashion. Rosenthal,

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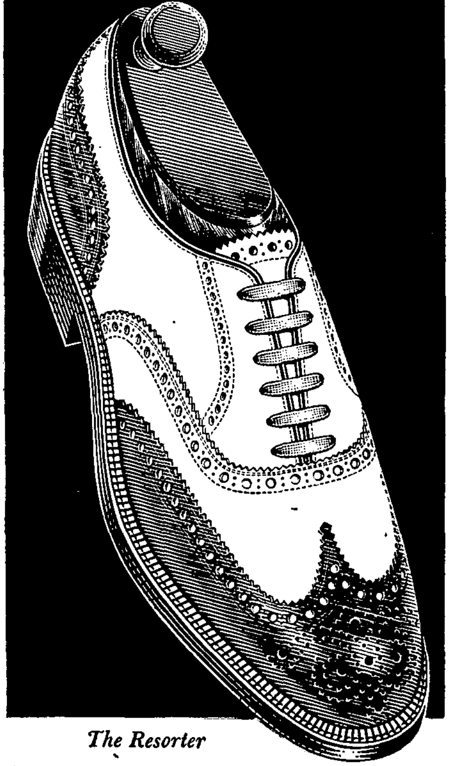

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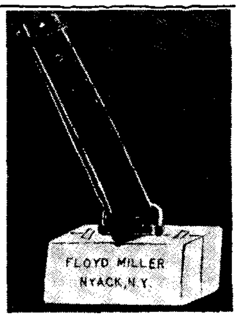

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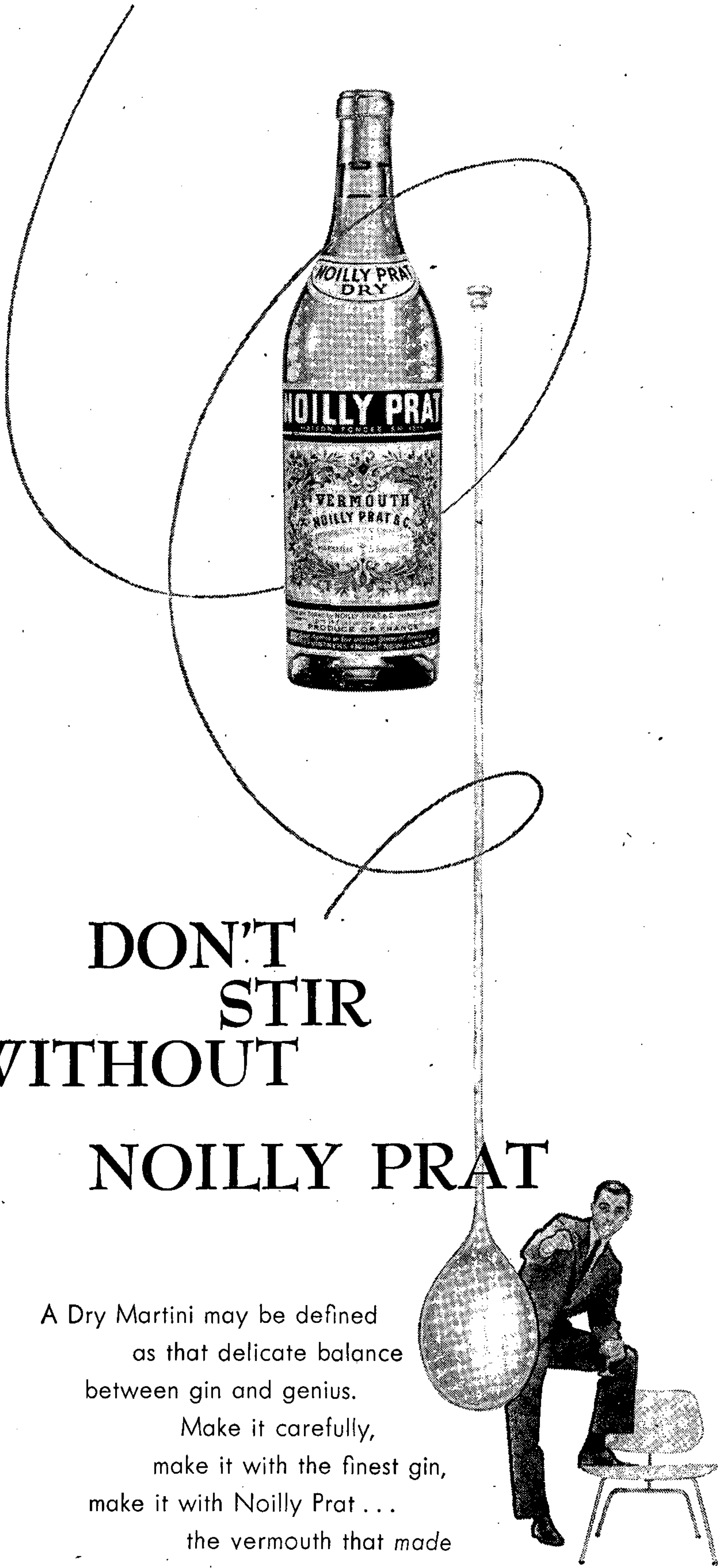
whose office is on the ground floor of the park's neat, brick-walled Administration Building, is a short, pleasant-mannered man with a large, alert face, a mane of graying hair, and, it soon became apparent, considerable energy. He is fifty-three, and was born on the Lower East Side, he told me later; I also learned, to my delight, that he had got into the amusement business by way of a small souvenir stand at my own old favorite, Savin Rock. He had originally wanted to be a dentist but had given that idea up because, as he remarked to me, "there's more money in the amusement business." He had hardly greeted me in his office before he rose and, in almost the same motion, reached for his hat.

"Let's go out for a look around," Mr. Rosenthal said. "I'm a man that likes movement." He paused briefly while he opened the building's outer door for me, and then went on talking. "You never get anywhere standing still," he said. "Here, for instance, we make it a rule to bring in at least four new attractions each year. We plan them two years in advance and we scour the world for them—Europe, Germany, everywhere. We've got a new one going in now. You've read those stories about Vero Beach and the Dodgers, and those mechanical devices they've got down there for the ballplayers to practice on? Well, we've got the same setup going in here, over near the entrance. There's a bulldozer levelling it off now, and it'll feed balls to the batter, field them—everything. It's fabulous! Maybe you saw it as you came in? . . . You did?" He lost interest immediately. We were by now walking briskly across a sort of esplanade fronting on the still empty swimming pool, with the midway opening out beyond it. I have always been fascinated by the park's swimming pool, which promises, and actually provides, surf bathing on top of the Palisades, some five hundred feet above sea level. This, for me, makes it a phenomenon ranking with the pool at the old Hippodrome, into which, in my childhood, whole squads of performers used to walk, apparently unscathed, and I seized this opportunity to ask my guide about its operation.

"It's all done with pontoons," Mr. Rosenthal said rather perfunctorily. "We've got a model back in the office. I'll tell you about it later. Biggest outdoor pool in the world, too. A great attraction. It's fabulous!" He waved a hand at the tall steel structure of a Ferris wheel standing over to one side, its circular frame still bare of



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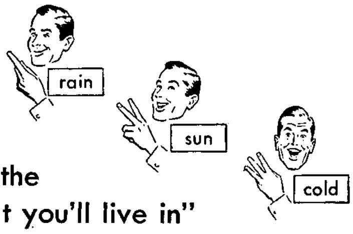

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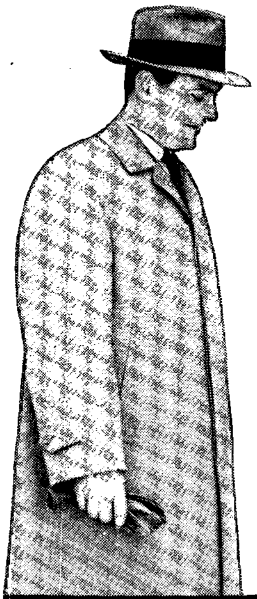

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cars. "That's new, too," he went on. "We had a dead spot here. You know, people get into a groove, and they circle, down the midway, over to the vaudeville stage—we give them two shows daily. Big-time acts, too." He was off on what proved to be the first of a number of extended digressions. "Why, with that, the shows, and the dancing—name bands, too; this park was the first to use name bands anywhere in the country; back in 1912 that was. And with that, and the souvenirs—did you know we give away a plate worth thirty-two cents, wholesale, to every person that comes through the gate Monday nights? Well, with that it's worth not just a quarter, not a half dollar, either. It's worth a dollar just to come in here!" I hadn't yet learned what it costs to get into the park, and I asked him. "Twenty cents weekdays, a quarter on weekends," Mr. Rosenthal said, and then, completing his earlier thought, "So we put in the Ferris wheel to pull them over this way a little. Look at that!"

Mr. Rosenthal stopped short, and seized my arm with one hand; with the other he pointed at a sort of refreshment stand, small in size but as bravely towered and spired as any, and his manner changed on the instant from that of the guide or expositor to something more like a connoisseur's. "Look at those colors!" he said. "See those yellows, the way they blend in with the orchids, and then fade into the greens below. Why, it's fabulous! It's like a fairyland!" Mr. Rosenthal, I was discovering, has the true showman's lack of self-consciousness in speaking of his own creations, but in this case his description was, if anything, reticent; Palisades, eschewing the traditional red and white of most parks, has been going in for profuse and varied shadings, and the little building he was pointing at looked as lusciously parti-colored as a piece of Italian pastry. "Fabulous!" Mr. Rosenthal said again. "And yet it's only a hot-dog stand! Or that one over there," and he gave my arm a slight tug, to direct my attention to the façade of one of the rides, farther on, done in blues, pinks, and yellows. "Why, we spend thirty-five thousand dollars on our paint job alone, every year. Pastel shades everywhere. We've got a fellow, Jack Ray, from California, who comes on every year to pick out the colors," and again he waved a hand. "Fabulous!" he repeated, inclusively. Then his manner became, for an instant, melancholy. "But do you think people realize?"

Breaking in momentarily, I assured

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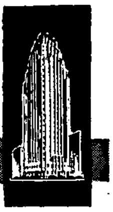

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Mr. Rosenthal that I thought they did, and he beamed. I was being completely honest, too, for the colors, despite their variety, have a kind of mad rightness about them. They make the whole park look like a giant candy concoction—or, as I had first decided, some weird imaginary city of outer space. When I told Mr. Rosenthal that, he beamed still more. Then he sobered. "Well, they ought to get some sort of reaction," he said. "We spend thirty-five thousand dollars a year on the paint job alone."

I was thinking about this sum and the number of admissions it would take to raise it when Mr. Rosenthal suddenly cried, "Lights!" We were walking down the midway by then, on a course that had zigzagged a little as he stepped over to watch some work that was going on or veered to lead me past one new attraction or another. We were now standing in front of a fairly new ride called the Hot Rod, and he was nudging me so that I would inspect it. The Hot Rod is one of those rides in which the customers pilot their own vehicles—in this case, little imitation racing cars—around a winding track. It was deserted, its cars racked away under tarpaulin at one side of the entrance platform, and I was rather at a loss to see any connection between all this and my companion's exclamation. But Mr. Rosenthal has a rare, if at times slightly disconcerting, ability to talk volubly on a subject while still turning an earlier one over in his mind. I had told him at the outset that one thing that impressed me was his success in keeping his place up while so many similar resorts seemed to be going rapidly downhill, and it now appeared that he'd been pondering the matter all the time. I often got answers to my questions as a result of this sort of delayed reaction, and it added a certain cheerful inconsecutiveness to the conversation. "There are no dark spots in this park," Mr. Rosenthal went on. "Why, we've got over a million and a half electric-light bulbs and ten miles of neon in use here. We replace around ten thousand bulbs a month. And that not only lights the place up, makes it lively—you should see it at night, it's fabulous, like a fairyland—but it keeps out the rough element, too. I've seen places . . ." (He has, too. The Rosenthals, after paying their way through college by means of an accumulated group of concessions at Savin Rock, and a brief but profitable flyer in motion-picture theatres, ran Golden City, the old park at Canarsie, for some eight or ten years before finally taking over Palisades in 1934. They are rated

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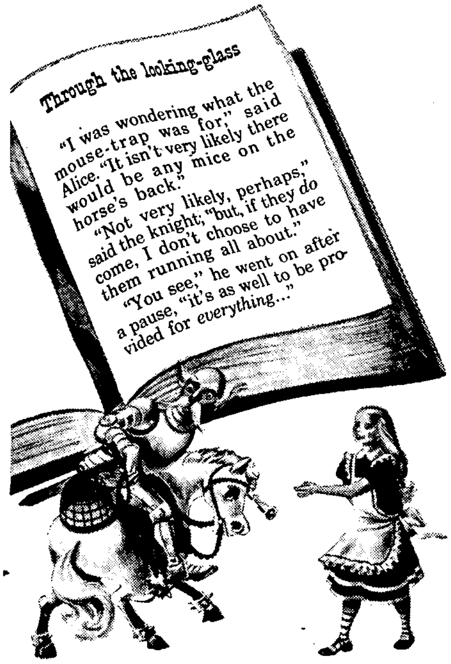

Through the looking-glass

"I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for," said Alice. "It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back."

"Not very likely, perhaps," said the knight; "but, if they do come, I don't choose to have them running all about."

"You see," he went on after a pause, "it's as well to be provided for everything..."

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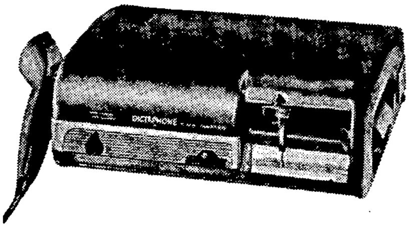

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among the shrewdest showmen in the business.) "I've seen places that were so run-down it was pitiful," Mr. Rosenthal said. "While the trolley-car companies had them, that didn't happen." He had started walking again, leaving whatever he'd been going to say about the Hot Rod unsaid. "But when they moved out, half the time someone else would move in that was only interested in milking it. You know—he'd take it on lease, or on a percentage basis, and he'd spend no money on improvements. He'd only be interested in his profits, and when he'd go, after five or six years, the place would be a ruin. It'd be fit only for hoodlums and chippies. Decent people would be avoiding it. We've got a ten-million-dollar investment here, and we mean to hold on to it. We keep it neat; we keep it clean, too." I told him I knew the place had that reputation, and he nodded enthusiastically.

As in the early days of gold mining, when towns were often classified as either "family" or "open" camps, depending on their relative peacefulness, so amusement parks might be divided between the respectable and the raffish, and if they were, Palisades would rank high in the first class. It makes a great play for the family trade, giving away household articles (like the dishes) as souvenirs, offering household appliances among the prizes at its skill games, and so on, while its rides are nicely graduated from the breathtaking to the fairly easygoing, to accommodate a variety of tastes. Its Children's Village, equipped with a junior-size merry-go-round, a pony ride, and circle swings, among other things, and including its own small roller coaster—called, incidentally, the Giant Coaster ("and you'd be surprised what a difference that 'Giant' makes," Mr. Rosenthal told me at one point. "Why, we even get grownups riding it!")—is virtually a small amusement park in itself.

"It's the only way to keep going nowadays," Mr. Rosenthal continued. "We keep it clean in more ways than one, too. We hose it down every day, and once a week, all through the season, the whole staff—and that means around twelve hundred people at the peak—reports in an hour early in the morning, and we scrub the whole place. We get it *clean*. I want to tell you, if there's as much as one speck of dirt left anywhere around here that morning, we don't open until it's been taken care of. Oh, the times are against us, I guess, but we do all right. We keep going. It's the little things that count in this busi-

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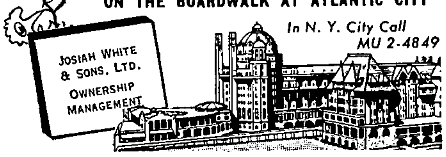

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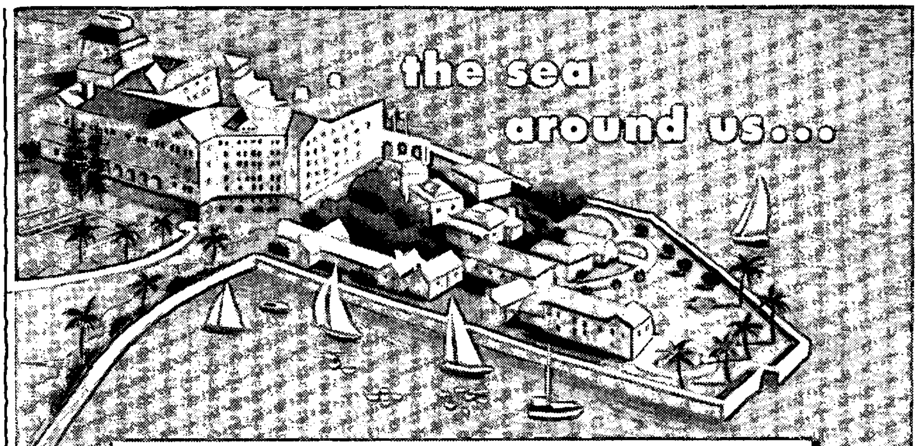
ness. Take the franks. Did you ever get a bad frank at Coney? Sure you did, but what can they do about it, the responsible people over there? There are seventy-nine separate landlords at Coney, and how can they all get together to control things? Yet food is the heart of the outdoor amusement business, and when you get people serving bad franks you get complaints, you get dissatisfaction—or you get people dropping in for a quick whirl and then going somewhere else when they get hungry. Well, the situation is different here. Here we've got just one landlord—ourselves—and when we found out bad franks were being served here, we were able to do something about it. What we did, we bought out a small packing house and took over the contracts ourselves. Now we make our own franks, to our own specifications. We grind the meat for our hamburgers, too, and squeeze fresh fruit for the orange drinks and the limeade. We've got a restaurant here—the Circus—on the cliff overlooking the river, and the food there is out of this world. It's fabulous! The drinks, too. Do you know any place outside the finest restaurants where you can get twenty-five-year-old Scotch and Chivas Regal and Drambuie—all the finest brandies, wines? You can at our restaurant! And you get a view there that that place up the river, Bill Miller's, charging much more, couldn't equal. But the franks and the burgers we take extra good care of, too. Look at that! Look at that monkey!"

Again Mr. Rosenthal nudged me to direct my attention, this time to the man I'd noticed earlier painting his way down the tower. He still hadn't reached the bottom, but he was twelve or fifteen feet lower than when I'd seen him before. "Look below him, the way the paint was," Mr. Rosenthal urged me. "Would you say it needed painting? No. But it *is* getting painted, just the same. And the lights!" He pointed to a man on a stepladder who was painstakingly screwing electric-light bulbs into a solid bank of sockets filling the underside of a marquee, which was shaped a little like the top of a grand piano and striped green and violet in color, and overhung the entrance to one of the



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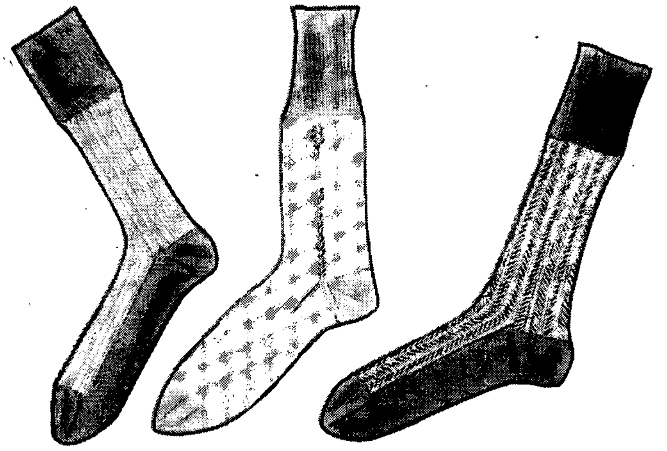

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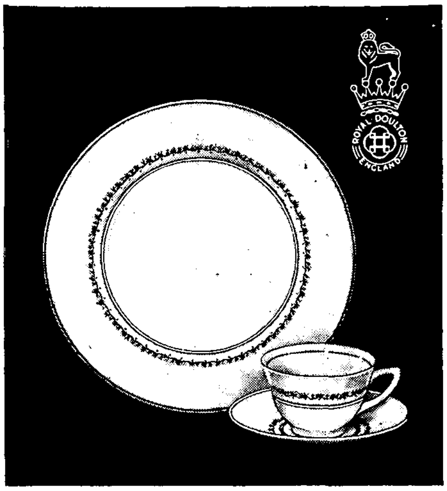

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rides. "There are thirty-eight hundred lights on that ride alone. Why, even the World's Fair in its heyday—" he cried, and then, for the moment, words failed him. "And yet it's only a Tunnel of Love!" he went on after he had recovered himself. "That Hot Rod back there, I wanted to tell you. I don't know if you noticed, but the cars on it are authentic reproductions of real racing cars. The Ferrari, the Bugatti—I don't know the names of all of them."

We had nearly completed our round of the park by now, on a roughly rectangular course that had taken us down the midway, then left, past the entrance and the boat ride, and then left again, past the Children's Village. As I've said, all amusement parks are pretty much alike, and Palisades has most of the standard attractions—roller coaster, Ferris wheel, merry-go-round, fun house, and circle swings of one sort and another, all interlarded with booths of the dart-throwing, ring-tossing, try-your-skill-win-a-valuable-prize variety—and Mr. Rosenthal had shown me, or at least indicated, most of these in passing. He had also shown me a few newer ones. For instance, there was the Rodeo, an ingenious combination of the merry-go-round and the shooting gallery, in which the riders, as they revolve, take pot shots with electronically registering pistols at a series of pictures of desperadoes displayed in the center—the gimmick being, as Mr. Rosenthal explained, that if you miss, the villain shoots back at you. And there was another device, somewhat more impressive, called the Magnet-Drome, in which the customers are gathered inside a huge vertical drum, which is then rotated, faster and faster, until they're pinned immovably against its circumference, at which point the floor drops away and, amid lightning flashes and rumblings of thunder, the participants are left, for a few giddy, whirling moments, suspended in space. It struck me as no more than a variation on that whirling-saucer affair they've had at Steeplechase Park for years, but Mr. Rosenthal, who certainly ought to know, assured me it was something special. "The funny thing is none of these rides sound like much when you describe them," he said. "It's the illusion that counts, and when that floor drops away from beneath people's feet, it gets them. It had them screaming in Germany, where we found it."

WE paused for a while under the park's big electric sign that stands on the edge of the cliff ("a landmark

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for all New York," Mr. Rosenthal told me), to look across the river at the truly wonderful panorama of uptown Manhattan, set out neat and precise, every detail exact and glittering in the clear afternoon sunlight. I'd begun to have a feeling that our exploration was just about over, but Mr. Rosenthal had other plans for me, and now we headed over toward the main roller coaster, which stands off a little to one side but, as the big, sprawling, ponderous structures always do, still dominates all the lesser attractions. "There's one man here I want you to meet," he said, and when we found the man, walking slowly ahead of us past a row of shut booths, he introduced him with something of a flourish, crying, "Joe McKee! He's our superintendent here and I want to say now we're lucky to have him. He's a real old-timer, Joe is. How long you been in the amusement business, Joe?"

Mr. McKee, a stocky man in a plain blue suit, has iron-gray hair, gentle brown eyes, and a deeply jowled, placid face. He looked a little uneasy in the face of these encomiums. "Well, I started in 1905, working on the old Luna Park, in Pittsburgh," he said slowly. "You can figure it out."

Mr. Rosenthal beamed at him. "Joe and his wife—he's the president of the National Showmen's Association and she's the president of the Ladies Auxiliary, first time that ever happened—they've got over a hundred years in show business between them," he told me. "And yet the funny thing is that though they were born less than a mile from each other, they had to wait till they met in an amusement park to get together. How many roller coasters d'you think you've built, Joe?"

Mr. McKee glanced at me. "That's right," he said. "We were born right in the same neighborhood, in Pittsburgh. But it wasn't till Chester Park, out in Cincinnati—I was building a coaster there and she was working as a cashier—that I met her. I don't really know, Irving," he went on, taking up the subjects in order. "But I could say that I've had to do with at least three hundred of them."

"Three hundred!" exclaimed Mr. Rosenthal, still beaming. "Joe is one of the very few coaster designers left around. How many are there still, Joe?"

"I don't know," Mr. McKee said. "Four or five, at the most, I guess. There'd be old Charlie Paige, only we just lost him this winter. And Herb Schmeck—he used to be the president of

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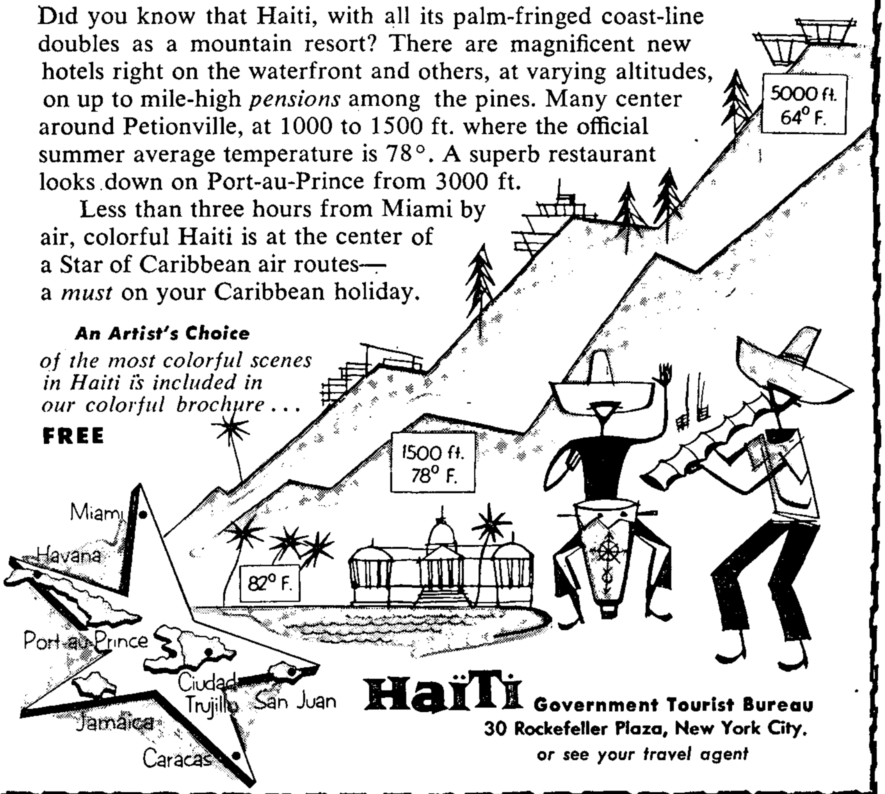

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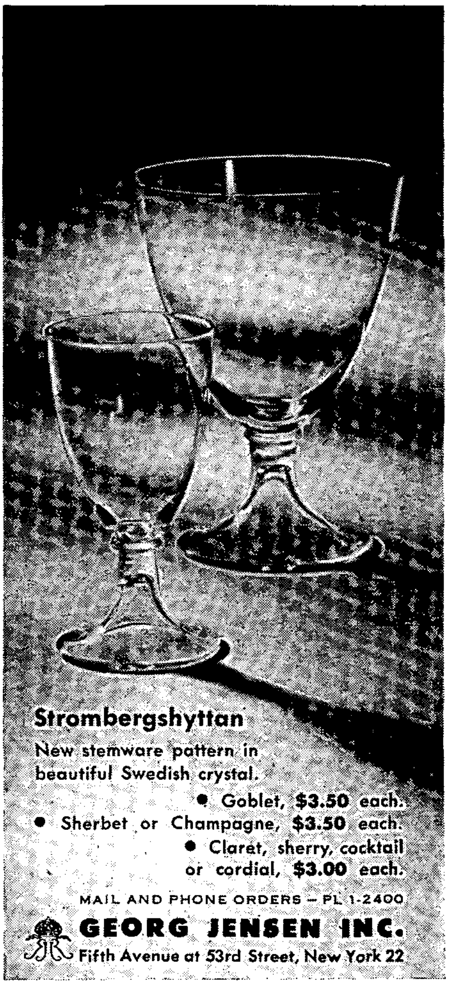
"It's a vanishing trade," Mr. Rosenthal put in. He then excused himself and started back to his office in the Administration Building. Left alone with me, Mr. McKee eyed me uncertainly, but in the end I found him surprisingly easy to talk to, and unquestionably his knowledge of amusement parks, both here and abroad, is encyclopedic. The son of a Pittsburgh building contractor, he got into roller coasters, he told me, first by way of a job as carpenter with the Ingersoll Construction Company, one of the big firms in the business, and later, and more definitely when he was taken along to help put up a coaster at a place outside Mexico City called Luna Park.

"And this'll show you what luck is," Mr. McKee said. He is a simple man, extremely unassuming and with a great capacity for innocent wonderment, and he was gazing at me now with solemn, portentous eyes. "There I was, just a kid—that was 1905 and I was eighteen—and there were a dozen or so older men they'd brought along on the job. Good, experienced carpenters, too. But the difference was they couldn't learn Spanish, or they didn't bother. I did, and before the job was finished, I'd gone right over their heads. I was assistant to the super, doing all the handling of the Mexican workers, and so on. Well, the next job we had was in Kansas City, and I said to myself—as I told you, I was only a kid then—I said, 'This'll show whether I'm a super or a carpenter,' and, by golly, I dug in and worked, and before the job was done, I was—I was superintendent! That learning to speak Spanish helped me out later on—ten or fifteen years later, it was, and I was designing them myself by then—when I went down to build a coaster in Havana, Cuba. The Montaña Rusa—the Russian Mountain—they called it; that was the name they had for roller coasters down there. But, you know, it just shows how your luck runs. If I hadn't learned Spanish down there in Mexico City, I might still be a carpenter, working on a job somewhere. As it is, as I always say, I'm still trying to make my first million. But I've had a lot of fun in my life just the same."

Mr. McKee told me that he had never had any professional training, either as an architect or an engineer, and so far as he knew, none of the other old-time roller-coaster designers had. Like the rest of them, he'd just tackled each problem as it arose, and learned as he



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went along. “I was lucky in that, too, getting into the business so early, when the rides themselves were so simple,” he said. “Why, in 1905, when I started, they were really just a long, gentle coast out and back, with a few dips here and there for variety, and”—he chuckled a little as he spoke, and glanced at me shyly—“we knew so little about engineering that we had to have the ground level to start with. We just couldn’t be sure about our construction any other way, and if the ground wasn’t level, by golly, we had it levelled before we started, like an old-fashioned country builder tackling a house! I invented the first S-turn myself, back in 1910 at Lakeside Park, in Denver, and the only reason I did it was that I had to—had to get around a building that was in the way, I remember. It wasn’t until along about the First World War that they really got fast, and then the steeply banked turns, the spirals, the turns on the drops, and so forth, began to come in. People wanted them for the thrills, and the owners wanted them because they tightened up the construction and saved on land costs. They brought in a lot of stresses and strains that we’d never had to consider earlier, but by that time we’d had experience enough to handle them. I say ‘we,’ ” he added, looking at me almost apologetically, “because that’s the way it has always been in our business. Every man of us learned as much from what the others had done as he did by himself.”

Mr. McKee told me that he had built the Thunderbolt, at Coney Island—it was a sensation at the time, which was 1926, and it is still one of the faster rides—and that he’d gone as far as Paris and Milan to build other roller coasters. The longest one he’d ever built was at Nantasket Beach, outside Boston, and was close to three-quarters of a mile long, and the biggest, in terms of cost and general elaborateness, was one he’d put up for the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto only last year. It cost a hundred and eighty thousand dollars. “We used to figure on just about a tenth of that thirty years ago,” he said.

“So we all grew up together,” Mr. McKee went on. “And the ones that are left—R. E. Chambers and Vernon Keenan are a couple more I could name besides the ones I already mentioned—they’re the ones that have lasted longest.” We had wandered, almost inevitably, over to the coaster as we talked, and now he led me up onto the platform. The Palisades Park coaster, which he designed, is exceptionally fast; its top

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speed is fifty-seven miles an hour. Still, the difference in speed between one coaster and another is minimal. No coaster really goes fast, as speeds now are reckoned, and the success or failure of a modern ride depends on the way the turns, the drops, and their combinations are arranged to provide the maximum in surprises and, therefore, thrills. The Palisades coaster is also an exceptionally tight one. But it was deserted now and, as it rose around us, with its mixture of blank plank scaffolding and wildly twisting track, a little dismal-looking. It reminded me, perhaps a bit incongruously, of a time years ago when a couple of other fellows and I, out at Lighthouse Point in the winter, started making our way on foot around the tracks of the coaster there, and how scared we were of the height and the emptiness before we got through.

"But that business of all working together," Mr. McKee said. "It had its disadvantages. If we learned from each other, we took from each other, too. I've invented, I guess, about a hundred things to do with roller coasters since I started out. But do you think I've ever patented one of them? I never owned a patent in my life! Take that transfer table there." He pointed to a kind of siding, across from the loading platform, where a line of cars, still draped in a tarpaulin against the winter, was standing. The track ran down to a sort of laterally sliding turntable from which the cars on the siding could be transferred to the main track. "That's what we call the transfer table, and I won't say I invented it, but I did do a lot to perfect it," Mr. McKee said. "It's the one place now where you can get a car onto or off the tracks. All the rest of the way, they're locked on by safety wheels that travel under a kind of steel boss, or shoulder, running along each side of the track. You can see it there, where the track starts up the main incline. I won't say I invented that, either, but I did help to perfect it, and it's the main thing that makes the quick drops and rises possible. The cars'd fly off the tracks, otherwise."

LATER on, after I had left the park, I did a little reading on the history of amusement parks in general, and I was fortunate enough to stumble upon what I think must be the definitive work on the subject—William F. Mangels' "The Outdoor Amusement Industry." This is one of those books (local histories often fall into this class, too) in which an author has taken a fairly obscure subject and lavished as much patient and

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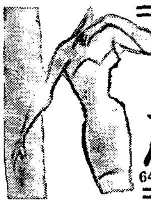

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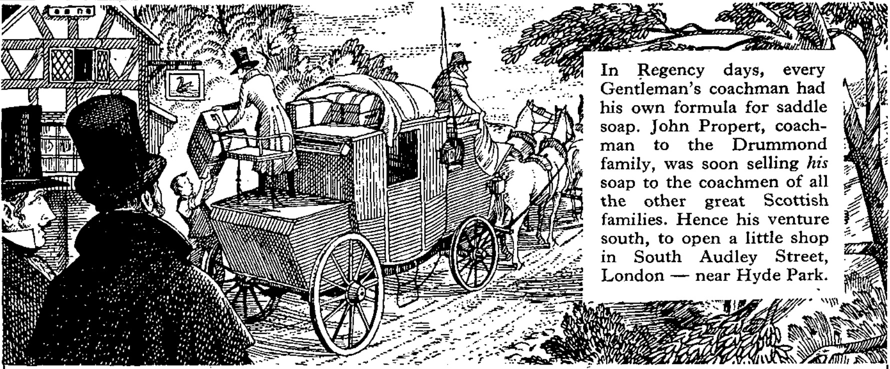
loving research on it as other people would devote to a study of the Reformation, and I found it delightful. I can offer only the barest sampling of the wealth of information Mr. Mangels has crowded into the book, but even that should be enough to convince anyone, as it convinced me, that however low the amusement parks may have fallen at the moment, they will rise again. They are too deeply rooted in history to go wholly down to defeat.

As far back as the Renaissance, Mr. Mangels informs us, people had most of the sideshow games we're still using—from an obvious forerunner of Pokerino called "tronks" to ring-tossing, quoits, and something along the lines of skee ball called "keelpins." Another game, called "quintan," in which mounted players tried to spear a hoop with a stick, seems to have been the precursor of the modern merry-go-round's brass ring. The merry-go-round itself, I was interested to learn, is in part of knightly origin, for it began as a sort of turntable on which noble youngsters, mounted on saddles and equipped with spears, were whirled about to accustom them to the joust. Similar devices soon appeared at the medieval fairs, and were progressively improved, but it was not until 1850 that an inventor—an American with the engaging name of Eliphalet S. Scripture—perfected the cranking mechanism that gives today's merry-go-round horses their up-and-down galloping motion. Other standard rides, though not quite so ancient, are still fairly venerable. The Ferris wheel, although it dates back in primitive form to a popular amusement at Mohammedan festivals, and far beyond, got its name from George Washington Gale Ferris, who designed the first really big one (it was two hundred and sixty-four feet high) for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, and as early as 1817 (I'm still paraphrasing Mr. Mangels), a man in Paris built a water slide just like our shoot-the-chutes, only he gave his the more dramatic name of the Saut du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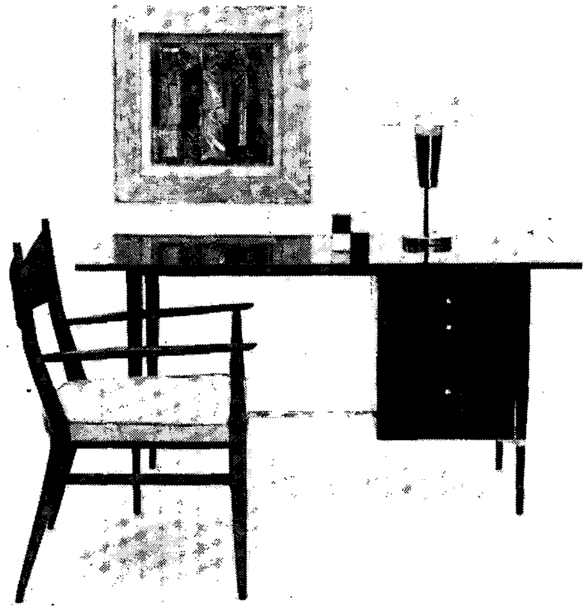
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Niagara. The circle swing is also, in essence, very ancient, but the first big modern one was erected in 1904, at Elitch's Gardens, in Denver, and it so fascinated another inventor, Sir Hiram Maxim, that he contrived, and patented, a similar device a year later. Sir Hiram's circle swing worked all right, but it was excessively costly to build and operate, and he soon went back to his machine guns and silencers—not, however, before he had sold one of his swings to the old Dreamland Park, at Coney Island, where it was in operation until the park burned down in 1911.

In this country, the roller coaster dates from 1870, when a truly inspired promoter took over an inclined railway that had been used to carry coal down to Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, from a mine in the hills nearby, and, upon installing seats in the mine cars, found that he had not a coal mine but a gold mine on his hands. So curious are the ways of people in quest of amusement that for a number of years, or until the novelty wore off, the railways had to run special trains from Trenton, Philadelphia, and such places, so that excursionists, after a trip of some length on the ordinary, horizontally moving steamcars, could ride on this exciting new downhill variety.

Versions of the Mauch Chunk Switchback, as it was called, soon appeared in amusement parks throughout the country, but the origin of the roller coaster itself goes much further back, and, oddly enough, it really does seem to have been the Russians who invented it. At any rate, as long ago as the seventeenth century, one form of distraction in St. Petersburg and other Russian cities was a species of high wooden ramp, coated with ice, something like a toboggan slide, down which people coasted on sleds in the winter, and it wasn't until the early eighteen-hundreds, when some visionary constructed a similar device in Paris, that the idea burst upon the Western mind. The French builder cannily used cars instead of sleds, thus prolonging his season, and people flocked in. He called it Les Montagnes Russes, and the name not only became generic in Europe but penetrated, as Mr. McKee discovered, as far afield as Havana. (Mr. Mangels, who overlooks nothing, says that our term "roller coaster" derives from the fact that in some of the earlier rides the cars ran on continuous banks of rollers, like some types of commercial conveyors.)

These first versions were crude affairs (for one thing, after a ride down, you had to walk back up for another one), and it was in this country that

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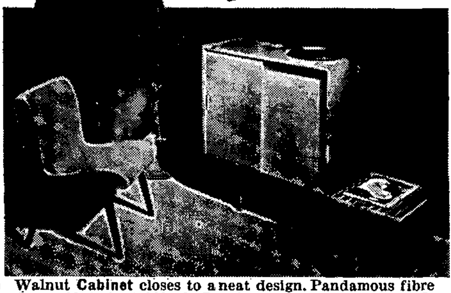

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most of the subsequent improvements were made. It was here, too, it must be admitted, that most of the giddier variations were introduced, and Mr. Mangels is nowhere more entertaining than when he records some of these. In 1902, a man named J. F. Meyer, at Coney Island, was working on a coaster whose cars would run, at least according to plan, through a large simulated cannon, leap a gap as they emerged from its mouth, and then land, to continue their journey on tracks at the other side. This idea, perhaps fortunately, never got beyond the experimental stage. (There was some silly trouble about getting the cars to *land* properly, it seems.) The idea of having the cars loop the loop as a climax to their mad journey attracted inventors from the first, and a few of these coasters were actually put in operation, including one called the Flip-Flap Coaster, at Coney Island in 1888. All failed, not for lack of customers willing to try them but for a simpler reason; because of the considerable stresses involved, the cars could never be built large enough to carry more than a couple of passengers (modern coasters carry as many as twenty-four, in a three-car train), and the result was that the owners just couldn't get enough revenue to make the things profitable. A man named Thomas Rankin had a different but equally discouraging experience. Perhaps inspired by the Montagnes Russes and perhaps operating on an original notion, he built a coaster-toboggan for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 in which sledlike cars made the circuit on real ice, kept hard by refrigerator pipes laid under the runway. It was a success at the Fair, but when it was transported to Coney Island the next season, it was discovered that one item had been overlooked. At the Fair, it had been operated mostly in the shade cast by the great Ferris wheel; at Coney, it was in full sunlight, and despite all sorts of desperate expedients—including, as Mr. Mangels records, piping run from the refrigerating plants of saloons in the vicinity—it was a dismal, slushy failure.

BUT we've got a long way from Mr. McKee, whom we left (we left me, too, for that matter) standing on the platform of the shut roller coaster at Palisades Park. He and I found we didn't have a great deal to say to each other after that. It was getting late, for one thing. The painters had all come down from their scaffolds, and they and other workmen were moving in scattered groups up the walks toward the

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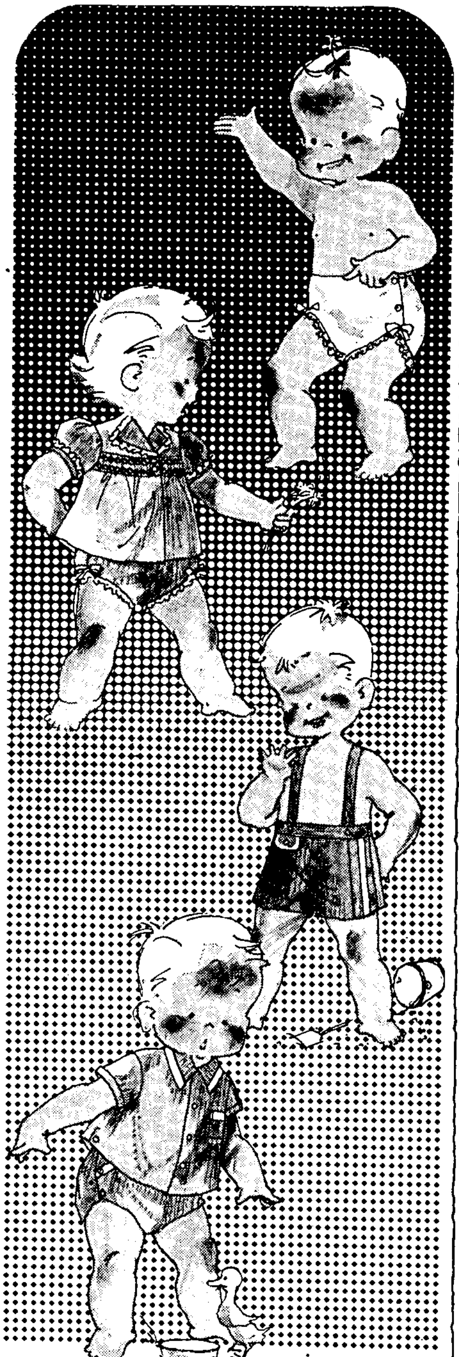

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entrance; in the parking lot just outside it, we could hear motors starting. I hadn't read Mr. Mangels' book then, and all this—the fading day, the sense of leave-taking, and my own nostalgia—gave me a depressed feeling. When Mr. McKee struck his hand on the platform railing and said, "Well, these things, they've been my life," and we turned away, it seemed almost like a summation, to mark the passing of a period. I don't think so now, though. After reading Mr. Mangels (among the things he predicts for the future is a rocket coaster, in which the cars will be shot up into the air, to fall and funnel down into a huge saucer-shaped receptacle), I think amusement parks will go on forever, in one way or another. I hope Palisades Park will, and the only thing that bothers me at the moment is that I was well on my way back to Manhattan (you go to and from the park by bus, across the George Washington Bridge, now that the ferry has closed down) before I remembered that I still hadn't learned how that surf-making machine works at the Palisades Park pool. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

A former superintendent of schools in Manila treasured a collection of letters from various Filipino schoolteachers, which he had accumulated over many years.

The shortest was addressed: "To the Honorable School Board, Manila, P.I." It read: "This are my resigning. The hour are many, the work are many, the pay are few, and all the time the principal are making love to me—to which I reply, Oh Not! Oh Not! Hoping you are the same, sincerely yours, Angelita Flores."
—*Coronet, February, 1954.*

A Filipino schoolteacher wrote the following letter of resignation to the American superintendent in her best English: "I wish to resignate. My works are too many and my salaries are too few. Moreover, my principal makes many lovings to which I say 'Oh, not.' "—*Reader's Digest, April, 1954.*

Oh, not, oh, not again!

•

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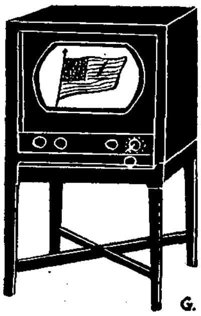

A WEEK ago Sunday night at eleven-twenty, over N.B.C., I looked in on "The Cassini Show," which, I had read somewhere or other, is broadcast direct from El Morocco, a dine-and-dance establishment in mid-Manhattan. After a couple of days of hearing the dull, metallic cry of "Point of order!" from Washington, a man feels the need to step out into the bright world of the niteries, mingle with the celebrities of stage and screen, and hear the gay chitchat of the glamorous folk who are in what is known as the public eye. I therefore approached "The Cassini Show" with something of the excitement of a juvenile recluse being taken to Times Square for the first time. "The Cassini Show" did not let me down. The program lasted forty minutes, during which I not only had the opportunity of seeing the famous zebra-skin upholstery of El Morocco but also the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a lot of celebrities, some of whom I had never even heard of before. I learned that there are two Cassini brothers—Igor, who writes a society column under the nom de plume of Cholly Knickerbocker, and Oleg, who is a fashion designer. "The Cassini Show" is conducted by both Igor and Oleg. Between them, they split the work handily. It's a nice arrangement.

Within a matter of seconds after the program opened, someone—I can't recall whether it was Igor or Oleg or an announcer—made it clear that the cameras were indeed right in El Morocco, and that the show was sponsored by the Buitoni-macaroni people, the Cinzano-vermouth people, and the Evyan-perfume people. We then saw Igor, a curly-headed chap, scribbling notes at a table. He seemed like a serious writing type, and I guessed that he was probably trying to finish his next Cholly Knickerbocker column. The cameras swung around what I took to be the main room of El Morocco, and showed us a host of elegant-looking people, all in formal attire, engaging in banter. A young woman stood before a piano and, to the music of Chauncey Gray and his orchestra, sang a song. When she

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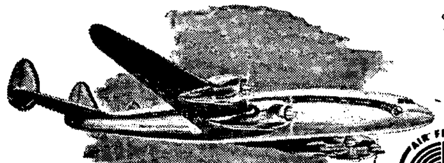

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had finished, Igor, looking even more serious than before, solemnly read out a number of news items about the *haut monde.* His reports, he said, came from such far-flung points as Palm Beach and Rome, and he gave the impression that a lifetime of effort had gone into collecting them. A Mrs. Higgins, he said (and his voice shook a bit at *this* one), had been arrested in Palm Beach. Mrs. Perle Mesta was attempting to arrange some sort of romance between Margaret Truman and the Governor of New Jersey. Aly Khan was up to something or other. John Jacob Astor had come to a gentleman's agreement. Igor then reached into his pocket and pulled out a slip of paper. His voice again shook a bit as he announced that Andrei Vishinsky was about to deliver his swan song at the United Nations. Next, Oleg interviewed a young woman called Pier Angeli, who said that she was in town to exploit a motion picture she had recently completed. She said that in the picture she was the girl who took a boy away from Lana Turner. Both Oleg and Pier giggled genially over *that* one. Pier was happy and excited over her success. She said that she had bought a house on Sunset Boulevard, a Cadillac, and a poodle.

"The Cassini Show" suddenly became a fashion show, as models walked before the cameras dressed in what were referred to as "some Sophies." An announcer, without specifying anyone in particular, chimed in to say that "a lovely creature walked in beauty." When the Sophies had been shown, time was called for a commercial dealing with the delights of Buitoni macaroni. A mimic named Arthur Blake then appeared. Mr. Blake, who has a huge shock of hair, which he tosses about furiously—over his ears at one moment and over his forehead and eyes at another—went into a rapid-fire series of impersonations: Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Laughton, Jimmy Stewart, Bette Davis, and Ethel Barrymore. Mr. Blake's talents were so extraordinary that he managed to make all his impersonations look and sound almost exactly alike. He seemed to be a favorite with the crowd at El Morocco, and their enthusiasm for him was practically boundless. Igor talked awhile, at table, with Major Alexander de Seversky about the importance of air power in the modern world. I gathered that the Major feels that air power is here to stay, and that Igor wholeheartedly subscribes to the Major's views. When Major de Seversky had finished his dis-

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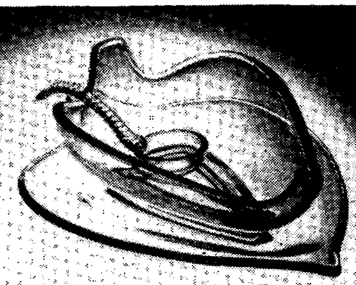

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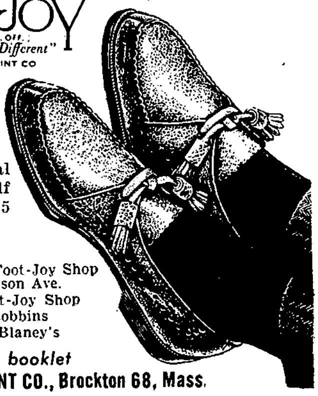

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course, a waiter served him a glass of Cinzano vermouth. Time was called again, in this instance on behalf of Evyan, who, I learned, is the First Lady of Fragrance. Oleg took over the interviewing then, and had a heart-to-heart talk with John Barrymore, Jr. Mr. Barrymore said that an astrologer had told him good things were in store for him sometime in April, and one could see that, with April almost over, he was becoming slightly anxious. Igor finished up the evening chatting with Franchot Tone and Geraldine Page. Geraldine said that she was going abroad—to Italy, England, and Switzerland. I can't remember anything Franchot said. Igor waved goodbye to the television audience, and my stolen moments of joy were over. "Point of order!"

—Philip Hamburger

•

"A Time to Laugh," by Laurence Thompson (Andre Deutsch; 8s. 6d.), is an amusing, sympathetic note on an odd corner of the war. Masterson Bey is out recruiting for the Buna Service Corps (not, we are told, to be confounded with the Sudan Service Corps), when a lion hunts him up a tree. Thus he descends on Laweyn, which he would otherwise have skipped. Being there, he wants his pound of flesh; and the chief palms him off with Gadein, as the booby of the family.

And so this innocent is pitchforked into chaos—where he sweats to please, and finds a big thrill in the "lorry magic." But there is no causation in his world; all is the work of spirits, who are unpredictable. Even at home they had a down on him, and now, after pursuing him intermittently right to Tobruk, they finished off with a court martial. Gadein has done nothing, understands nothing, and finally goes deaf with torment. And as the English officers understand less than nothing about Gadein, it is just too bad.

However, on second thoughts they make it up to him. The tale is at once lively and informative, full of good strokes and varied and convincing types.—*Illustrated London News.*

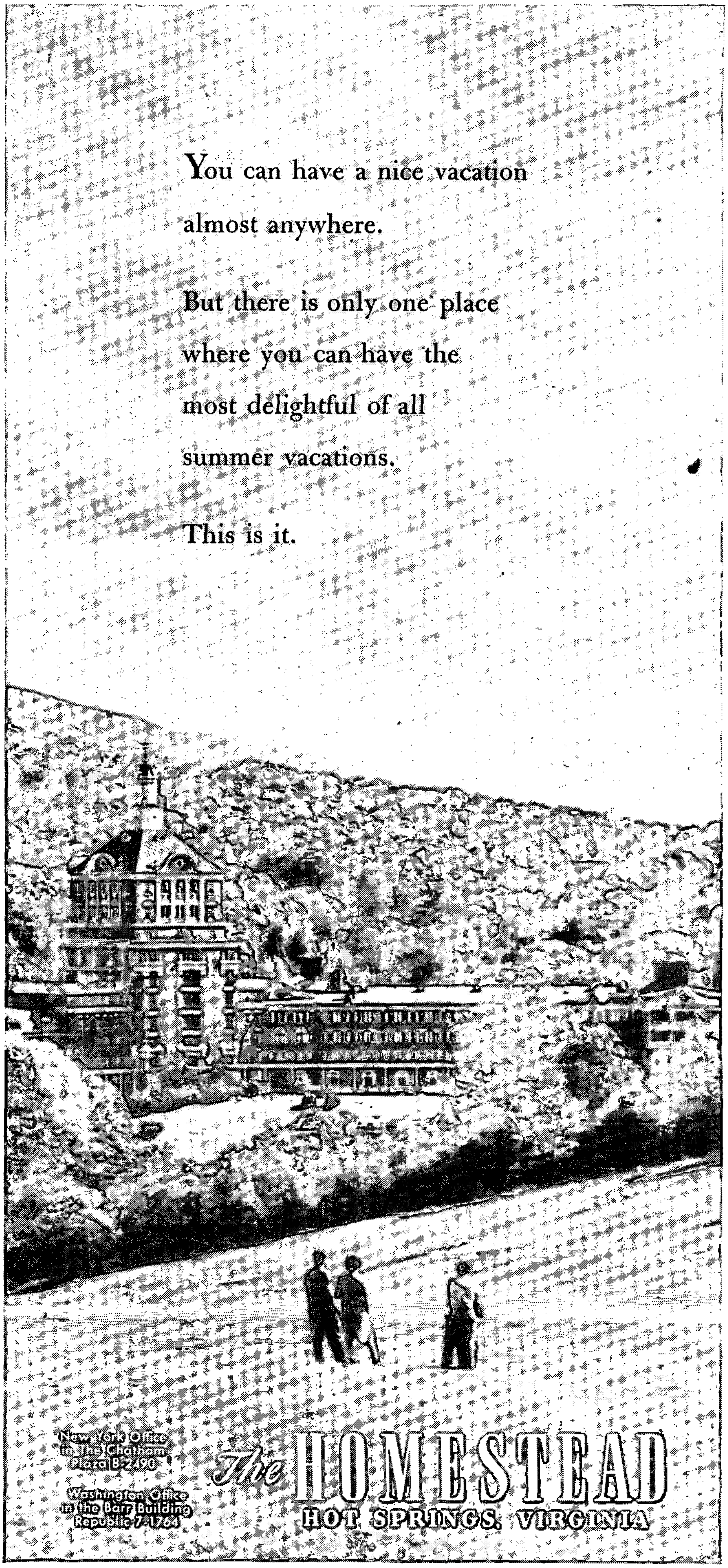
That's a mercy.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Outlines of Economics," by Richard T. Ely, 1893*]

Communism is an older term not now often used. It has been employed in the past to designate an extreme kind of socialism. Some writers have called violent schemes of radical social reform communistic, and reserved the term socialistic for the more conservative plans of reconstruction. All the existing communistic societies in the United States are, however, composed of peace men, who do not believe in war but in non-resistance. It is, perhaps, as well to abandon the attempt to make a distinction between communism and socialism, and to drop the word communism.



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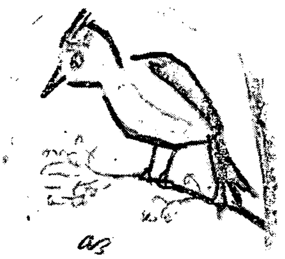
LETTER FROM GIBRALTAR

APRIL 27

GIBRALTAR, which is busy putting the finishing touches to its flags for the eagerly anticipated visit of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on May 10th—a visit that General Franco's government in Madrid has been taking as a signal for a renewed blast of anti-British propaganda—is one of the celebrated sights of the world that please new visitors by looking so exactly like themselves. The Rock, turning its enormous craggy face toward anyone approaching from La Linea, on the Spanish frontier, is a stirring spectacle, roughly resembling the figure of a sphinx, with its body sheltering the sprawling business section of the town and its rear end trailing off toward Europa Point, out in the Mediterranean. One's first impression of this slab of the British Commonwealth is distinctly awing. Where nature leaves off and man takes over, though, the results are less magnificent. Since the Crown Colony of Gibraltar is not quite three miles long and only three-quarters of a mile wide, which gives the resident civilian population of twenty-three thousand, not to mention the troops of the three services stationed here, a total area of two and a quarter square miles (all of which seem to run vertically) to find a toehold on, the ideas of the town planners were necessarily cramped. Except for some of the older buildings, which have charm, the place seems to be modelled nostalgically on any battleship-gray, unlovely English naval town, despite the fact that it is dizzily perched on goat-track levels and has all the exuberant trimmings of a subtropical paradise. From May until September, the hot wind known as the Levanter blows on the arid slopes of the Rock, and the summer drought burns up the thin soil, but in early spring the wisteria raining purple tassels outside the Law Courts is a wonder to behold, arum lilies and big white irises rampage like weeds in the pleasant gardens of the large houses above the town, and in the public park, where sergeants' wives sit gossiping beside preambulators, wicked-looking scarlet flowers with spiky leaves jostle English lupines and larkspurs.



The R.A.F. has built a huge "E.R." right on the top of the Rock, where the Queen will see it as she and the Duke of Edinburgh and their children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, sail in on board the royal yacht Britannia. Gibraltar has had excitement of this kind before. Edward VII came here in 1903, and George V in 1912, but their visits did not stir up any particular irritability among the Spanish neighbors. Three months ago, there was considerable indignation here when the Spanish Ambassador in London, the Duke de Primo de Rivera, called on Mr. Eden and intimated that the Queen should cancel her visit to her Gibraltarian subjects. Although the Spanish Embassy complained later that this had been a private talk, not intended for the press, the Information Office of the Foreign Ministry in Madrid issued a statement suggesting that "grave repercussions" might follow the royal visit to Gibraltar, "which is Spanish territory, on which the Spanish people do not renounce their claim." The reply from the British Foreign Office was short and crisp.

Subsequently, students and members of the Falangist youth organizations staged noisy demonstrations outside the British Embassy in Madrid and the British Consulate in Seville. Some windows were broken with oranges, a convenient local ammunition lying to hand. In Granada, a crowd surrounded a surprised American who happened to be driving a car with a "G.B." plate on it and overturned it before anyone caught on to the embarrassing mistake. The Spanish authorities made handsome amends. There were no recorded incidents in the area around Gibraltar, where the dispute has long since disappeared behind the give-and-take of satisfactory economics. The Spanish mainland acts as the vegetable patch, fruit orchard, and fish basket from which the colony is victualled. Every day, eight thousand Spanish men and four thousand Spanish women stream into Gibraltar through La Linea, or across Gibraltar Bay from San Roque and Algeciras, to work in the dockyards, in domestic jobs, and so on, for far higher pay than they would get at home. (There are other advantages to working on the Rock, of course, among them the small smuggled packets of British coffee and cigarettes—and occasionally of such coveted commodities, often unobtainable at home, as penicillin—which it is not unusual to see a workman pin-

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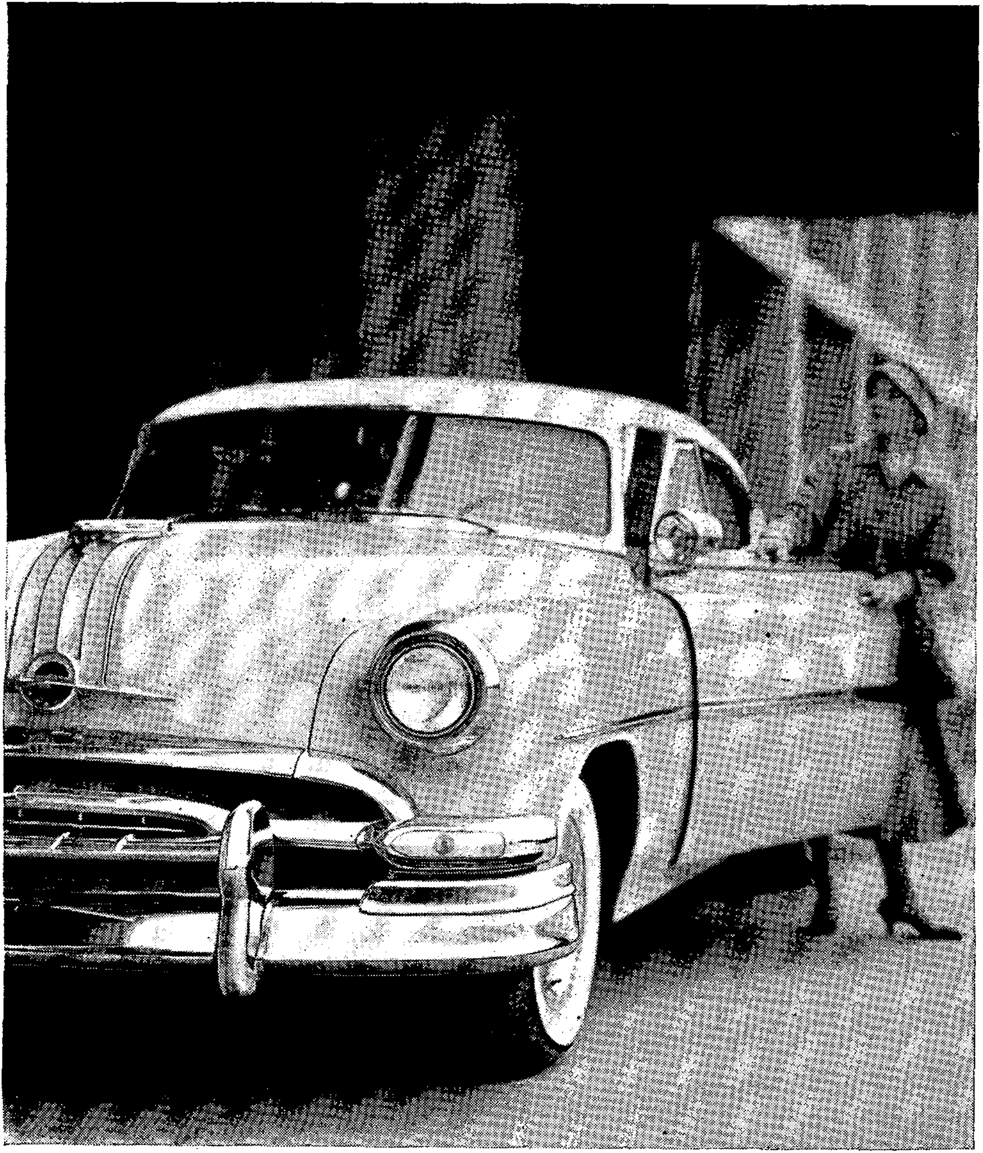

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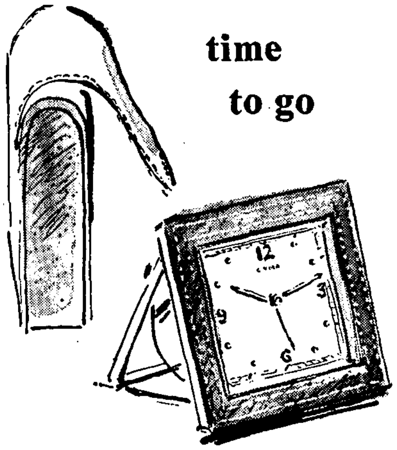

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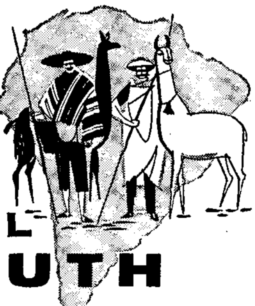

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ning carefully to his underwear on the homeward-bound boat crossing the Bay in the evening. When the Governor of Gibraltar, Lieutenant General Sir Gordon MacMillan, announced recently that he would be glad to welcome any Spanish visitors who wished to come over and see the Queen's arrival, the Spanish authorities stated sharply that in the future the workers' border-crossing permits would not be good on Sundays or public holidays. This order, which rules out May 10th, has caused a good deal of gloom among the workers, who may not have wanted to come and view *la Reina Isabel* but were in the habit of popping back into Gibraltar on Sundays to make a little extra cash at odd jobs.

THOUGH General Franco has greatly stepped up his Gibraltar campaign during the last few months, Spain has been agitating for its return "ever since July 24, 1704, plus one," as one Rock resident candidly put it; that is, ever since the day after Vice-Admiral Sir George Rooke, commanding an Anglo-Dutch fleet during the War of the Spanish Succession, took the place in a more or less impromptu assault. The Spanish had then held the Rock ever since 1462—two hundred and forty-two years. The British will celebrate their two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary here this year, but in the we-were-here-before-you game, which neither serious-minded Spaniards nor serious-minded Britons indulge in, the Moors would certainly win hands down, for their occupation, starting in 711, lasted seven hundred and fifty years, broken only by a gap of twenty-four years in the fourteenth century. The Moorish General Târik-ibn-Zeid seized the Rock on his conquering way into Spain. Its modern name comes from its Moorish one—Gebel el Târik, or Mountain of Târik. Earlier, the Romans called it Mons Calpe, and considered it one of the two Pillars of Hercules (the other being Mount Abyla, on the African coast), which marked the end of the world, beyond which no prudent mariner would venture.

The Rock was formally ceded to Britain in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht. According to its terms, "the Catholic King does hereby for himself, his heirs, and successors yield to the Crown of Great Britain the full and entire propriety of the Town and Castle of Gibraltar, together with the Port, fortifications, and forts belonging thereto," which are "to be held and enjoyed absolutely with all manner of right forever." All the same, Spain went on

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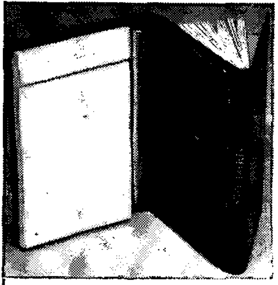

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trying to get Gibraltar back by diplomatic bargaining and by one or two vigorous bangs at the fortress, the most notable being the great siege of 1779, during England's war with France and Spain. The Spanish and French forces battered the place for three years, seven months, and twelve days, during which time the inhabitants tunnelled into the Rock like rabbits and supplemented their siege diet with thistles and wild onions. For the final showdown, the attacking command brought up forty thousand infantry, two hundred and forty-eight land batteries, forty-seven ships of the line, mounting a hundred and forty-two guns, and, as a surprise novelty, ten newly invented floating batteries, which mounted two hundred and twelve guns and were claimed to be unsinkable and incombustible. The British gunners won the day by using red-hot shot—another surprise novelty, and, as it turned out, a better one.

In one of the angry newspaper articles on the Gibraltar question that have appeared during the last few months, the Falangist *Arriba* said that the legal circumstances surrounding Britain's acquisition of Gibraltar were watertight, all right, but that the "moral reasons" were not so good. The article pointed out that since England and Spain had not been at war at the time, Admiral Rooke had nipped in without actually inflicting a military defeat on the Spanish people. It also claimed that during the last war Mr. Churchill told the Duke of Alba, then the Spanish Ambassador in London, that if Spain stayed neutral, there would be further talks, after the peace, on "the question of the return of Gibraltar." The most vigorously anti-British articles are signed "Macaulay," which is rumored to be the curious nom de plume chosen by General Franco. Most of the British living in Gibraltar shrug their shoulders and say cheerfully that there really isn't any "Gibraltar question," as far as they know, but they do not mean you to feel that they take Gibraltar's status lightly. On the contrary, they are proudly certain that Gib holds a unique place in the affections of the British people. "I don't know why—maybe because it's bound up with the Navy—but I'd be ready to bet that any Government, Conservative or Labour, that talked of giving back the Rock would be out on its ear at the next elections," one resident of Gibraltar said thoughtfully to a visitor not long ago. "The Rock's a sort of national landmark, like Piccadilly Circus or Buckingham Palace."

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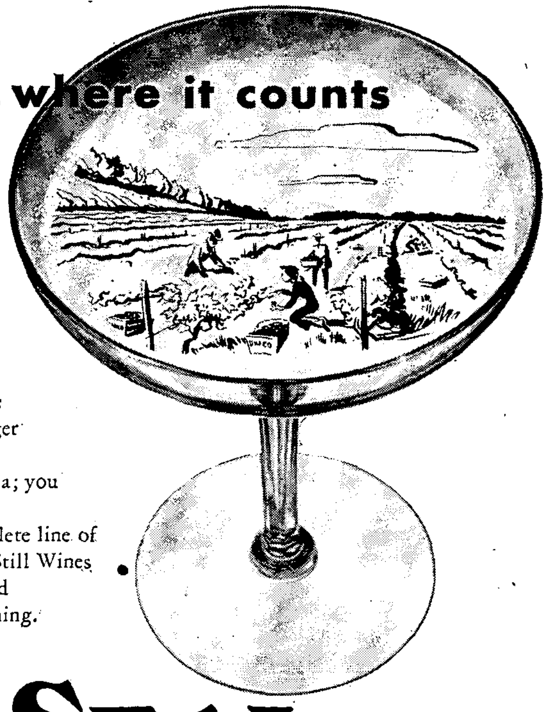

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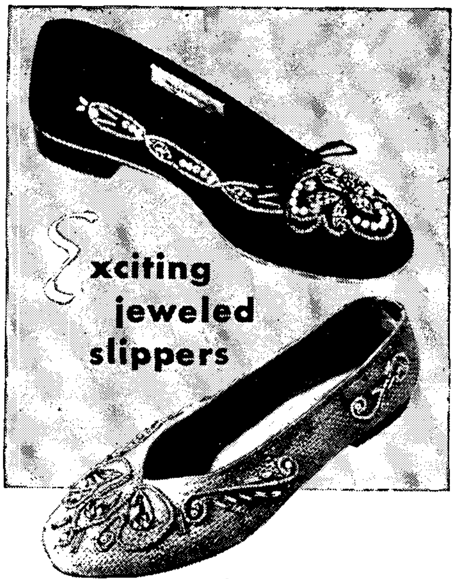

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General Franco has chosen this particular moment to increase the agitation over Gibraltar. Many people think that El Caudillo regards its return, in a personal way, as a possible triumphant crowning of his career. In any event, it is felt that Madrid's recent flexing of muscles toward the British, and also toward the French over affairs in Morocco, is unquestionably part of the new feeling of confidence brought on by Spain's economic and military agreements with America. However rosy these prospects are for the future, though, the fact remains that right now Britain is Spain's best customer, and likely to continue to be, and, naturally, this is something that plenty of realistic Spaniards do not forget, either. In one of the delectable seaside villages on the Spanish mainland only a short run from Gibraltar, a hotel proprietor said gloomily to some English guests that it was a pity there was all this fuss over the Queen's visit. He hoped it was not going to spoil the summer season of tourists from England. "If I were General Franco," he said, "I should send the lady first a very beautiful bunch of flowers. Then I should say, '*Now* let us talk about Gibraltar.' " He smiled charmingly. The British smiled politely.

One of the suggestions put forward in the Spanish press from time to time is that if the Rock were returned to Spain, rubbing out that particular sore spot on the national pride, it could then be leased to Britain indefinitely as a base—an idea, as the British point out, that the next man after Franco might not see eye to eye with. To this, or any other gesture made at the status quo, the Gibraltarians themselves raise loud noises of horror and alarm. Of the twenty-three thousand residents on the Rock, around nineteen thousand are native "Rock scorpions," as they are impolitely nicknamed—British subjects whose ancestors came here from the central Mediterranean areas (principally Genoa), who speak Spanish, and who wave the Union Jack with enormous enthusiasm. They have prospered mightily under it. One of the things that strike the newcomer here is the number of large, sleek, shiny cars in which the local inhabitants maneuver along their narrow, breakneck roads and drive into Spain and back. Cars appear to be the Gibraltarian's passion, a sort of special local currency in which success is computed, as it might be elsewhere in wives or camels. Superb Bentleys and Jaguars, which could swallow an express parkway at a gulp, can be seen making do with the hors d'oeuvres

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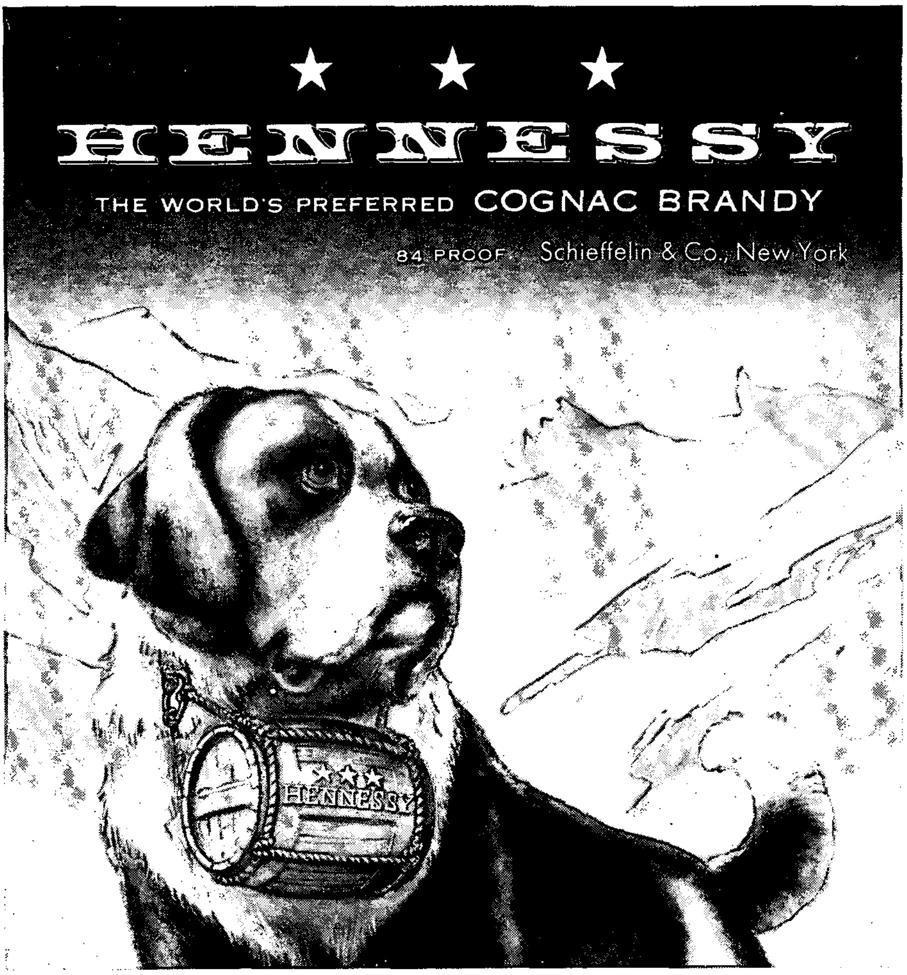
of the full two miles or so to Europa Point. The town has done well out of its position as a naval base, a military garrison, a stopover for tourists off liners, and a haven for winter visitors, who come to enjoy the mild climate. (This February, snow fell and actually lay on the Spanish hills, a sight never before seen in anyone's memory and one that brought all the Gibraltarians out with their cameras.) Gibraltar has been a free port since 1705, and duty is paid only on alcoholic liquors, tobacco, and a few other imports. An income tax was recently introduced, but the rate is only two shillings in the pound, and single men do not pay at all if they make less than five hundred pounds a year; married men have an exemption of seven hundred pounds. Since housing is a problem, the colonial government has made sporadic attempts to push the attractions of emigration. Few Gibraltarians, however, seem inclined to budge from where they are.

THE police force is one of the innumerable reminders of Britain that have successfully taken root on the Rock, along with the rosebushes that are flown from home for the gardens of the colonial administrators. The first thing a newcomer sees here, once he has removed his mesmerized gaze from the huge limestone crag itself, is what appears to be a genuine London bobby, complete with helmet, rocking benignly on his heels just beyond the Customs House barrier and perhaps saying "Hallo, ducks" to a black-eyed Gibraltarian baby being wheeled home after a family afternoon jaunt into La Linea. At the comfortable, chintzy Rock Hotel here the visiting Englishmen stride down to breakfast at eight-thirty or so, to demolish porridge and bacon and eggs. At dinner, they listen to a blond lady playing "In a Monastery Garden" and other piano selections while they spoon their consommé; afterward, the lounge crackles like an electric storm with the tissue-paper rustle of everybody's airmail edition of the day's London *Times* or *Daily Telegraph*, which has arrived on the evening plane.

In the town, there are branches of well-known English shops, such as Gieves, the Bond Street tailor, and Lipton, the chain grocery store. (An attaché at the British Embassy in Madrid recently remarked to an acquaintance that he must run down to Gib soon to buy some Cooper's Oxford Marmalade. "You can't get decent marmalade in Spain," he said firmly.) Most of the local traders' windows display a jumble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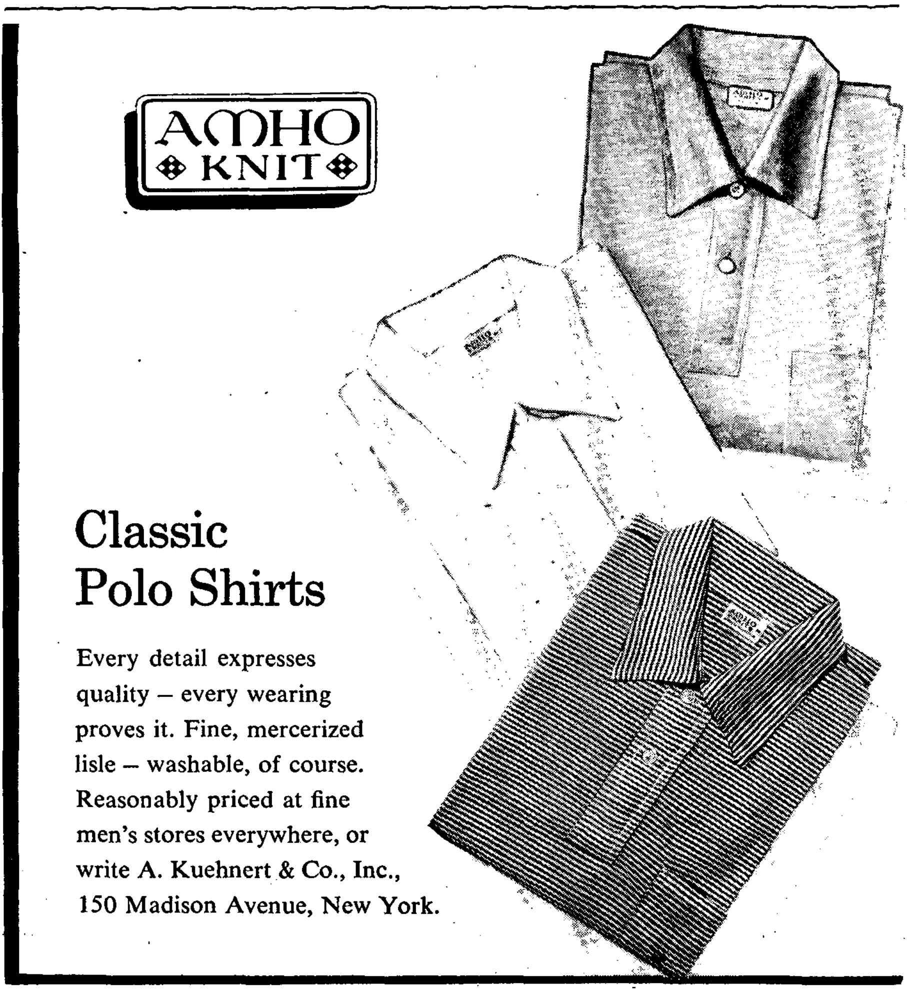
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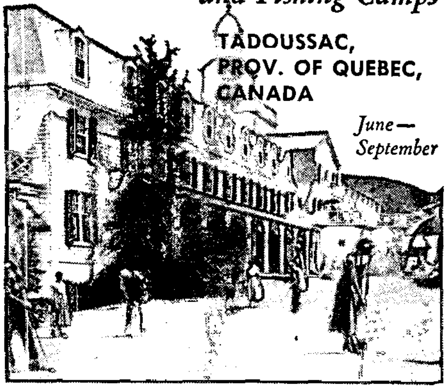

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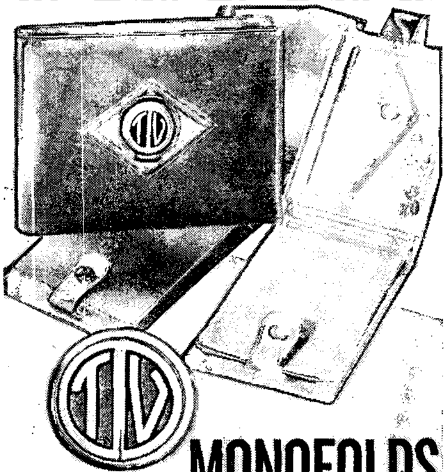

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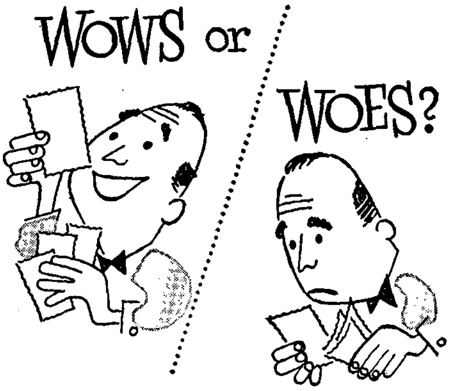
of fancy nylons, neckties painted with nude young women, and other more or less sleazy souvenirs for the benefit of the garrison troops and the tourists, but it is also possible to buy such sound national products as Scottish tweeds, Northern Irish linen sheets, and Austin Sheerline cars, as well as an impeccable gray top hat.

The Queen will meet Gibraltar's leading figures at a reception at Government House, which is known as the Convent, because it is an enlargement of an old Franciscan abbey. (When her great-grandfather King Edward VII was here, the papers at home reported that the King had lunched at the Convent, which drew such horrified protests from a Protestant organization that for many years the name was dropped, to forestall more misunderstandings.) It is one of Gibraltar's two most attractive buildings, the other being the Garrison Library, which was built in 1804. This is a handsome house with lofty rooms and an elegant staircase, and it is a great meeting place for the members of the British colony, who drop in to look through the latest English papers and browse through its thirty-eight thousand volumes, among them some rare items of Gibraltariana. The Garrison Library also houses the offices of the English-language daily paper, the Gibraltar *Chronicle* (there is a Spanish daily, *El Calpense*, too), edited by the Library's secretary, E. F. E. Ryan, a busy, dapper man who knows a great deal about the local history. The *Chronicle* has a circulation of three thousand or so, but many times that number of readers, since a copy goes to every mess on the Rock. It started off in 1801 as a bulletin sheet of news brought in by His Majesty's ships, and it now consists of four pages, into which the hydrogen bomb has to be squeezed along with such local items as the hours when gunnery practice will take place. In the Library hall hangs a facsimile of the paper's proudest scoop—the sheet dated October 24, 1805, which carried the first news of the Battle of Trafalgar, beating the rest of the world's press by days.

Gibraltar is full of social goings on, especially when the Fleet comes in for the spring exercises in March. For tourists, if they do not happen to be the contemplative kind who enjoy doing nothing much except sitting in the sun and looking down at some neat little gunboats lying on the blue water of the harbor, its attractions are limited. The chief tourist trek is up the Rock to see the famous apes. These creatures, a species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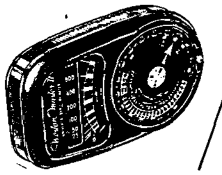

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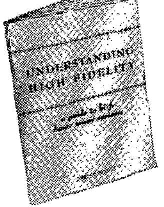

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of macaque called the Barbary ape, were once so numerous that in the eighties a sapper colonel made an official complaint that they had spoiled his garden, attacked his children, stolen his trousers, and slept in his bed. No one seems to know who started the superstition that when the apes go, the British will leave, too. In any case, at one point in 1941, when the war was going badly, their numbers dwindled so alarmingly that a top-secret cable was sent to the Prime Minister, who returned a ringing Churchillian reply to the Governor: "STRENGTH OF ROCK APE PACK TO BE KEPT UP AT ALL COST." An SOS was sent to every harassed British consul on the North African coast to send in more apes, and the population improved, along with the war news. Today, the Rock has about twenty apes, who look fine. There is an Officer in Charge Rock Apes, the cost of their maintenance figures in the Army budget, and they draw Army rations to the amount of fourpence a day. They can be seen at a giddily high point on one of the Rock's upper roads, skipping about in the scrub or tenderly combing through one of the baby monkeys' heads while the infant chews on an Army carrot, and strangers, who are perhaps more used to meeting Barbary apes in a zoo, are apt to find their stare somewhat unnerving. The apes are the original tenants of the Rock, having been here before the British, the Spanish, and maybe even the Moors. There is a story that they found their way to Gibraltar from the African shore by an underground tunnel, said to connect Mount Abyla with St. Michael's Cave, a local grotto. Watching the present generation swing carelessly around the Rock, one finds it perfectly possible to believe the legend.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Company and union officials will meet in Baltimore Monday in an attempt to settle a labor-management wisput which has closed Aalantic & Pacific grocery stores in Washington, Maryland and parts of Pensyl-ut-mhm hm hm hm hmm nsylvania.—*Washington Post.*

The place to settle a wisput is in a lasoon.

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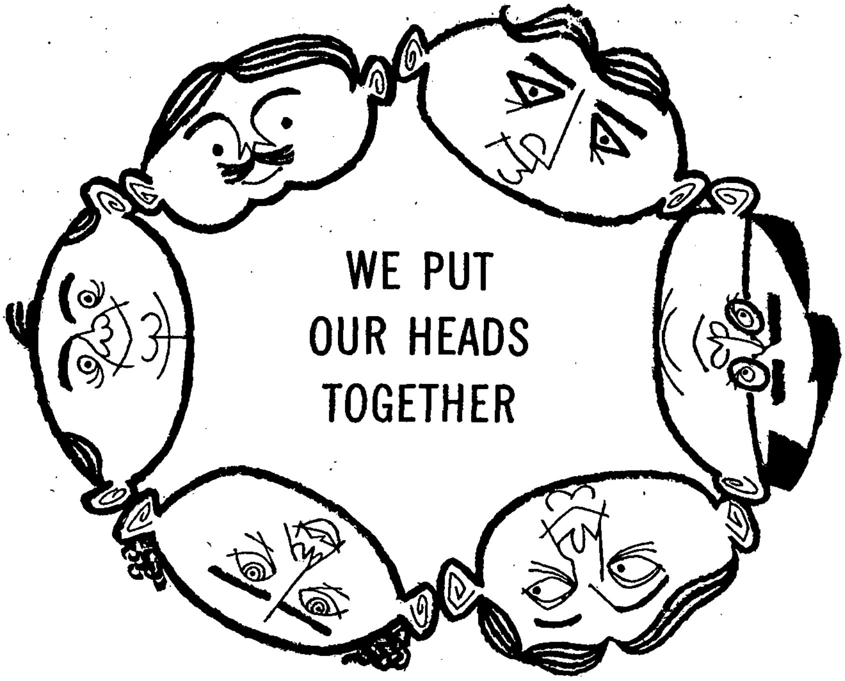
Gilbert Seldes, noted author and lecturer, speaking at the opening general session luncheon Thursday, gummed up the festival as follows:—*Chicago News.*

Skip it.



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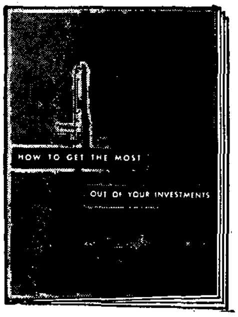

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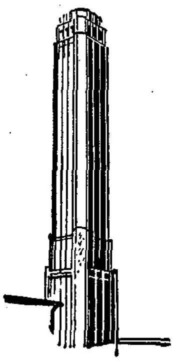


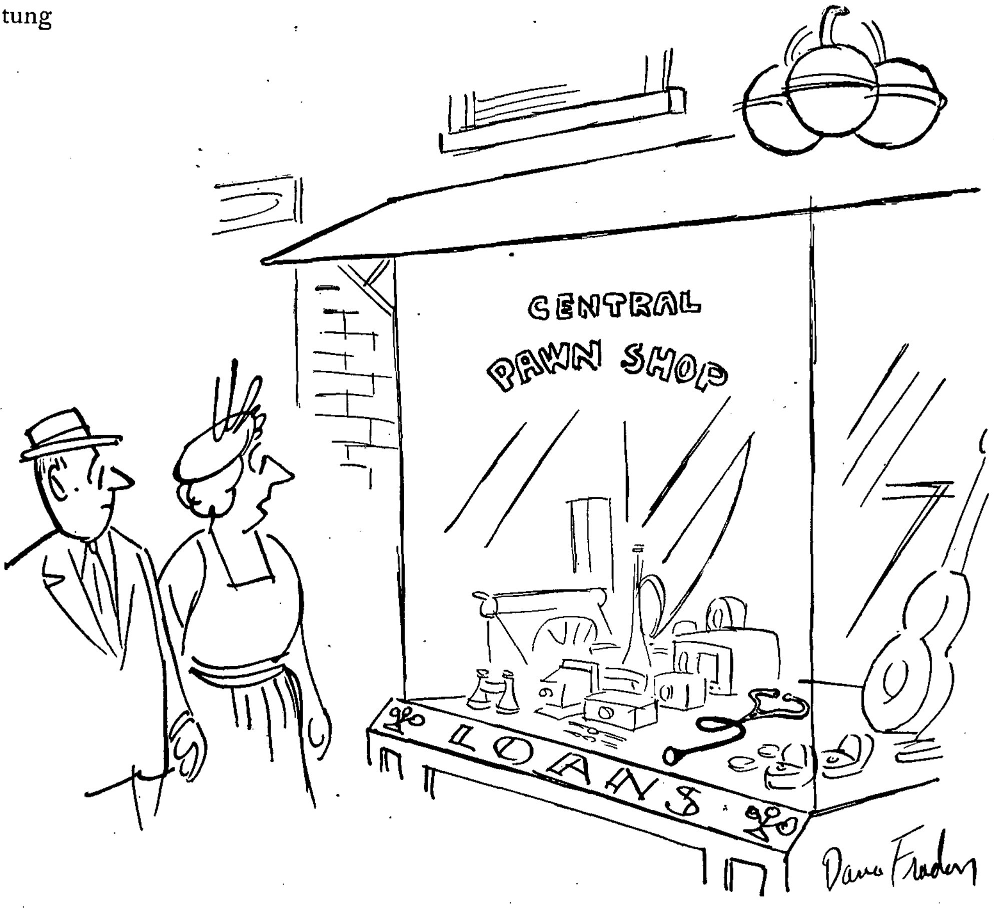
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

ELEANORA GARNETT, at 47 East 51st Street, has a cheerful collection of ready-to-wear summer clothes designed and made in her Italian workrooms. For travelling on hot days, she thinks well of a gray-and-white horizontally striped shirtwaist dress with twenty-four gores that expand, as they near the hemline, to give the skirt a sedate swing. It's accompanied by a plain gray coat with a broad, pointed collar and kimono sleeves. The entire ensemble is of a mixture of cotton, silk, and wool. A silky cotton dinner-in-the-country dress with little tabs along the low neck shows up in chartreuse or peacock blue; it is encircled at the waist by a sash of Turkey-red cotton twill studded with gilt nailheads. This is $95, the bottom price here. (The top one is a lot higher.) A strapless dress of white cloqué piqué has a tapering cape, edged with ball fringe, that slips on over the head; a slim dress of black silk gauze with a shantung weave is draped on the right hip into a great double pouf. The most spectacular dress in the shop is solely for dancing; its bias-cut bodice and wide, mushroom-pleated skirt use up yards and yards and yards of hyacinth-blue chiffon. Underneath go a slip of blue taffeta and a ruffled petticoat of strawberry taffeta. An evening greatcoat of black upholstery cotton is lavishly decorated with dark-red cabbage roses and their foliage. These clothes are all in sizes 10 to 18, and they arrive from Rome ten days after an order is placed.

SUMMER clothes with poise and simplicity are around the premises of Amie, at 715 Madison Avenue (63rd). They are ordered *by size* (the range is 8 to 20) and delivery requires a week. The separates are particularly good-looking. Men's silk shirting (red, navy, gray, brown, green, or black stripes on white) makes a sleeveless tailored blouse and a straight skirt with a wide panel pleat down the front. In solid colors to harmonize with these hues, there's a less tailored raglan blouse and a pleated skirt of sheer linen, as well as a straight-hanging coat of wool. Prices for this group run from $29.95 for the sleeveless blouse to $195 for the coat. An ensemble of black silk linen—flared skirt, décolleté blouse, and halter top—bears occasional appliqués of black velvet scallops, to say nothing of buttons. The blouse and halter are $55 each; the skirt is $89. Cashmere cardigans and scoop-necked pullovers, lined or edged with matching fabric or spattered with hand-painted silk fans, butterflies, or flowers, are $49 to $65. For young girls, there's a drawstring blouse of pink-and-white checked gingham and a gored skirt of bright-red linen on which checked bowknots are appliquéd. A thoroughly self-possessed suit of black-and-white checked linen has a tight, waist-length jacket, slit in a long V down the chest, and a narrow skirt. A coat dress of handkerchief linen is vertically tucked all the way around; $98. Any of these clothes can be copied in your choice of the large stock of cottons, linens, silks, and wools, as well as silk-and-cotton and silk-and-wool mixtures, on hand.

THE clothes put forth by Zita, at 755 Madison Avenue (65th), may be ordered in sizes 10 to 18 or made to measure. Either way takes a week. A handsome princesse coat of turquoise, black, and off-white Paisley rayon faille has a black velvet collar, sharply pointed lapels, and long, slender sleeves. Slate-gray silk and linen are combined in a princesse dress that is intended to be worn with a box jacket, of terra-cotta wool jersey, that is ornamented with frogs of the silk and linen. For morning until late at night, Zita offers a décolleté chemise dress of navy rayon crêpe with a white linen button-on Empire over-bodice that ties in a bow at the throat. Among the skirts, I noticed a stunning reversible, bright-gold linen on one side and orange, olive, and yellow flowered surah on the other. A shirtwaist of the surah can turn the skirt into an outfit. A green linen sheath dress comes with a



“Goodness, I never thought they *had to pawn anything!”*

separate reversible skirt of green linen and rose-splashed chintz. Cocktails-and-dinner is the mood of an arresting high-necked dress whose fitted top of black shantung outlines the hips and is gathered low onto a bouffant skirt of cocoa organdie embroidered with black polka dots. Ready-to-wear prices run from $50 to $175; custom orders cost about a third more.

PEG NEWTON, who's in business at 3 East 48th Street, believes in tall girls and has clothes for them. Her favorite customers run from five foot eight to six feet, without shoes. To start, there are striking raincoats and cloches of gray or gray-blue rayon flannel. A tailored peg-top dress is of gray orlon piped with gold or of gold orlon piped with gray. Another slender dress, of eggshell, navy, or black Moygashel linen, is adorned by a diagonal band and bows of the linen across the left shoulder and a curving fake flap pocket over the right hip. An afternoon princesse dress of silk is printed with turquoise and white berries and ferns. Wide, scarflike streamers are attached at the shoulders and knotted on the chest to give the effect of a cowl collar. The dresses, in sizes 10 to 18, are $16.95 to $60. A circular skirt of white corduroy strewn with blazing red poppies, bachelor buttons, and ferns is $12.50. The shop is now, by the way, stocking extra-long girdles of black or white power net, elasticized lace, or embroidered white marquisette.

MME. KETTO, who's ensconced in the establishment of Mimi Tuthill, at 27 East 61st Street, offers some truly lovely lingerie. An Empire slip of black Chantilly-type nylon lace over pink or blue nylon sheer and bound with black nylon velvet is $49. The corresponding petticoat is $35. A petticoat of champagne nylon tricot, smothered with Alençon-type nylon lace, is $29. A comparatively plain nylon tricot slip, whose bodice is of nylon sheer on which tiny hearts are appliquéd, appears in almost any color. It's $11.50, the lowest lingerie price here. Hostess gowns of black-and-white dotted swiss, with charcoal roses straggling gracefully all over it, are topped by deep shawl collars that have a wide edging of black lace; $39. Short wraparound robes are of white cotton printed with either turquoise and beige flowers or orange and yellow butterflies; colossal bows of turquoise or gold polished cotton tie at the side. Three-piece lounging pajamas (a sleeveless tuck-in top, coolie trousers, and a hip-length flared jacket)

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of Brooke Cadwallader's fuchsia, gold, and rust-zinnia cotton print are $85. Sizes not in stock entail a wait of a week. . . . Vanity Fair's black-and-white zebra-striped lingerie, including bandeaux, briefs, petticoats, and two-piece pajamas of nylon tricot, is $2.25 to $16.95 an item at Altman. The same nylon makes a tailored robe and a black-sashed peignoir at Lord & Taylor; $29.95 each.

PECK & PECK are presenting a fine assortment of bathing suits and sun dresses, designed by Carolyn Schnurer and made of cotton print whose décor has been distinctly influenced by life in India. A princesse sun dress of white cotton printed with red, green, or black medallions is constructed so the colored border of the fabric runs down the center front. There's a bathing suit to match. Another sun dress is of off-white cotton sprinkled with small gray, blue, or pink flowers. The matching bathing suit has a boned bodice, so its shoulders may be safely unbuttoned when you want more sun. The most startling print—a dazzling allover design in red, bright blue, or yellow—is used for a bathing suit and two sun dresses, one with a camisole top and a full, tuck-pleated skirt, the other with a narrow pleated skirt and a single-strap, oblique décolletage. Prices of these clothes are from $16.95 to $29.95; sizes are from 8 to 18.

RENÉE MONTAGUE, at 667 Madison Avenue (61st), has always had wonderful custom accessories. Now she is branching out into children's things. A drawstring pouch of hand-whipped red capeskin lined with flowered cotton is $13.75, and so is a black patent-leather envelope lined with bengaline and equipped with a top handle. A pastel velvet hair ribbon is dotted with forget-me-nots. Hand-sewn gloves, buttoned at the wrist, are $10.50 done in white English doeskin and $5.50 done in white cotton. Calico dogs, checked Teddy bears, and striped rabbits run rampant across the hemline of a beach mat of white terry cloth. (There are grownup versions of this mat, too.) A white canvas beach bag is bound in oilcloth. For grownups, there are beach umbrellas of white cotton with a Noah's-ark print, at $36.50, as well as an enormous white sailcloth carryall, with appliqués of the ark animals gambolling over it, at $32.50. Linen fans, shaped like lollipops and mounted on wooden handles, are $4.50. Allow a week to ten days for delivery of any

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CAROUSEL, at 510 Madison Avenue (53rd), provides clothes for small boys and girls from infancy to size 6. Miniature pedal pushers of faded-blue or charcoal denim are trimmed with red-and-white striped cotton knit inserts. Boxer shorts have suspenders of the cotton knit, and the companion T shirts, also of the cotton knit, have turtle or crew necks. White knit cotton cardigans are banded with the striped knit. Sizes run from 2 to 6, and prices from $2.95 to $3.95. "Smoking" jackets of white terry cloth have shawl collars and cuffs of cotton knit plaid, and there are swimming trunks and maillots of the same plaid. More terry cloth appears in a yellow, pink, or blue hooded robe banded in white; sizes 1 to 3. There are also matching bootees. One-piece cotton romper play suits, wildly striped in yellow, orange, blue, purple, and melon, have white piqué sashes that tie in stiff bows at each side; sizes 3 to 6. Last of all, there's a delightful party dress of white organdie with small polka-dotted balloons appliquéd here and there; $7.95, in toddlers' sizes.

MARK CROSS's celebrated Noah bag is out for summer in two miniature editions—straw cloth in a variety of colors, and grosgrain into which straw is woven, also in a variety of colors; $20.35. A long, narrow satchel bag of basketweave straw with double leather handles is lined with natural crash linen and reinforced with leather; $20.35 or $24.75, according to size, and in all sorts of hues. The wavy top of a tote bag of flowery English tapestry is banded with black patent leather or colored cowhide; $24.75. A lightweight duffelbag of buffed cowhide (it looks like suède) has a base and handles of highly polished cowhide; $21.45, in a selection of nice rich colors. It's seventeen inches high and fifteen inches wide at its broadest point. These prices include the federal tax. Among the umbrellas is one of acetate taffeta in a choice of seventeen color schemes. It has a morocco or pigskin handle and fits into a twenty-four-inch suitcase; $7.50. Striped cotton shirts, good-looking with shorts or slacks, are $6.95.

THE place run by A. Barra, at 519 Madison Avenue (53rd), specializes in accessories from Italy. Velours berets—round, fat ones and long, lean ones—in any number of colors, as well as in white, are $4.50. There are just as

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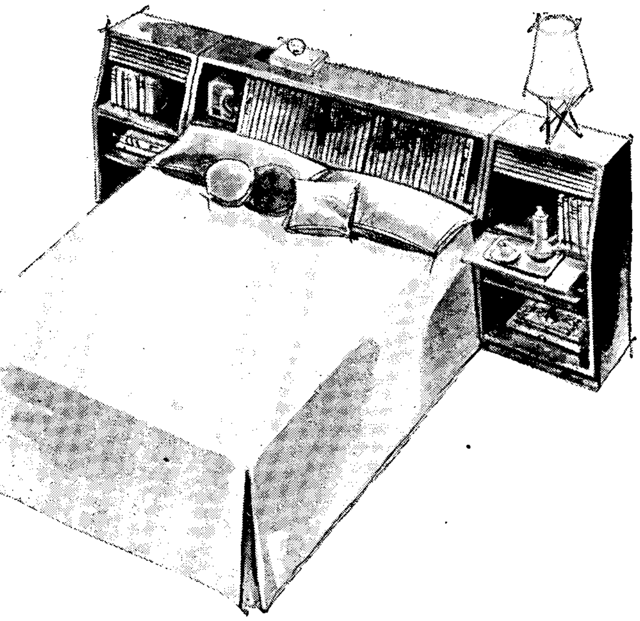

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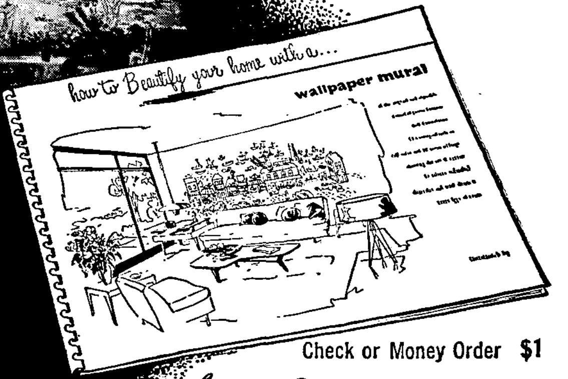
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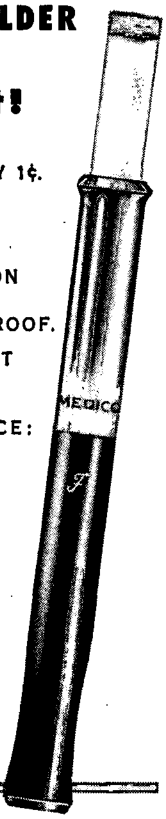

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many colors to choose from in the case of a wide, elasticized straw-braid belt with a buckle of multi-hued glass currants. Another elasticized belt, of black velvet, has a pastel ceramic buckle involving two storks. A slinky stole of black or white silk is trimmed with "ostrich" plumes of white silk fringe; $39.50. There are short polka-dotted gloves of cotton, and glacé kid ones with latticework cuffs, in combinations of black and white, and navy and white. Custom gloves cost from $12.50 to $22.50. Matching ascots start at $7.50.

X-CHEQUER, at 816 Third Avenue (50th), is presently concerned with imaginative and frivolous oddments for summer. A wraparound skirt of white sailcloth on which vegetables and fruits are painted and a sailcloth halter with one painted dragonfly poised on it are $35, complete. Kerchief caps in a cheerful variety of cotton prints, including leopard skin, are decked out with grosgrain or velvet ribbons that tie at the nape of the neck. Matching belts fasten with gold-metal rings. Velveteen contour belts, on which fat wool robins and lovebirds perched on a twig are appliquéd, are $11.95, and a three-tone belt of narrow grosgrain, dotted with minute fake coins, buttons, and sequins, is $5.95, with a matching bow tie. A huge market-day carryall is of dark-green sailcloth, on which felt skillets and mushrooms, or eggs and a pepper grinder, are appliquéd. Gold-plated rope bracelets from which brilliant enamel copies of the hex signs on Pennsylvania barns dangle are $5.95; matching earrings are $3.39. Both prices include the federal tax.

LA CUISINIÈRE, a new shop on the second floor of 133 East 55th Street, offers perfect aprons for all manner of activity. Workers in the garden or the kitchen could use a striped denim cobbler's apron; a street-length wraparound for the beach, of bright-red or pale-blue denim, could very well be worn shopping in the village. All is not unremittingly sturdy here, however; a short, frilly apron of rosebud-dotted dimity, encircled by Val-type lace, is as pretty as can be. Prices run from $5.50 to $9.95. —M. M.

•

SACRAMENTO, April 3 (AP)—Mrs. Alfred Giorgi sent her young son, Michael, to a neighbor to borrow two tablespoons of corn starch. He returned with a jigger of whisky.—*Los Angeles Times*.

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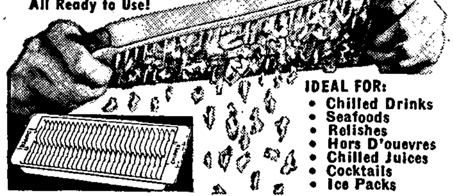

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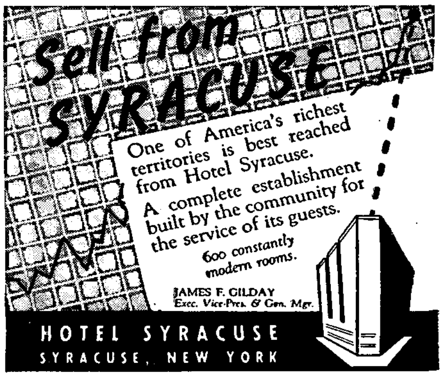

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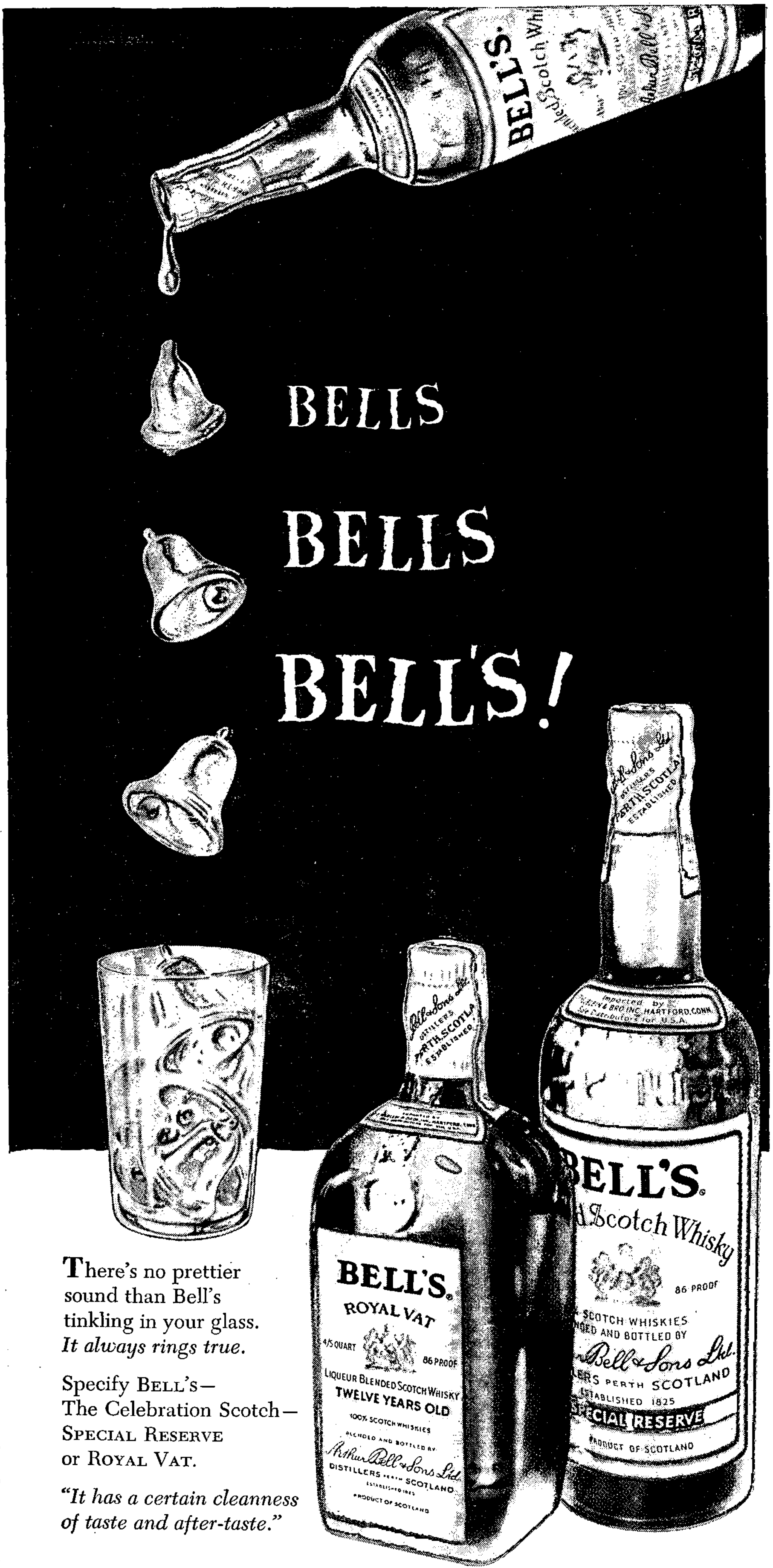
MUSICAL EVENTS

Old Horizons

ON Wednesday evening of last week, I dropped in at Carl Fischer Concert Hall to hear part of a recital by an intrepid pianist named David Tudor, who apparently specializes in the curious type of musical Dadaism that at the moment has as its leading exponent the composer John Cage. I had heard Mr. Cage's music on previous occasions, so I was properly braced for the sort of thing I was to experience. The fact that the recital included only one composition by Mr. Cage himself, and was otherwise devoted mainly to works by his disciples and associates, was something I would have been unaware of had it not been for a program, tastefully printed on old newspapers, that announced the participation of such fellow-composers as Stefan Wolpe, Pierre Boulez, Morton Feldman, and Christian Wolff. The portion of the program I heard was actually quite uniform in style, except that Mr. Feldman's composition was soft and the others were loud. The music did not call for the alterations in piano construction—such as the addition of nuts and bolts or paper wadding between the strings—that have been popular with Mr. Cage and his emulators. It consisted of phrenetic hammering and thumping, and sounded in general as if a quantity of miscellaneous objects were being dropped more or less at random onto the keyboard.

A small but obviously dedicated audience gave the evening an atmosphere that reminded me, somewhat nostalgically, of similar events that used to take place frequently in Paris and New York in the nineteen-twenties. Most of those present seemed convinced that they were glimpsing new horizons in the company of music's avant-garde, but I, for one, couldn't help reflecting that this particular avant-garde had been marching back and forth over the same rather parched and thoroughly conquered territory for a terribly long time. The most striking thing about the concert to me, in fact, was its touching loyalty to one of the oldest traditions of what used to be known as "modern music." The aesthetic idea behind this tradition may be stated,



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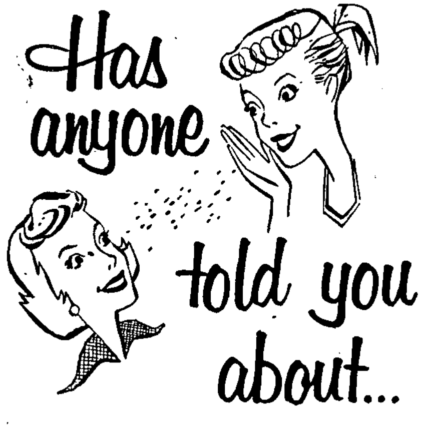
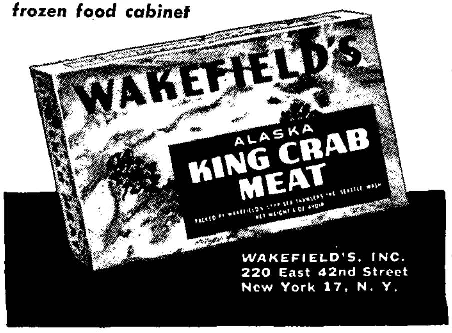
roughly, as follows: that music consists of sound, that sound is the same thing as noise, and that the progress of the art lies in the exploitation of hitherto unutilized noises. It was first propounded, as far as I am aware, by the Italian futurist Luigi Russolo, during the First World War, and was embodied in certain compositions of his that were written for automobile horns, dishpans, sirens, and the like. It was later reflected in the fist-and-elbow technique the composers Henry Cowell and Leo Ornstein applied to the piano and in the somewhat cacophonous orchestral compositions of Edgar Varèse and a Russian named Mossolov (the first name escapes me), who succeeded in making a symphony orchestra reproduce faithfully the sounds emitted by an iron foundry. I have never felt that such interesting activity had much to do with the art of music, but I am a great believer in tradition, and I am happy to report that this tradition, however unrelated to the main stream of the art, is being kept alive by Mr. Cage and his colleagues. For Mr. Tudor's performance of the music I can record nothing but sincere admiration. He is plainly a gifted pianist and a meticulous musical craftsman. It is, moreover, a far more difficult task to perform this sort of thing accurately than it is to compose it.

THE Philharmonic opened its final week of concerts on Thursday evening of last week at Carnegie Hall, presenting, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, a new violin concerto by the German-American composer Richard Mohaupt. The soloist in this work was the eighteen-year-old violinist Michael Rabin, who played with a notably clean and brilliant technique. The concerto itself appeared to me to be a valuable addition to the literature of its kind. Its style derives unmistakably from Prokofieff and Shostakovich, and I detected no evidence in it of pronounced originality. But the composition is full of vigorous rhythm, and the portions allotted to the solo violin are quite effectively written for the instrument. The other memorable feature of Mr. Mitropoulos's program was a performance of Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony, which I had not heard for a long time and which struck me as well worth reviving, since it is, in its brooding and lush romantic way, an altogether pleasing work. Mr. Mitropoulos apparently found it music of the most congenial sort, for he conducted it with real fire and eloquence. His

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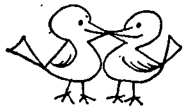
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conducting reminded me of certain sterling virtues that have manifested themselves in several of his concerts during the season, and perhaps this is the time to comment on them. I have never regarded Mr. Mitropoulos as the most profound current interpreter of well-worn classics. He seems to me a conductor of the brilliant, inspirational type, who is capable of very revealing and exciting performances when the spirit moves him and of rather rough-and-ready ones when it does not. He gives consistent evidence of a restless and interesting musical mind—a mind that has been responsible for a great many of the past season's most unusual and provocative symphonic events. The quality of his performances seems to depend a great deal on his personal enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm seems particularly stirred by difficult contemporary compositions and by the work of such flamboyant romantic composers as Rachmaninoff and Richard Strauss. Here, Mr. Mitropoulos becomes a conductor of the most compelling sort. He is, moreover, an artist with a distinct and authentic personality. For one thing, he has managed to stand aloof from the domination of Arturo Toscanini, whose numerous imitators have made a hard-driving metronomic exactitude the prevailing fetish in the field. For another, I have generally found that Mr. Mitropoulos approaches his interpretive tasks with rare technical musicianship and a fresh and individual ear. These attributes, in my opinion, make him a conductor of considerable stature.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

Two for the Show

STRAVINSKY'S "Pulcinella" and Mozart's "Bastien und Bastienne" have this much in common: Both stem from the eighteenth century, both are performed infrequently, both are diverting, and both, to get right down to it, have turned up recently on Columbia long-playing records. It's not hard to see why they are performed so infrequently. The Stravinsky work, commissioned by Diaghilev for a one-act ballet produced in 1920, is a hybrid—a rescoring, for orchestra and three singers (soprano, tenor, and bass), of a couple of dozen tunes by Pergolesi. Since it is long and, by its nature, both undramatic and episodic, it is not the sort of thing that would be likely to attract either choreographers or concert conductors today. The present recording exists solely because the composer

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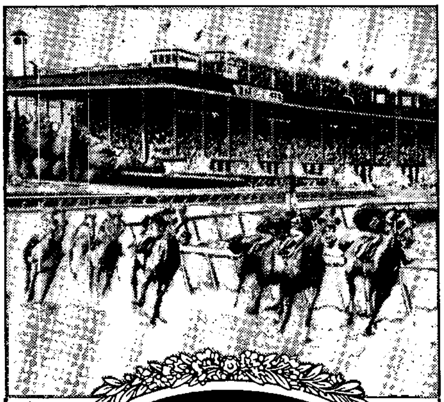

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himself, conducting the Cleveland Orchestra last December, decided to do the work and because somebody else decided, fortunately, that it was worth taking down. The melodies, borrowed mainly from two musical comedies, "Il Fratello Innamorato" and "Il Flaminio," and from a collection of trio sonatas, are lovely, and Stravinsky hasn't tampered with them beyond arranging them in the present order and changing keys to suit his scheme. He has, however, injected his own personality into the procession of eighteenth-century airs by his distinctive orchestration, with its stimulating harmonic and rhythmic devices. The singing is simply one strand in the fabric—and an intermittent one at that—and in consequence it often sounds remote. "Pulcinella" rambles on, but the essential beauty of the themes and Stravinsky's suave exposition of them make it an engaging potpourri. As for "Bastien und Bastienne," a one-act pastoral Singspiel, also for soprano, tenor, and bass, it is a trifle in the Mozart library, but a charming trifle. Mozart wrote it when he was twelve. He was already a confident craftsman, though, and the three characters—a shepherd, a shepherdess, and a village wise man—tell a pretty, flirtatious little story set to some carefree music that reaches its high point in an entrancing tenor solo. The whole thing is as light as country air. The performance, supported by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, is an appealing one, and the soprano, Ilse Hollweg, is particularly adept.

MOST of the other new records I've been listening to lately offer music wholly identified with this century, and three of them, all Capitol products, are highly enjoyable. One is a stunning rendition by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under William Steinberg's direction, of Stravinsky's magnificent ballet score "Le Sacre du Printemps." (As it happens, Mercury, too, has issued a new recording of this composition, by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, but the performance seemed to me less compelling than the other.) Brilliantly designed and wonderfully invigorating, "Le Sacre du Printemps" even today, forty-one years after its première, sounds freshly conceived. The second of these three new Capitol records presents fleet readings of two piano concertos—Bartók's Third and Prokofieff's Third. The young pianist Leonard Pennario does a first-class job as soloist in both works, and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra,

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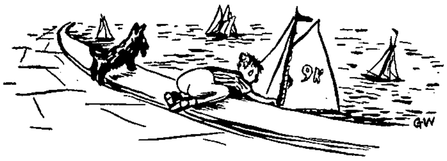
Vladimir Golschmann conducting, provides exemplary accompaniments. Prokofieff's concerto, written rather early in his career, is larking and energetic, and calls for considerable dexterity on the part of the soloist. It's an arresting and ingratiating piece—not one of Prokofieff's best, but still clearly the product of an original mind and a sure hand. Bartók's concerto, which is more profound, is the composer's last completed work and one of his more attractive compositions. Some of the familiar acerbity (though none of the skill) gives way here to a welcome enthusiasm. Mr. Golschmann is also the conductor for the third record I'd like to mention. On this one, he leads a chamber orchestra through four short works by contemporary American composers. Of the four, Samuel Barber's Adagio for Strings and Aaron Copland's "Quiet City" are probably the best known, and certainly the most rewarding. The Barber piece is rich, graceful, and beautiful. "Quiet City," in which Copland uses the trumpet and the English horn in expressive solo passages, is tenderly mournful. The two other selections are David Diamond's "Rounds" and Paul Creston's "Two Choric Dances." The former is a vigorous, somewhat brash work, which manages to hold one's interest for a while but then begins to seem rather empty; the latter is pretentious and even ponderous.

ON a new M-G-M record, Arthur Honegger's Symphony No. 2 and Jean Rivier's Symphony No. 2, both for strings (a trumpet comes in toward the close of the Honegger composition), are played by a house orchestra under the direction of Isler Solomon. Honegger's symphony, written in Paris during the German occupation, reveals the composer in an angry mood, which gives the work a tortured, uneven quality. While he makes versatile use of the strings, he has nothing very coherent to say. A good deal of confusion is evident in Rivier's composition, too, but it also has some charm, especially in the adagio section. . . . Arnold Schoenberg tried his hand at a violin concerto only once, as did his disciple Alban Berg. The two compositions are now presented together on a Columbia record, with Louis Krasner, who introduced them, as soloist. In the Schoenberg



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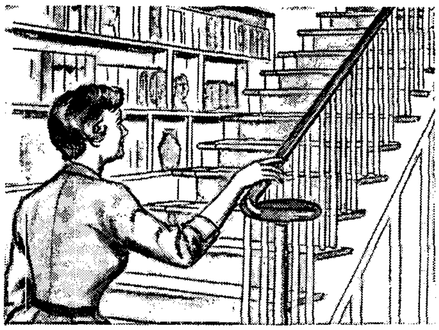

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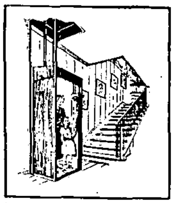

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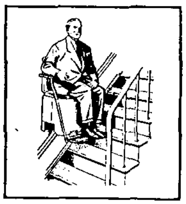

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concerto, he is assisted by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, and in the Berg concerto by the Cleveland Orchestra, under the direction of Artur Rodzinski. Both works are studied examples of Schoenberg's doubtful contribution to music—the twelve-tone theory, with its curious combination of rootlessness and rigid conformity. Although I have no fondness for either piece, I suspect that the pupil has surpassed the master here. Somehow, Berg's concerto, written a year before Schoenberg's, is a bit more yielding, more expressive, more emotional, perhaps, and even more deft. In any case, it's a poor choice. Krasner, as far as I can tell, plays both with remarkable facility. . . . It took Debussy a long time to get his Rhapsody for Saxophone and Orchestra, now available on one side of a Capitol record, into any kind of presentable shape. Commissioned in 1901 by a Boston clubwoman who was also an amateur saxophonist, the score did not reach her hands until ten years later, and even then the orchestral part was merely sketched in. It wasn't until a good many more years had passed that the orchestration was completed—by someone else, after Debussy's death—and the poor lady got what she wanted. The Rhapsody is a decidedly minor Debussy work, but, as one might expect, it is also expert. The saxophone is employed resourcefully but without any real faith in its expressive potentialities. Marcel Mule, heard with the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra, takes the solo part in this and, on the other side of the record, in Jacques Ibert's competent but trivial Concertino da Camera, also for saxophone and orchestra. A saxophonist doesn't have too many opportunities to shine in the concert world, and Mule rises splendidly to his big moment. . . . Selections for harp and orchestra are a bit more common, but by no means plentiful, and Capitol has lately turned out a record devoted to this particular combination. Ann Mason Stockton is the soloist, playing with a chamber group, and she is heard to advantage on one side of the record in Harl McDonald's pretty suite "From Childhood," which is based on English nursery tunes. The other side is wasted on a fuzzy bit of musical impressionism by André Caplet, entitled "The Mask of the Red Death."

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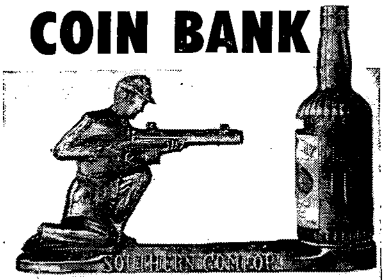

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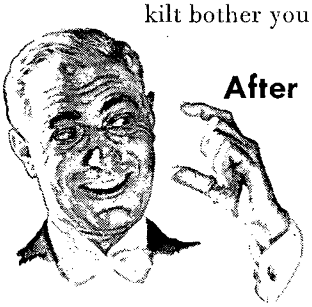

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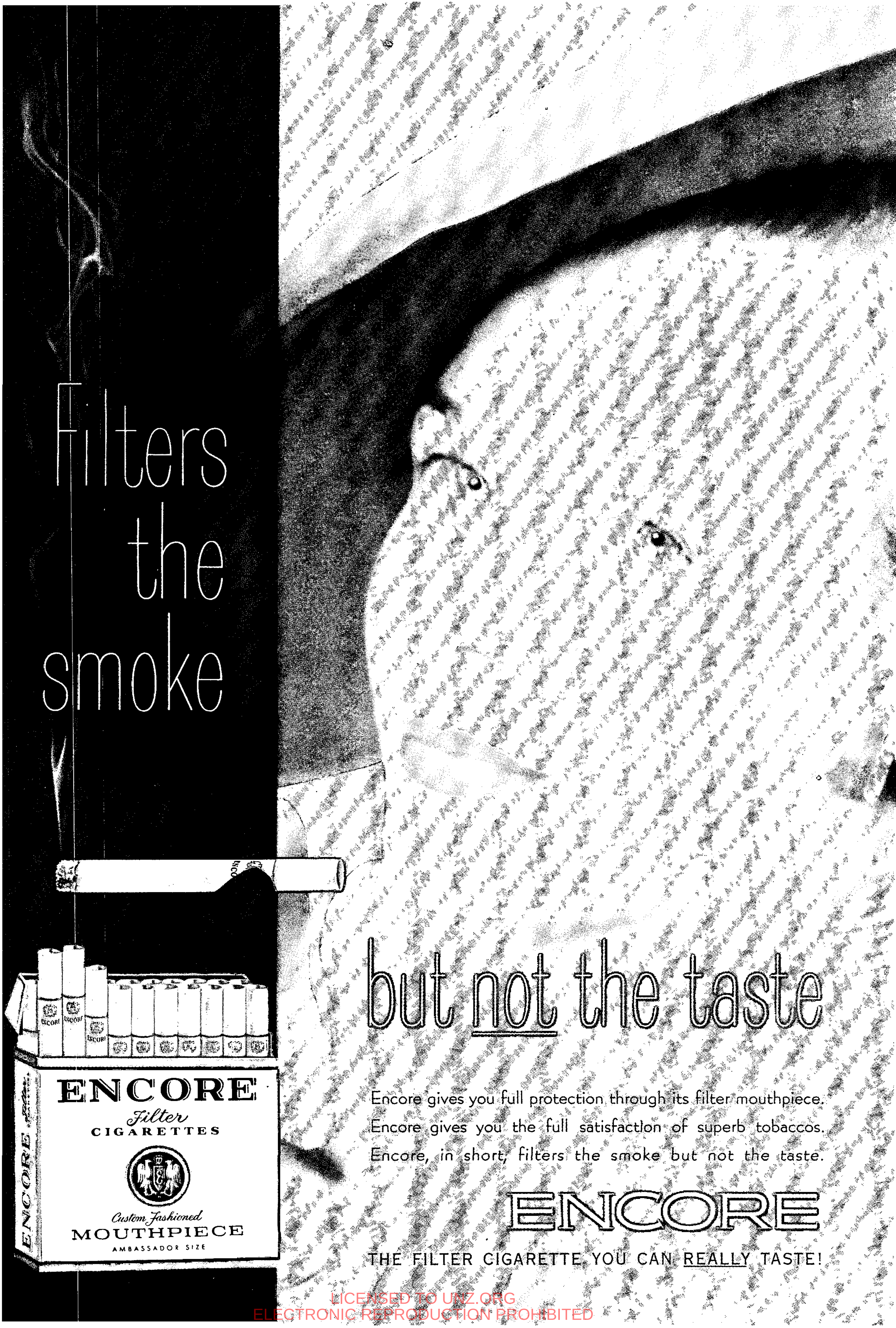
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•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the St. Helens* (*Ore.*) *Chronicle*]

Highlights at the reception of the Stokes-Havlik wedding: It was really a grand time for the guests who enjoyed themselves. The bride, among many other gifts, received a $100 bill and other smaller cash contributions were made to the couple. John Drew, who played the bass viol, was looking for a safety pin to put in the piano. String broke. Charley Quinn cared for the Bee Hive, looking out for them. John Bukovi Jr. caused much merriment with his wind dancing. Also Mr. and Mrs. Glen Seastrom spent some time on the floor doing the Seastrom shuffle. Ernest Carson, a 16 year old Lincoln high school lad from Portland, really stole the show with his drums and trumpet. The young man could inflate his jaws, while drumming, and more so with his trumpet and all the facial expressions. Steve Stokes, 13 years old, and rather tall, being an usher for his brother's wedding, was really big helping in many ways, aiding guests. A friend of his mother remarked how big he was and she in turn said he had such big feet. Just good understanding. Bob Beasley was held up by four men to put larger bulbs in the ceiling for more light. Ed Havlik, brother of the bride, was busy aiding guests get their cars free and got a soaking and kept saying he was ruining his $7.50 suit. Frank Mares said the music was so good he could float away with it. Vernon Boylan said he was glad he was skinny so he could get among the dancers without getting bruised. John Fattu of Portland was too busy getting acquainted as he was the former teacher of the groom. As it was about time for the guests to be leaving our eligible bachelor, Victor Lockyear, just picked up a large coffeemaker, said goodbye and left.

•

"If you rolled out a red carpet for Shirley Booth," the young prop man said, "she'd stand around to see who it was for."

It was one of the nicest accolades Hollywood could give the middle-aged, Oscar-winning star of "Come Back Little Sheba," who is currently appearing in the Broadway smash hit, "The Solid Gold Cadillac."

When I was there to witness the filming of her second movie, "About Mrs. Leslie," Hollywood had rolled out its carpets and practically everything else for the . . . —*Celestine Sibley in the Atlanta Journal & Constitution Magazine.*

How about a quick trip to New York to catch a few shows?

(*Advertisement*)

THE

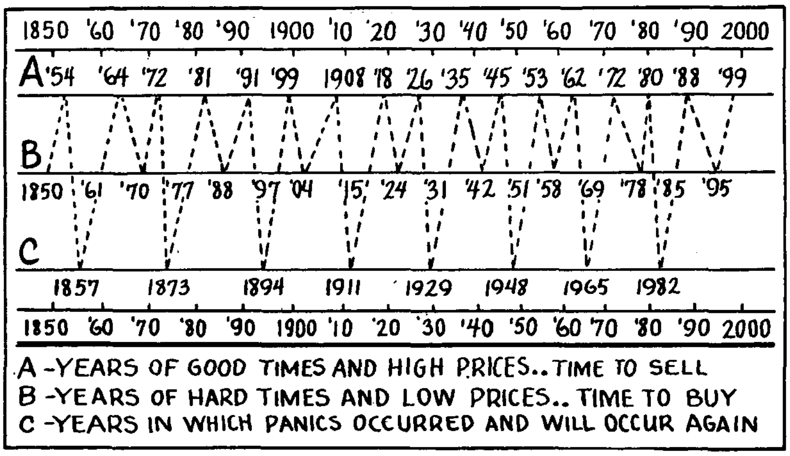
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune

COLUMN

by **CEDRIC ADAMS**

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

RECESSION, DEPRESSION, OR BUST? That question has been headline news for months. The outlook for the next few years might be found in a chart found in an old desk in Philadelphia back in 1902 and published first before the Civil war. The original chart started with the year 1810, but we had to chop off a few years for this two-column width. Study it carefully and note how accurate it has been through all the years. The panics of 1857, 1873 and 1894 are all a matter of record. You plungers will remember 1929. Note how the chart dips that year. It's easy, too, for a lot of us to remember 1918 as a prosperous year. Note that 1931 was a year of hard times and low prices. Scoot up to 1935, and you find that was a good year There's a ray of sunshine when you look at the bottom in 1948. It takes 17 years to go up and clear back down again. Clip it and stick it in your billfold for a dozen years just to check the accuracy of it:



★

LET ME BASK a moment in reflected glory, will you? And believe me there's plenty of it reflecting in my vicinity—more than 350 bright, shining awards and honors. That's the number amassed by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune and my colleagues on the staff, just since 1947, for excellence in literally all the various fields and activities of newspapering. Latest glittering additions are the coveted Sigma Delta Chi national awards for distinguished service in journalism made recently to Richard L. Wilson, chief of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Washington bureau, and Carl Rowan, Minneapolis Tribune reporter. Tributes like these tell you better than anything I can say why the favorite newspapers of America's 3½ state Upper Midwest region are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 620,000).

★

I'LL WAGER YOU'RE not on schedule with this: An adult should drink an average of five pints of water a day . . . Don't leave a glass container of milk exposed to the sunlight for as little as half an hour. The milk not only takes on a different flavor, but vitamin C and much of the riboflavin are destroyed by such exposure . . . Never have seen a stenographer yet who doesn't have to stop and look when it comes to typing numerals. Not the dollar sign, though . . . Revised definition: Executive—man who talks to visitors so the other employes can get their work done . . . Try this on your bay window: There's as much nourishment in one hen's egg as there is in a dozen average-sized oysters . . . It was the cynical Clarence Darrow who once observed: "Depressions may bring people closer to church, but so do funerals."

BOOKS

"Keep Those Paws to Yourself, Space-Rat!"

IN two previous works called "Dark Legend" and "The Show of Violence" (Rinehart), Dr. Fredric Wertham, founder and director of some of the largest mental-hygiene clinics in the East, urged closer psychiatric attention to sex offenders. Most of the cases he dealt with had ended in atrocious murders, which he contended might have been avoided if their perpetrators' condition had been identified and treated in time. They were both remarkable books, giving evidence of long and exhaustive study, and also featuring what may easily be one of the most peppery and intemperate personalities of our time. Now, in his rather theatrically titled "Seduction of the Innocent," Dr. Wertham goes to work on the so-called comic books, with special reference to those devoted to crime and love. It is a staggering undertaking—there are something like four hundred titles in the field, and in the past seven years the Doctor has studied practically every issue of each—and the effect is visible in his prose, which is occasionally choked with even greater fury than that which was aroused in him by the state's practice of electrocuting men he had diagnosed as imbeciles. His conclusions can be summarized somewhat as follows:

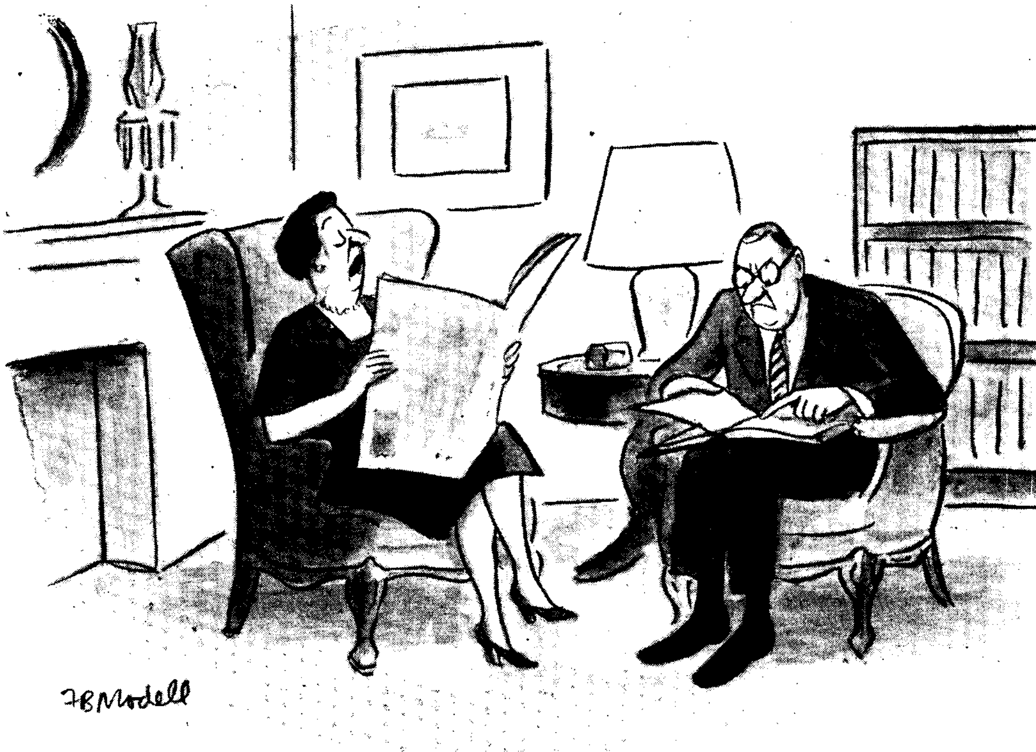
1. The little books, of which some ninety million copies are circulated each month, principally to children between the ages of eight and sixteen, who on an average read ten a week, are powerful stimulants to sadism, masochism, homosexuality, both male and female ("Superman" and "Wonder Woman" are conspicuous offenders in this department), admiration of successful villainy, contempt for the law, and almost every other anti-social activity that you care to name.

2. They corrupt and degrade adolescent taste not only by their own content of miserable drawings, illiterate text, and perverted morality but also by the fact that they destroy the instinct to read good books. There is, Dr. Wertham says in this connection, no instance in his experience where a comic-book version of a classic has led a child to the original, the invariable observed effect being a sort of extension of Gresham's law: in the nursery, vulgar synopses drive out decent literature.

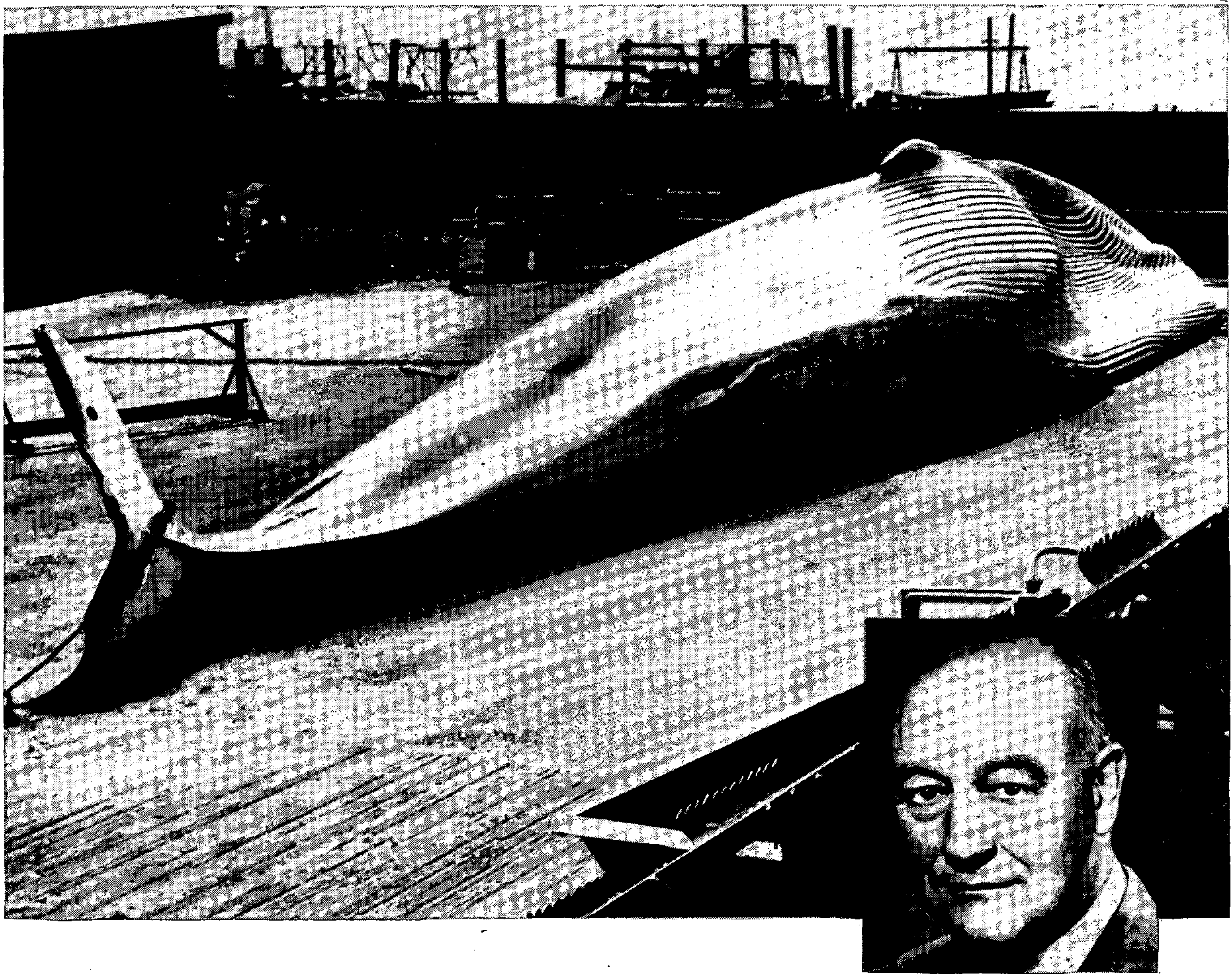
3. They do not help but, rather, hold back the process of learning to read, partly because of the abundance of bad grammar, both intentional and otherwise, and of nonexistent or grotesquely misspelled words that appear in the text, partly because of the difficulties imposed by blurred printing on the cheapest grade of paper, partly because the pictures are usually designed to make a knowledge of reading almost superfluous. ("We are retooling for illiteracy," an unusually frank publisher told the author), and partly because the eccentrically placed caption balloons work against the reading-from-left-to-right principle, which is the basis of sound early training.

4. The books foster the idea of violence, and some of the advertisements in them—for knives, guns, and other implements of combat—offer the means to carry it out. Other advertised products, promising to reduce weight, remove skin blemishes, and promote certain not quite specified physical developments, are generally useless, often actually dangerous, and the wording of the text plays cruelly on baseless adolescent fears.

5. The ostensible moral lessons are usually only the most perfunctory possible concessions to respectable prejudice. In the crime comics, that is, robbery, torture, murder, and rape are successfully and picturesquely accomplished right up to the concluding sequences, when retribution, usually in the shape of superior force, overtakes the evildoers. In most cases, moreover, this is presented as the result of stupidity on the criminals' part: they are overcome not because they are evil but because they are incompetent. Another interesting point is that, as in the case of Superman, virtue is often triumphant because it possesses supernatural attributes—or, in other words, the crime is real but the avenging agent is impossible. Superman, incidentally, seems to be Dr. Wer-



"I don't care what the Britannica says either."



The Man Who "Milked" a Whale

He knows whales better than their own mothers do—he actually "milked" a whale to find out that whale's milk looks like cow's milk but is "too strong tasting to be pleasant." We refer to that famous explorer, Roy Chapman Andrews.

His life-long interest in whales and his own observations of them led the editors to ask Dr. Andrews to write the article on "Whale" for World Book Encyclopedia. Which he did—including many strange facts, such as that whales' ancestors once walked on land and today these mammals still have remnants of legs—they have no sense of smell and no outer ears—they would drown if kept under water. "Whale" in World Book is informational, extremely interesting and authentic.

This is typical of the way World Book Editors work. More than 1400 scholars and specialists—all experts in their own particular fields—have contributed articles to World Book. These are then carefully checked for accuracy, readability, and completeness. Only then are they approved for publication.

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By JOSEPH HAYES

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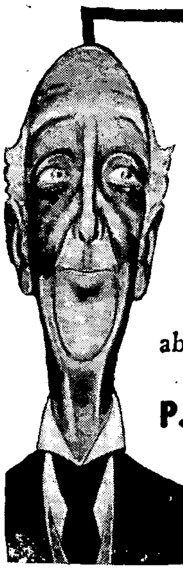

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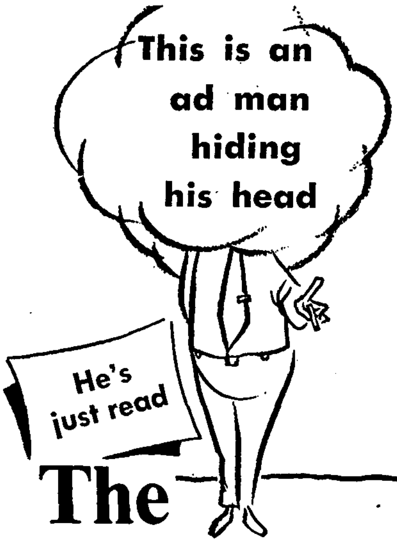
tham's favorite villain. Not only do his relations with his young male companion follow an idealized homosexual pattern but his contempt for gravity is an undermining of parental influence, since children are wont to look askance at fathers who can't fly. (Sometimes, it almost seems as if the Doctor were going out of his way to look for trouble.) In the love comics, the same thing is essentially true. Seduction is shown in great and usually alluring detail, and discovery, confession, and remorse are crowded into the last page or two, and again manage to suggest that they are primarily the result of inefficiency, and also that the future for the damaged lady is apt to be rather dull and anticlimactic at best.

6. In spite of most parents' delusions to the contrary, very few comics (it should be pointed out, by the way, that Dr. Wertham is writing only about comic books; the newspaper strips, in his opinion, though often vulgar, would decline to print at least seventy per cent of the material appearing in the books) deal with Donald Duck, Peter Rabbit, and similar cheerful and innocent personalities. Of the samples he investigated, about nine out of ten were concerned exclusively with sex and violence in varying degrees. He also notes that by a system of block bookings, most venders are unable to control the quality of what they sell. In order to get acceptable comics, and even, in some neighborhoods, respectable adult magazines, the dealer is forced to take a great preponderance of objectionable matter.

7. The United States is almost the only civilized nation that permits the unregulated sale of comic books; restrictions of various kinds exist against the American product in England, France, Canada, Sweden, Holland, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and a good many countries in South America. They are even banned in Russia, where apparently it is felt that their degraded picture of life in a capitalistic society, though desirable, is not enough to offset their incitement to rebellion against constituted authority. It may be interesting to note here, incidentally, that the publishers of the comics are in the habit of describing those who would eliminate them as Communist dupes at least, if not actually in Russian pay.

8. So far, all attempts to control the content of comic books in America have come to nothing because of the widespread hostility to any form of censorship. It may not be precisely the same thing to legislate what may or may not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be read by adults as it is to do so with publications intended primarily for children, but a good many defenders of freedom of speech, including organizations like the Civil Liberties Union, have resolutely and successfully opposed any and all statutes to curb the books. Self-censorship, though often promised after some particularly vehement protest, has never been more than feeble and momentary, and the comics right now, according to the Doctor, are more untrammelled than they have ever been.

9. When apologists for the comics fall back on their commonest defense and say that the books help children to get rid of their aggressions, what they really mean is "inhibitions," which is not the same thing at all.

10. The argument that horrors also abound in the classics has a good many answers, but the principal one is the method of presentation. A useful example of this is the death scene in "Hamlet," which in one comic is rendered as:

> "... Alas! I have been poisoned
> And now I, too, go
> To join my deceased father!
> I, too—I—AGGGRRRAA!"

ALTOGETHER, it is a formidable indictment, and if some of the charges appear to be only partly substantiated and if the language in which they are made is often extravagant, it still seems clear that something more pernicious than simple witlessness and monumental vulgarity is involved.

The evidence that the Doctor has assembled is overpowering, and only a few highlights can be touched on here. The most startling and graphic exhibit is a collection of sixteen pages of reproductions from the books. It is reasonable to suppose that the author picked the worst he could find, but even when it is conceded that this is the case, it is a shocking gallery, including a landscape in which the phallic symbolism could scarcely escape an observant six-year-old; a baseball game played with a corpse's head for the ball and with entrails for the base paths; pictures showing men and women being hanged, dragged face down and alive behind cars, branded, having their eyeballs pierced with needles (a favorite motif), and their blood sucked by beautiful female vampires; representations of nudes in all shapes and conditions (this is apparently known in the trade as "headlight" art), usually being bound or beaten, or both; and helpful diagrams illustrating the latest methods of breaking into a house or fracturing an Adam's

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apple with the edge of the hand. These samples appear in black-and-white, but it is explained that they were considerably more effective in the three-color originals. Some of the worst examples of this sort of thing, it is of further instruction to note, appear in publications put out by a firm known as Tiny Tots Comics, Inc.

Dr. Wertham's text can hardly be expected to exceed this display, but it is still informative:

> Jungle comics . . . contain such details as one girl squirting fiery "radium dust" on the protruding breasts of another girl ("I think I've discovered your Achilles' heel, chum!").

> Frequently children remember only snatches from comics. A fifteen-year-old girl, asked which comics she remembered, said, "I like one where a man puts a needle in a woman's eye. The eye is all bloodshot and frightened. And another one with a hunchback man carrying a woman from the grave or to the grave. I read four or five a day."

> A typical example [of love comics]: In one story there are thirty-seven pictures, of which twelve (that is, one in three) show brutal near-rape scenes.

> This story has ninety-seven pictures where the criminal is winning and one for the apotheosis of his suicide. Of course there is a gun advertisement, too.

> An eleven-year-old boy: "I like the Jumbo books. . . . There is a lot of fighting in them. There are men and women fighting. Sometimes they kill the girls, they strangle them, shoot them. Sometimes they poison them. . . . They often stab them. The girl doesn't do the stabbing very often, she gets stabbed more often. . . . I read one comic book where they tie people to the trees, tie them in front of stampeding herds. They tie them to the trees, then cut the trees and the sap runs over that person and the bugs are drawn to that sap, then they eat the people. . . . They throw them in rivers and make them swim where alligators come."

> A typical comic-book drawing shows a blonde young girl lying in bed. She says: "I was dreaming of murder and morphine." This is a crime-comic-book dream. Murder, crime, and drug traffic are offered to children in a literature which the defenders of comic books call the modern version of the stories of the brothers Grimm, Hans Christian Andersen or Mother Goose. But are there heroin addicts in Grimm, marihuana smokers in Andersen or dope peddlers in Mother Goose? And are there advertisements for guns and knives?

> "I read the comics," he [a ten-year-old] went on. "In some they tie up the girls. They tie their hands behind their backs because they want to do something to them later on."

> One of the most significant and deeply resented manifestations of race prejudice in the mores of the United States is the fact that in books, movies, and magazines photographs of white women with bared

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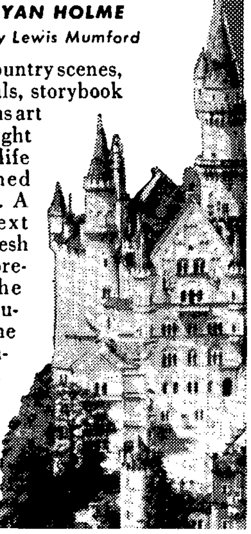

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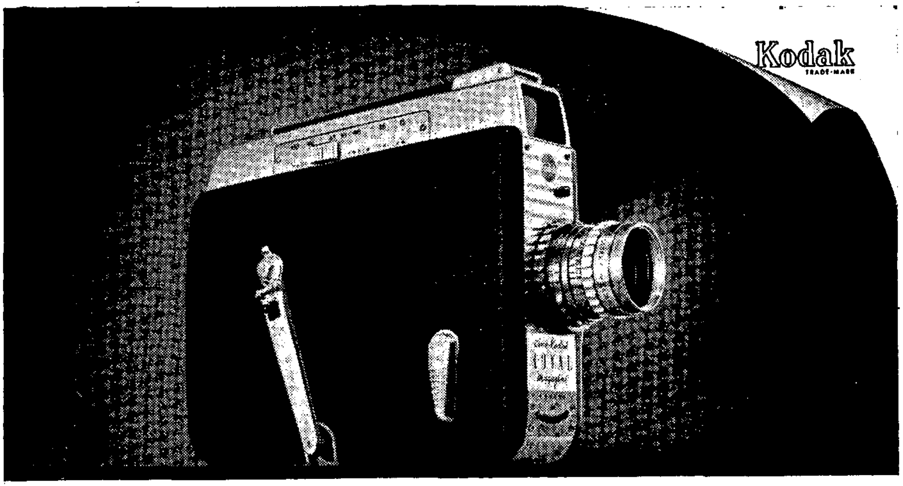
> breasts are taboo, while the same pictures of colored girls are permitted. Comic books for children make this same distinction.
>
> Comic books . . . have many words that are not words at all. From one typical comic book alone, a Western endorsed by a psychiatrist on the first page, I have made this partial list: OWW, ARGHH, OOOHHH, WHAM, GLURG, UGH, GLHELP, KURRACK, KAPOW, PING, THUNK, BLAM, YEOW, UNGH, BAM, ZING, AANGH, ARRGG, OOOOOO! HAH!, GLUG-UGH.
>
> Millions of comic books have illustrated advertisements: THROWING KNIFE. Properly shaped and balanced for throwing . . . Penetrating point . . . Tool steel . . . Thrilling stunts . . . Hard hitting . . . Easy-to-throw . . . 7 inches . . . ($1.98)

I could give a hundred similar quotations. In addition to "Superman" and "Wonder Woman," Dr. Wertham pays his particular respects to "Batman," whose relations with a boy called Robin he has found have special appeal to young homosexuals; "Sheena," who is like "Wonder Woman," only even more virile and bloodthirsty; "Superboy," who has a marked gift for improving on history (it was he who got George Washington's barge over the Delaware); "First Love," which focusses chiefly on flagellation; and "Crime Does Not Pay," "Mr. District Attorney," "Vault of Horror," "Crimebusters," "Captain Marvel," "Western Comics," "Classics" (Lady Macbeth: "Who would have dreamt the old man had so much blood in him—eeek!"), "Tales of the Crypt," and "True Love," all of which, according to a survey, are classified as "pretty bad" by a majority of the children themselves. The effect of the comics, as gathered from court records and the conversations of some of the author's patients, is also discussed: tortures inflicted in imitation of the pictures by children too young to read the text; sex offenses committed by readers who grasped the technique but somehow apparently missed the final panel, containing the preachment against them; moral judgments asserting that the only crime is getting caught, often expressed in the exact words of the captions; a great many crippling injuries suffered in attempts to copy the exploits of Superman and his counterparts; robberies, assaults, gang wars, and damage to property, all carried out in strict accordance with the directions supplied in the books.

So much, and possibly more than enough, for the specific content of the books. Generalizing about their impact on adolescence, Dr. Wertham writes:

> The most subtle and pervading effect of crime comics on children can be summarized in a single phrase: moral disarmament. I have studied this in children who



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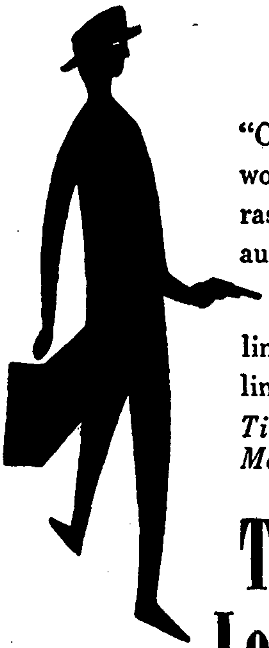

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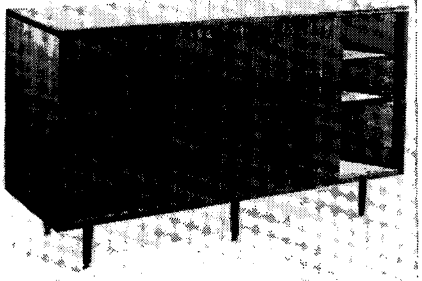

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do not commit overt acts of delinquency, who do not show any of the more conspicuous symptoms of emotional disorder and who may not have difficulty in school. The more subtle this influence is, the more detrimental it may be. It is an influence on character, on attitude, on the higher functions of social responsibility, on super-ego formation and on the intuitive feeling for right and wrong. To put it more concretely, it consists chiefly in a blunting of the finer feelings of conscience, of mercy, of sympathy for other people's suffering and of respect for women as women and not merely as sex objects to be bandied around or as luxury prizes to be fought over. Crime comics are such highly flavored fare that they affect children's taste for the finer influences of education, for art, for literature and for the decent and constructive relationships between human beings and especially between the sexes.

DR. WERTHAM's greatest single effort in his war against the books came in 1950, when he was asked to collaborate with a committee appointed by the New York State Legislature to study the publication of comics. It is perhaps characteristic of the Doctor's flair for drama that during his testimony he produced a switch-blade knife that he had obtained by signing a child's name to an order clipped from a comic and flicked it open and shut as he talked. His remarks, however, appear to have been fairly temperate:

> Then I outlined my idea about a public-health law against the threat comic books offer to the general mental health of children. The law is not concerned with what doctors think, but with what they can prove. Many comic book stories are nothing but perverse and violent fantasies of adults and it is these perverse fantasies that are sold to children. Censorship legislation requires "a clear and present danger." My idea of a public-health law is totally different. Anything clear or unclear, present or future, which under any circumstances may cause damage or harm to health, can be controlled by legislation. There is only one question: Is it harmful or not? Such a law could enlighten the public, just as laws about hoof and mouth disease enlighten farmers about livestock. I am not a lawyer, but from a medico-legal point of view I would suggest that the sale and display of comic books to children under fifteen be forbidden.

This suggestion was approved by the committee, which also called the books "a threat to the health of children," and the law embodying it was passed by the Assembly by a vote of 141 to 4 and unanimously by the Senate. In the meantime, however, powerful forces had appeared in opposition. In addition to the Civil Liberties Union, which presumably disliked even the appearance of censorship, the measure was fought by the Association of Comics Magazine Publishers, whose motives are hardly in-

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scrutable; the Mystery Writers of America, who may conceivably have feared that the ban would extend to Mickey Spillane; the New York State Council of Churches, which appeared to think that the principal target was Mickey Mouse; and the Child Study Association of America, whose executive director has admitted that two of its consultants, who reported favorably on the books, were in the pay of the comics publishers. In the end, the bill was vetoed by Governor Dewey, who declared it unconstitutional. Dr. Wertham takes a dark view of this decision. "Superman has many disguises," he writes sardonically.

At the moment, the comics are under attack again, and "Seduction of the Innocent" has provided their enemies with some of their most potent ammunition. In many ways, it is an absurd and alarmful book, full of examples of the psychiatrist's peculiar gift for referring all abnormal behavior to one special stimulus, but the concrete evidence it offers of a real crime against the children seems to be practically unanswerable. I like to think that Superman and his pals are up against the battle of their perverse, fantastic, and foolish lives.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TEMPTATION FOR A KING, by John H. Secondari (Lippincott). A genial and yet oddly intense account of a nice young man who happens to be an ex-king and is anxious to escape from the boredom and inertia of five years of exile in Sorrento. It has a light-hearted and impatient spirit that is very appealing.

THE RETURN OF JEEVES, by P. G. Wodehouse (Simon & Schuster). Jeeves, the gentleman's gentleman, is temporarily in the service of the young and impoverished Earl of Towcester while his true master, Bertie Wooster, is away at school learning how to housekeep for himself. With the assistance of a beautiful American millionairess, a gallant retired Indian Army captain, and Towcester's pretty fiancée, Jeeves in a short time has all problems of finance and romance straightened out and is on his way again. Mr. Wodehouse's gift for inspired inanity is as shiny as ever, and Jeeves has not changed at all.

AND HAVE NOT LOVE, by Anne Parrish (Harper). This overdone, overblown piece of work tells of the dis-

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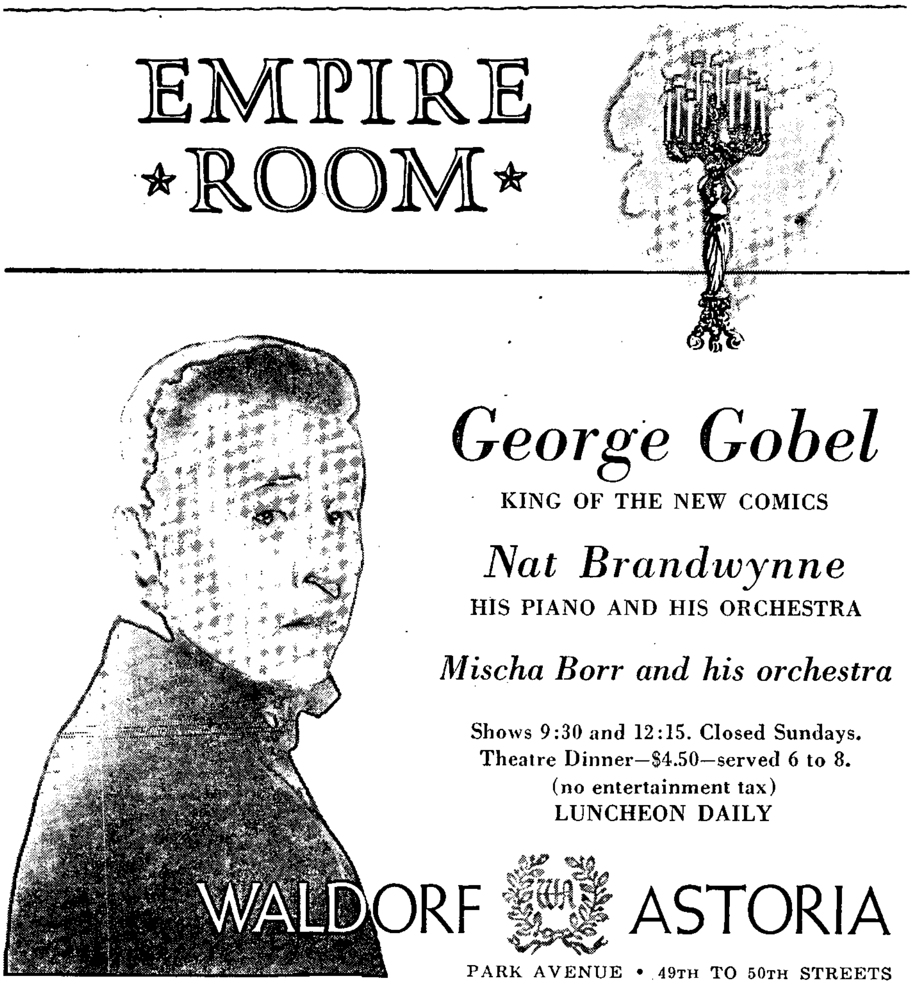
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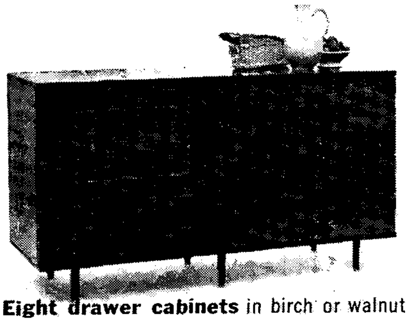

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mal marriage of Clara Le Strange, a woman who cannot be taken seriously by the reader because she is almost an idiot—and a robust one at that—and Albert Moore, a prim, thin-lipped, long-suffering creature who would have done much better to remain an old maid.

NOTE: "The Widows of Thornton," a collection of short stories by Peter Taylor, has been published by Harcourt, Brace. Most of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

ANATAHAN, by Michiro Maruyama (Hermitage House). This is the chronicle of a band of Japanese soldiers and sailors who, in the summer of 1944, were cast up on a South Pacific island called Anatahan when the three wooden ships that were taking them to Truk were bombed and sunk by American planes. The band, or what was left of it, stayed on the island for seven years, adapting themselves, with some difficulty, to the primitive conditions of the jungle and establishing a pattern of life that, despite breakdowns, would probably have made harmony possible had a complication not arisen. This was their discovery of a personable young Japanese woman who had been on the island for some time, living with a common-law husband in a forest hut. From then on, the story becomes a weird study in human behavior. The woman, at first shy and prudent, soon sensed her power and took a succession of lovers; there were knifings, mysterious drownings, and, after the discovery of some pistols in a wrecked B-29, shootings. The author, one of the twenty men who survived and surrendered to the Americans in 1951, describes the experience in a delicately shaded style, and his book is an astonishing and revealing document. Photographs.

ALEXANDRA, by E. E. P. Tisdall (John Day). A biography of the Danish princess, born into an obscure and collateral branch of the Danish royal family, who became Edward VII's Queen. Alexandra was beautiful, intelligent, gay, and generally adored, and although much of her life was lived in the dumpling-shaped shadow of her mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, she appears never to have let herself be dominated. She was fifty-six, but still a great beauty, when Edward, who had been fretting for years at his apparently permanent

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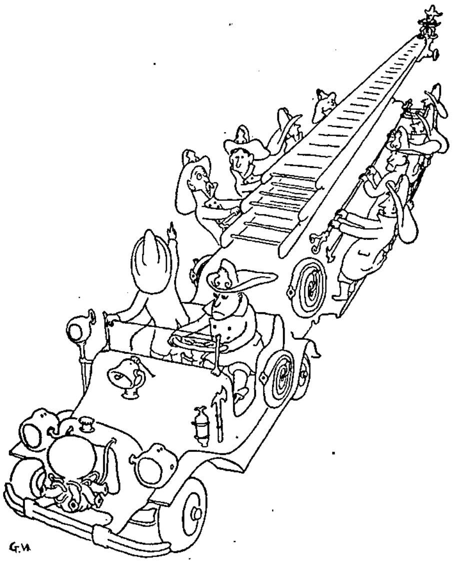
status of Prince of Wales, came to the throne, and together they lost no time in dismantling the musty structure of Victorianism and setting the tone and the stage for the Edwardian era. An entertaining narrative grounded on solid fact, the story seems to be pretty complete—except that, although Mr. Tisdall's publishers call him "the frankest royal biographer," there are some discreet gaps in the description of Alexandra's domestic relationship with her sybaritic husband. Illustrations.

FREEDOM, LOYALTY, DISSENT, by Henry Steele Commager (Oxford). Dr. Commager has collected five essays and lectures, written over the past seven years, that have in common a passionate concern with the current desperate state of funk in America. As a historian, he reminds us that "neither the Pilgrims nor the Puritans, with their records of nonconformity and lawlessness, could obtain visas today," and that in the present climate of opinion there would be few signers for anything as subversive and dangerous as the Declaration of Independence. As a thinker deeply committed to the ethical pragmatism of Justice Holmes—who warned that "we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death"—he shows that the chief sufferers from recent heresy hunts have been American values, not their subverters. And as a stylist unafraid of the platitude redeemed by its truth but also willing to write of "filiopietistic" organizations and revive the fine old word "marplot," he gives us an eloquent and stirring book, which, as it should,



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GENERAL DEAN'S STORY, as told to William L. Worden by Major General William F. Dean (Viking). This account of General Dean's three-year imprisonment in North Korea is an interesting, competent, and straightforward piece of journalism, in which the mechanics of collaboration never become obtrusive. The General starts by relating how he got separated from his troops near Taejon, how, though injured and half starved, he evaded capture for thirty-five days, and how he was betrayed and taken prisoner, and then relates his experiences in a series of filthy hutments until his repatriation at Freedom Village in September, 1953. Since he made a real attempt to understand his jailers and their philosophy, and since Communist literature was all he was permitted to read, he became something of an expert on Communism as it is currently interpreted and practiced in Russia and Asia, and he developed not only a sober respect for its power but a constructive set of ideas with which to combat it. General Dean insists that he was not in any sense a hero but merely a general who got captured "because he took a wrong road." All the same, there is an unconscious revelation of heroism on practically every page. Photographs.

FROM THE DANUBE TO THE YALU, by General Mark W. Clark (Harper). As readers of "Calculated Risk" will remember, General Clark's language can be strong, and in this chronicle of his adventures after the Second World War in Austria, where he was United States High Commissioner, and in Korea, where he was Commander of the United Nations forces, it is strong indeed. Almost all the book deals with his work in Korea. General Clark was not happy about his assignment there, which he describes as "fighting a shooting war and a conference-table war at the same time," and he signed the armistice as an "onerous duty" and with a deep suspicion that it was only a stopgap. His book covers the last stages of the fighting, the truce talks at Panmunjom, the ticklish negotiations with Syngman Rhee, and the delicate technicalities of the prisoner exchanges. It also gives a fascinating account of the Koje Island mutiny, which broke out the day General Clark arrived in Tokyo, and

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made him want to turn right around and go home. During the mutiny, a luckless American general got himself captured by his Communist prisoners, and this, to Clark, was the biggest embarrassment of the war. The message of the book is simple: the Communists, the author says, respect only one thing—force.

Bottle in the Sea, by Albert Guérard (Harvard). This latest volume in the group of books that Professor Guérard has wryly described as "What the Teacher Learnt" sifts through philosophy and faith in an effort to find values by which a modern man can live. Professor Guérard says he wrote the book "solely for the satisfaction of my own conscience," but since the conscience in question belongs to a man of such enormous learning, ripe wisdom, and shimmering wit, his book is bound to have somewhat wider application. Such mots as "Chivalry is the most delicate form of contempt" and "The latest Father of the Church [is] Mortimer Adler" will probably be dinned into us during many a cocktail hour, but when all the flurry subsides, Professor Guérard will be found to have written a serene testament for our time, its skeptical humanism bearing comparison with no less a person than his beloved Montaigne.

Where We Came Out, by Granville Hicks (Viking). For four years in the thirties, Mr. Hicks was a Communist, and unlike so many of his fellow-refugees from the Party, he actually seems to have profited by his years in the ranks. He emerged from them, he says, wary of every dogma and full of a strengthened and better-informed faith in American democracy, and now regards himself as a "critical liberal," a term he uses to set the breed apart from the pieties of "retarded liberals" and fellow-travelling "fake liberals," in one direction, and the monomania of "panicky conservatives" and "renegades and informers," in the other. This account of his experience and his present views is terribly defensive in spots, painfully honest in others, very useful in its account of the dullness and indiscipline of lower-level Communist activity, frequently moving, and always readable. Mr. Hicks' principal constructive proposal, a League of Ex-Communists, sounds as though it might be worth trying.

The Execution of Private Slovik, by William Bradford Huie (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown). On

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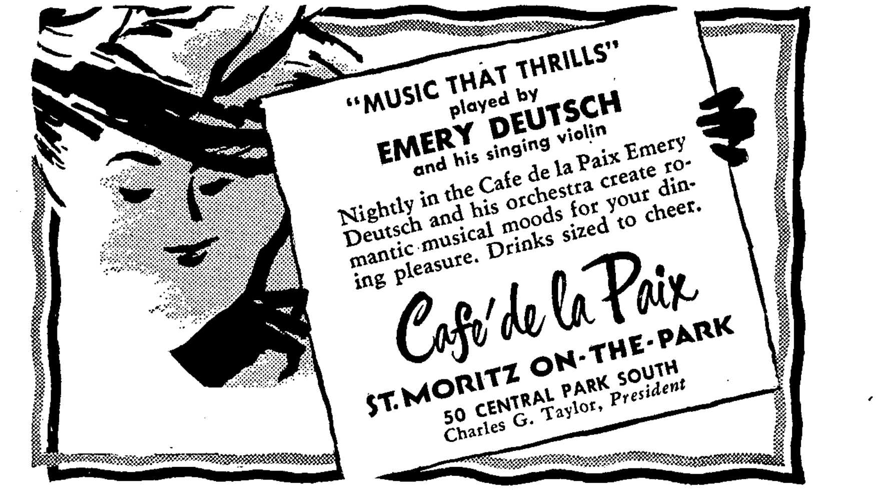
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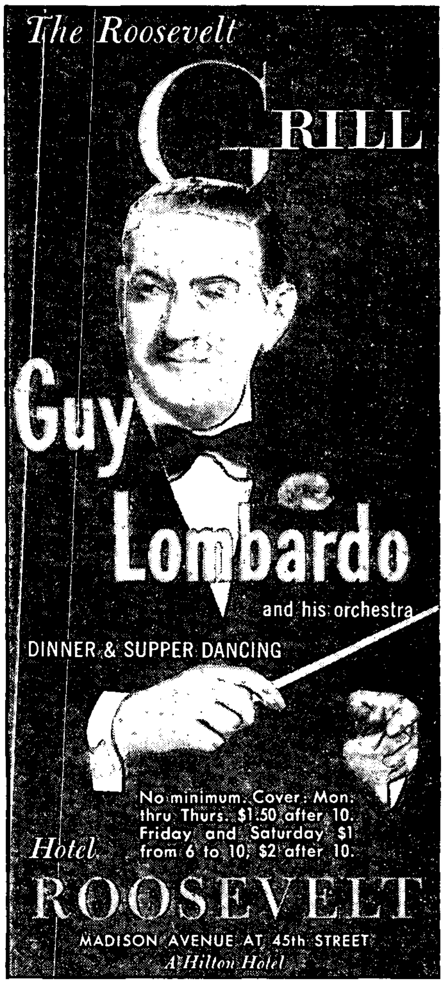
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January 31, 1945, an American infantry private named Edward Donald Slovik, twenty-four years old, married, and a graduate of a Michigan reformatory, was shot to death by a firing squad at Ste.-Marie-aux-Mines, France, for desertion in battle. He was the first American to be so punished for that crime since the Civil War. Army records list many thousands of deserters in the years between 1864 and 1945, and hundreds of them were found guilty and sentenced to death. Only in the case of Slovik, however, was the sentence carried out; the others were reprieved, sent to prison for a few years, and then released. That such had been the custom was known to all soldiers, including Slovik, and in this book, a curious blend of passion and research, Mr. Huie attempts to explain why Slovik was singled out for his unhappy distinction. The reasons he offers are most persuasive, although, it must be said, they somehow seem to fail to satisfy him fully.

THE AMERICA OF JOSÉ MARTÍ, translated by Juan de Onís (Noonday). Twenty-four essays on various aspects of nineteenth-century life in the Western Hemisphere by the celebrated Cuban patriot, poet, and journalist José Julian Martí (1853-95), who spent some fifteen years in the United States as a correspondent for Latin-American newspapers. The essays include biographical sketches (U. S. Grant, Roscoe Conkling, Simón Bolívar), literary studies (Walt Whitman, Charles Darwin, R. W. Emerson), and genre pieces (Jesse James, Coney Island, the blizzard of '88). Interesting, but a little on the side of rant and rhapsody. Federico de Onís, head of the Hispanic Department at Columbia University, contributes a useful introduction. Photographs.

THE FREYA STARK STORY (Coward-McCann). A condensation of three volumes of autobiography previously published in England. Freya Stark, as those who have read her books about the Middle East know, is an energetic and abidingly curious woman with a gift for descriptive reporting, and this omnibus proves that she is also an exceptional stylist and has a fine understanding of people. In these pages, the scene is constantly shifting. There is her childhood in Italy, where her artist mother, a formidable eccentric in a family of eccentrics, ran a rug factory; there is her service in the First World War,

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initially as a censor in England and then as a nurse on the Italian front; and there are her strenuous mountaineering trips in the Alps, her education in her native England, where she arrived with an Italian accent, and her study of Arabic, which she took up before embarking on her travels. The book ends in November, 1939, after the reader has been carried to all sorts of places and has rubbed elbows with what seems like a good part of the population of Europe and the East. Photographs.

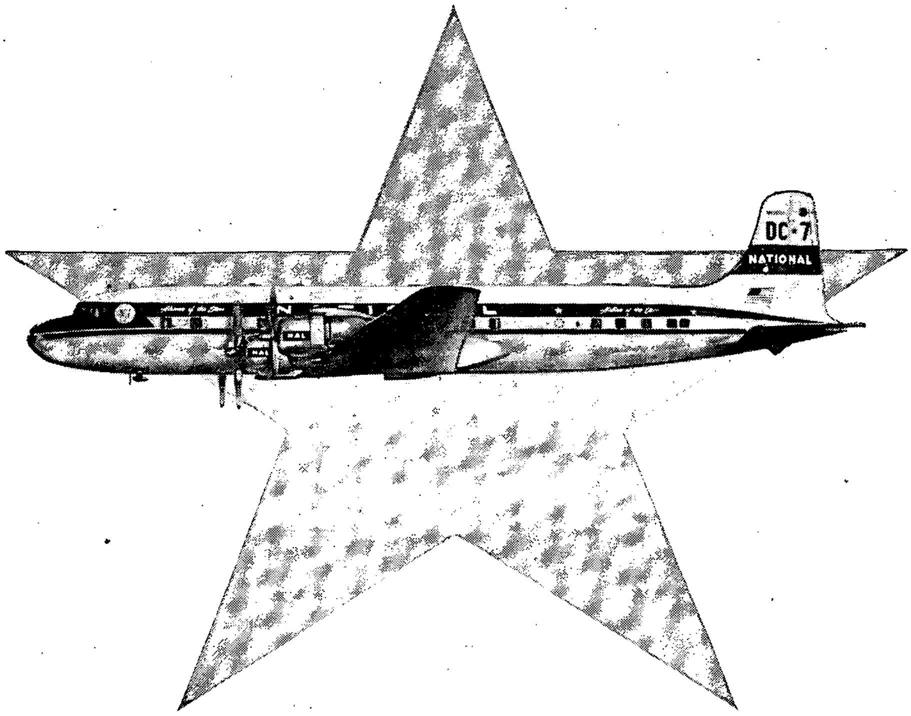
Clarence: The Life of a Sparrow, by Clare Kipps (Putnam). One evening in 1940, the author found a small, unfledged English sparrow on the doorstep of her bungalow in a London suburb, and, though she didn't expect him to survive the night, took him in. In the morning, he was up, crying for breakfast, and he survived for twelve years, during which time he proved himself a remarkable bird. He became a performing acrobat; he learned two songs, with trills and cadenza, thereby becoming the first English sparrow on record actually to sing; in his old age, after he had suffered a stroke and could no longer hop, he taught himself to walk—another unprecedented achievement for a sparrow. Over the years, Mrs. Kipps kept a journal of Clarence's life (he was a celebrity in the air-raid shelters during the blitz), and that is the substance of this enchanting book, which, fortunately, is written without a drop of sentimentality.

Note: "The Relaxed Sell," by Thomas Whiteside, a collection of pieces examining the odd rites of radio and television advertising and other forms of promotion, has been published by Oxford. Much of the contents of the book originally appeared in this magazine.

VERSE

Wrack at Tidesend: A Book of Balnearics, by Sir Osbert Sitwell (Caedmon). Sir Osbert's memories in verse of an English watering place that was a part of his childhood are satiric and tender by turn. A characteristic Sitwellian vocabulary and approach are applied to characteristic Sitwellian material, so that setting, human beings, and even the weather become charmingly obsolete and unorthodox. The second volume of the trilogy called "England Reclaimed."

The Collected Poems of Padraic Colum, with a prefatory note by



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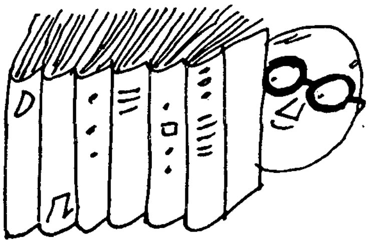

A young man planning a trip to Italy and France ordered the 1954 edition of "Richard Joseph's World Wide Travel Guide" (Doubleday). By mistake he was sent Joseph's "Your Trip to Britain," which so impressed him that he revised his itinerary to include England. Moreover, he has since bought "Richard Joseph's World Wide Travel Guide" to help with the rest of his trip.

ℭ The Falkland Pursuivant Extraordinary and the Herald Painter Extraordinary to the Court of the Lord Lyon King of Arms have written a cheerful book called "Simple Heraldry" (Thomas Nelson). In witty and brightly colored drawings they explain such things as gules and argent, what to do about the arms of natural children, and how to get your own coat of arms. Very useful for crossword addicts, too.

Drama Review: Minority Report

I don't like girls
to look like elves;
I just like girls
to look like themselves.

ℭ Leading candidate for the season's funniest book is "My Husband Keeps Telling Me To Go To Hell" (Hanover House), boners from Dorothy Dix's correspondence, with drawings by R. Taylor. The title comes from a letter which asked: "My husband keeps telling me to go to hell. Have I a legal right to take the children?"

ℭ A newspaperman who had been interviewing a famous but fading society beauty remarked to me: "Time is creeping across her face on little crow's feet."

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is sponsored by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Books mentioned here may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, newest of which has just opened at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford, Conn.

(*Advertisement*)

John L. Sweeney (Devin-Adair). Born in 1881, Colum was the youngest member of the Dublin Abbey Theatre group. His first book, "Wild Earth" (1907), announced a lyric poet whose traditional simplicity of means was based on learning and craftsmanship. The poems of his middle and later years prove by their freshness of diction and range of meaning that his gifts have not diminished—a fact acknowledged by the Council of the Irish Academy for Letters when it awarded him its Gregory Medal in 1953. Notes, and a portrait of Colum in his youth by John Butler Yeats.

HUNGERFIELD AND OTHER POEMS, by Robinson Jeffers (Random House). Jeffers, in his late sixties, remains unchangeably misanthropic in a new long narrative poem, a play ("The Cretan Woman") adapted from Euripides, and a group of lyrics. His language has moments of rightness and power, but his overwhelming taste for violence often reduces his meaning to nonsense and his music to a sort of melodramatic roar.

NOTE: The Noonday Press has published Louise Bogan's "Collected Poems," many of which were first printed in this magazine.

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Up to now, other markets have been found. But, with the period of flush production just ahead—when cows get out to munch on green grass—there is a possibility that more silk will be produced than can be utilized, it is warned.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

They been into the mulberries again?

•

Charlie Parker has always been where modern jazz is to be found.... With McShann, Hines and Eckstine, as well as a host of small groups, Charlie only in the last few years has received acceptance commiserate with his talent.—*Program of a jazz concert.*

For that we can commensurate with him.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE ARTISTIC SCENE

[*From the Jamaica (L.I.) Long Island Press*]

CALCUTTA, INDIA (UP)—Members of the Legislature of Sikkim State in the remote Himalayas were invited to see a film in the first movie theatre ever opened in Gangtok, the capital.

They promptly introduced a resolution in the Legislature calling for the theatre to be closed for 10 years as a "menace to innocent Himalayan youth."

For dinner . . .
Real Hollandsche
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You probably can't pronounce it . . . but wait till you *taste* it! It's a crisp, golden pancake, filled with juicy chunks of apple and topped with cinnamon . . . typical of the wonderful dishes (both Dutch and American) you'll find in this rambling, oak-paneled replica of an old Dutch tavern. And while you're here, notice the antique Delft tiles . . . some of them date back to 1500! Complete dinners start from $3.20. Come early and enjoy cocktails round the Crescent Bar. For reservations, CI 6-5800.

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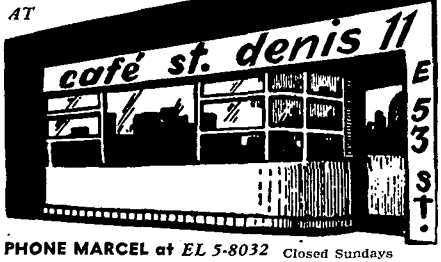

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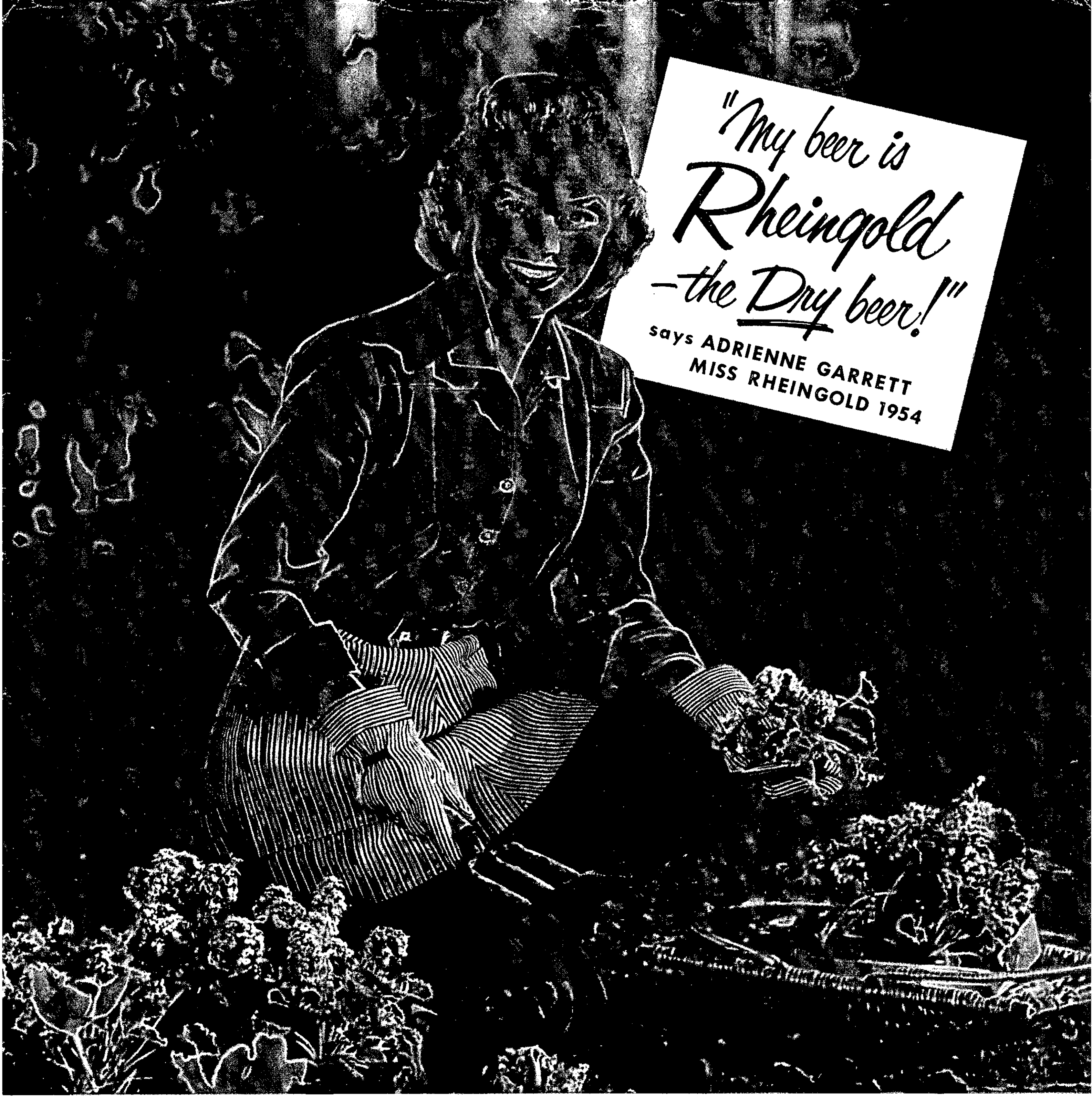

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says ADRIENNE GARRETT
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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

COSTUME DESIGNED FOR MISS RHEINGOLD BY ELIZABETH PHELPS

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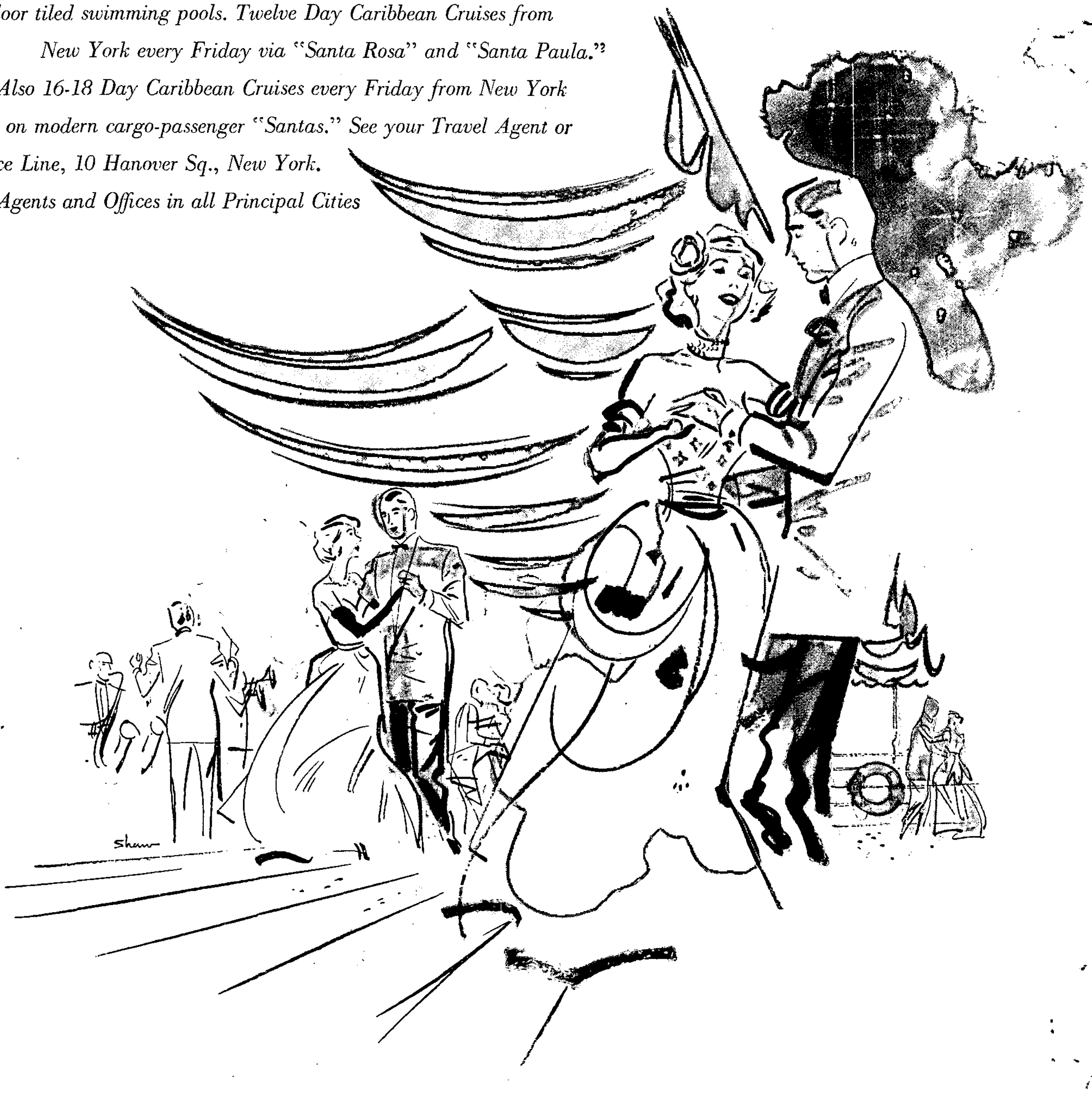

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